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THE ORAL STUDY  
*of*  
LITERATURE



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# THE ORAL STUDY *of* LITERATURE

*by*  
ALGERNON TASSIN, 1869-  
*Columbia University*

SECOND EDITION  
*Revised and Expanded*



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*C. H. D. 228*  
The idea is prevalent that the best way to improve the written English of students is to compel them to write constantly and on all sorts of subjects. This is a fallacy. The inventor of the daily theme did an almost incalculable amount of damage when he started a movement that rapidly spread over the United States. The one best way in which to teach students to write good English is to teach them to read good English. The waste of time through excessive devotion to English composition is not likely to be patiently borne much longer. The daily writing is obnoxious to the student, and the inspection and correction of their work is drudgery for the teacher uncompensated by any adequate result. That those who write daily themes and whose written work is carefully corrected, make technical improvements in their written style goes without saying, but the fact remains that the method is a wasteful and inefficient one and that the path to good writing leads through good reading.

Nicholas Murray Butler—Education After the War

(November 1918)

P.C.

01274



## PREFACE

This book presents material for a college course in English which seeks to combine with elocution the results of a course in written composition. Neither course alone is sufficient to remedy what is at present the gravest defect of college education—its failure to give the average student the ability to make chief use of English as an instrument.

Many teachers of Oral English are doubtless employing the same methods and contemplate the same objects as the compiler of this volume. But, so far as he is aware, there is no book of adequate material for this purpose. The principle of selection here is different from that employed in books intended for classes in elocution, and in literary anthologies. The material is selected equally for its emotional and its intellectual content. The former makes it of sufficient interest to be read aloud, the latter of sufficient substance for intensive study. The reading will secure all the results contemplated by elocution; the analysis will secure a study of structure and style—that is, of the items the author has assembled to support the claim made in the passage, and of the manner in which he has handled them and put them together. The two-fold work should result in a habit of accurate apprehension of the printed page—the lack of which seems at present well-nigh universal; of co-operation with it—which, scarcely less deplorably, is also lacking; of appreciation of literary instruments; and, finally, of a first-hand appraisal of literary values.

Such a course can be adequately given by a teacher who has had no special preparation in vocal expression. The teacher of English can use this book with no other training than that employed in a class in written or oral composition.

It is the purpose of the Introduction to show that such a course is urgently needed; to make it clear that written and oral composition are not sufficient; and, lastly, to explain to such teachers as are not already employing them the methods of handling this book of material.





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THE ORAL STUDY  
*of*  
LITERATURE





## INTRODUCTION

### I. THE NEED OF TEACHING COLLEGE STUDENTS TO READ

In a more or less tolerable and tolerated way the study of elocution has taken its place in the college curriculum, its Cinderella existence there being due to a vague popular demand, to a somewhat lethargic academic recognition that without it the study of the English language is not faring so well as the study of foreign languages, and to an uneasy consciousness, unlocalized but vivid, that something in the educational scheme is vitally wrong and possibly it may be that students have not sufficient command of English to use it in their other studies. It has rather generally been supposed that the extended practice of writing would remedy the defect. When it was found that it had not—that in spite of much theme-work students still remained unable to make use of the English language as a tool to carve out other knowledge—Oral English was admitted as a sister Cinderella. Students were given extended practice in discussion and in public speaking. But in spite of the utility of both written and oral composition, the trouble still persists. What is wrong? Something is needed, it would seem, more basic than either. Had the college faculties listened to the voice of common sense, to the testimony of their occasional but invariable experience, and to the testimony of the continuous special experience of the elocution teacher, they would have found out the trouble long since. What is wrong is that students do not know how to read. They do not get the meaning of the printed page. What is needed

is systematic laboratory work in the science of reading; in short, supervised work in translating English.

For a college to teach students to write and not to read would seem, on the face of it, an illogical discrimination. It is more rational to assume they can do both or neither. In actual practice, too, they do the latter a hundred times more than they do the former. Considerations of both common sense and utility, then, demand that education in English put more emphasis on the printed word and less upon the written.

These two aspects of the matter are so obvious, however, that if they possessed any power to convince they would have done so long ago. What is necessary, apparently, is to prove to colleges and to teachers that students read even worse than they write. Most teachers will agree that the average student arrives at college under-equipped in English. But though there is a widespread recognition that he is unable to make use of spoken and written English as an instrument for his own expression, it does not seem to have much urge about it in face of the many other things he should be learning at college. But this recognition, however unconvincing, is a grave understatement of the lesser part of the defect. The truth, as an elocution teacher sees it, is sensational. The average student cannot make use of English written or spoken as an instrument of anybody else's expression. He cannot read or even listen understandingly. If every college instructor could be made to see this, he would perceive the futility of prescribing reading to eyes that see not and of lecturing to ears that hear not. Every elocution teacher knows that students are unable to read, merely because he has an exact opportunity of finding it out. The teacher of anything else may discover it by asking his students to read aloud a page which develops thought they imagine they have mastered.

THE STUDENT RECEIVES FROM THE PAGE ONLY  
EMOTIONAL IMPRESSIONS

The ability of the average student to grasp anything beyond simple narrative of events cannot be counted on; it grows less in exact ratio as event and emotional association grow infrequent; it usually disappears entirely with the disappearance of these two. That is to say, he has received with definiteness only emotional impressions. Even if these should happen to convey the outlines of the thought, he has kept no relation and no proportion. In place of an articulated skeleton, he has only a heap of bones.

Oral reading every elocution teacher has found to be an exact test of previous apprehension. As the page presents emotional associations less familiar or more separated one from the other, the impressions made by it become more and more bodiless. As the inter-relationship of the thought becomes more intimate, the impressions produced become more misleading because necessarily more separated by their infrequency. If the text taxes the reader with the necessity of balancing and comparing ideas, keeping several in hand at once, he gets practically nothing at all. That is to say, just in proportion as connectives increase his apprehension diminishes. An exprest double antithesis, even when it presents emotional association, often floors an entire class. An antithesis which leaves one of its members to implication is likely to be undetectable by the average student on his first reading. Implication is, indeed, one of the last things to be grasped. The difficulty of making a class perceive that even the simplest speech implies as much as it asserts might well discourage any deliberate employment of subtleties on the part of the writer. The recognition that each sentence, as well as occupying its own position in space, has a backward and a forward glance, is a nicety undreamed of

by the average student. Such are the disclosures of a class in elocution.

#### EMOTIONAL SKIMMING A HABIT OF BOTH EYE AND EAR

This blithe art of emotional skimming—ladling off what appears to be the cream of the page—is certainly somewhat perfected by reading overyoung such writers as Shakspeare and Scott. Boys and girls on the lookout for emotional content only, especially when the intellectual content is outside of both their interest and their grasp, come naturally to feel from such writers that there is a vast deal on the printed page which is of no consequence to the main thought, and that it must be expected of the queer race of writers that they will pad out needlessly what they have to say. An exact counterpart of what a student receives from the printed page is furnished by his lecture note-book. Have you ever run through that most depressing reading in the world? It is a box containing the least important parts of a picture puzzle. Each part invariably telescopes the illustration—the emotional association—with the idea illustrated—the intellectual statement. Only the most highly colored parts remain; and all the perspective, without which it is impossible to reconstruct the picture, is gone. There is an emotional residue of some striking nouns, adjectives, and verbs, but the background has fallen out. In listening to a lecture, in writing notes into his note-book, and in reading to himself the printed page, what the average student has failed to appreciate are the connectives. Like Alfred Jingle's his nature is too brisk, or like Gertrude Stein's it is too soulful, to lose any time over such sluggish stuff. Not having learned how ideas are built together into a structure, he has no sense of the architecture of speech when he listens or reads. How the chief words are welded into sentences by the little ones, and the sentences are molded into a progressive development of thought by means of connectives, is beyond



him. By eye or ear, he gets isolated ideas substantive after substantive, as the early engravers used to draw trees leaf by leaf; and like them he succeeds in getting an entirely wrong impression both of the part and of the whole.

What he fails to perceive are the constructive relationships. He generally appreciates the significance of "and" or "but"; he may even see much virtue in "if"; beyond the coarsest of the conjunctions, however, he seldom goes. The entire range of finer and less formal affiliations might as well not be employed at all—or worse still, they merely fumble the meaning of the major assertions already apprehended. When he listens, he cannot help hearing the significance of even the subtlest of connectives in the lecturer's voice; but unfortunately, since he understands their value instinctively, he does not feel the necessity of reproducing them—what is so immediately apprehendable in the context seems to him to exist in the assertions themselves. Consequently here, too, all relationship drops out. Thus the impression he receives when he crams up on his notes for examination is as crudely inaccurate as that which he gets from his other reading. In the one case he disregards the connectives on the page; in the other there are none to disregard.

#### THE VOICE THE BEST MEDIUM FOR TEACHING AND SECURING THE RELATIONSHIP OF IDEAS

Now, all the connectives of written speech are expressed instinctively in the voice, and with subtleties and countless minor variations and qualifications and dependencies which even the nicest writer is incapable of indicating formally. These shades of relationship, however evasive to the reader, are immediately intelligible to every hearer—merely because inflection is a natural language which everybody possesses quite independently of his acquired vocabulary. So natural a language is it, indeed, that a hearer who fails to

comprehend any of your assertions perceives nevertheless and at once the relationship which they bear to one another and your intention in making them. If I am right, then, in thinking that the failure of the student to apprehend his reading is caused by his failure to appreciate connectives, it should not be difficult to see that the voice is the best medium by which to teach the significance of the relationship of exprest ideas, precisely in the same way that it is the best index of ideas ungrasped. It should not be difficult to see that the best way to deal with the unapprehending student is not to make him write but to make him read aloud, to give him practice in consciously translating the connectives of written speech into the inflections of spoken speech.

Reading aloud in an elocution class, then, discloses the habitual failure to have acquired the meaning on the first and silent reading. It is an exact test of apprehension, and the only one that does not involve the danger of ascribing to the understanding what may after all arise only from the memory. It is the only exercise which will correct the universal habit of assuming that because one recognizes words one understands meanings.

#### ORAL READING AN EXACT TEST OF APPREHENSION

When you tell a student that the reason he cannot make you understand what he reads is not your perversity but his ignorance, he is indignant. He says that it is only because he cannot twist his voice to it, and that this is what he is there to learn. You reply that he is there to learn to be effective and that you cannot tell whether he is or not until you understand what he is trying to say; that you have no difficulty in understanding him when he is, as at present, talking out of his own mind; if, then, you have such difficulty when he is using the words of another, it is merely

because the thoughts those words stand for have not as yet entered his own mind. Still he insists, with a defiant determination not to look the worst in the face, that there are two ways of talking, his own and the author's; and it is merely because he is unused to the language. Nor is he convinced until he is asked to put the author's thought into his own words that hitherto he has really failed to grasp it; nor even then will he own that the very moment he did so, he was enabled to read this strange language aloud with perfect intelligibility. All this squirming is simply due to the fact that the student is unwilling to admit the drift of his present failure and its enormity—that he is not in the habit of getting the thought of what he reads, that his eye merely runs over lines of words and recognizes them separately, but that his mind fails to take them in as a group. Well may he be unwilling to admit so radical a disability!—less skipping and irresponsible spirits than his are apparently unwilling to admit it of him. He is only assuming what most colleges at present assume, namely, that he knows how to read.

It must be owned that if I had not been there to nag him into it, he would have been entirely satisfied with his first reading. Indeed, he does not at all doubt his ability now. The case was not representative; the sentence was queer; the fault was in the unaccustomed language, not in himself. He still goes on believing that he is reading books and has earned the right to judge them, when in reality he has read only some of the more striking words and assertions, and these for the most part only in isolation.

But he is not the only one who claims that oral reading is an inexact test of apprehension. Mouths more plausible, though perhaps actuated by a similiar uneasiness, have said so. The trouble, explain they, is merely a matter of translating an apprehended thought into vocal expression of another

person's words. But since the thought came from these words in the first place, this does not seem reasonable. Or they say that the mind in reading a sentence by the eye alone suspends its decision as to the relationship of phrase with phrase until the sentence is completed, while the voice, having of necessity fixt what should remain fluid until the period, naturally makes some faulty inflections. But this specious contention is valid, of course, only with reading aloud at sight. Others say it is a matter of what might be called vocal self-consciousness through inexperience. For one reason or another they seek to explain how it is that goods which have just that instant been purchased by the mind are generally lost in delivery. The truth is simple and unescapable—whatever the mind understands it can, granted the words, make understandable.

There is one objection which appears for a moment more satisfactory. Some of the failure to express the thought may, it is true, proceed from the failure to bear in mind that speech is not subjective but objective in its intention. Since thought precedes speech, it, as it were, grows stale in the very instant of its acquisition; and, in the subsequent expression, the instinctive devices of the voice—inflection and emphasis—fail to manifest themselves correctly, merely because the ideas are not, at the precise instant of speaking, grouping themselves together for the first time. The mind of the reader, they say, having perceived the thought once and not being concerned as it should be with the objectivity of the oral act, is no longer exerting itself on the thought as new material and hence allows the voice to present it mechanically and thus, of course, wrongly. It is true that any language allowed to take care of itself generally acquires in utterance an inflection which betrays the fact by its greater or less unintelligibility. But while this distinction

exists in public speakers and is real enough, it makes little difference in readers. Generally, false inflection and false emphasis indicate, not a mind which has temporarily absented itself, but one which was never present at all—uttering words which it recognizes but the significance of whose connection has not been grasped. A proof of this constantly occurs in an elocution class. If you tell a student there is only one part of his good reading which you fail to comprehend, he will either admit or demonstrate by paraphrase that this is the part he failed to comprehend himself. There is nothing capricious in the relation of the voice to the sane and presiding mind. What the mind understands the voice, granted the words, can communicate. The voice may in a dozen ways deprive the thing of interest and effect, but it cannot, except by deliberate intention, deprive it of intelligibility, provided the thing is at the moment of reading aloud being apprehended.

#### NEITHER ORAL NOR WRITTEN COMPOSITION SUFFICIENT TO CORRECT THE FAULT

Since, then, an inaccurate reading aloud means an inaccurate silent one, it is apparent that Oral English, when it takes the form of discussion on assigned reading, is not sufficient to correct the fault. It can do nothing more than demonstrate the fact. Valuable as returning the thought is, one must first have got it in order to return it. Even if the major thought has been acquired, returning it is of course no equivalent for the exact rendering of the entire passage aloud. For, naturally, much must drop out on the smaller scale. And if I am right in saying that the failure to detect relationships is at the root of misapprehension, it is obvious that the diminished return cannot disclose the bulk of the possible weakness in what has of necessity been



omitted. As every student knows and counts upon, an examination can hit only the high spots, and it takes little astuteness to discover the low ones.

Nor is work in written composition sufficient. An accurate writer does not imply an accurate reader. Naturally, any one will take more trouble with his own work than with other people's. But aside from this human fact, many a student who can write well, even to the exhibition of good structure as well as good diction, is able to apprehend the printed page only esthetically. He has merely that sublimated kind of emotional perception, the artistic. That this can be entirely divorced from the intellectual, both in perception and in expression, is crystallized in the familiar remark—"beautiful, but what does it mean?" Sometimes, it is true, students who write best may read best, but there is no necessary connection between the two.

#### EVEN GOOD WRITERS OFTEN POSSESS ONLY ESTHETIC PERCEPTION

One of the best writers I ever had, whose writing was full of the nicest discriminations, was unable to read a page so that it could be understood. This was not because of a self-defeating vocal monotony or of a lack of objectivity in reading, but because he failed to apprehend the connection of the ideas as they came along, and demonstrated it in his false inflections. The excellence of his writing must be set down to a peculiar interest in expressing himself; but when it came to expressing another, he showed as skipping and irresponsible a spirit as many who lacked his excellence in writing. Diction, phrasing, rhythm were the things that contented him in reading, since he perceived them emotionally; the exact intellectual content escaped him. Students who write well (unless, indeed, their excellence is obtained only by much use of knife and file—two tools not to be

found in the average kit) will, like this man, always give a good account of themselves in oral composition but not necessarily in reading. If we could teach all students to write well, it appears that after a little exercise in the new medium they would show that they had been learning to speak well at the same time; but we could not be sure that they were reading properly. Oral reading for the good writer as well as the poor one is the needful test of apprehension.

The college, however, cannot teach all students to write well. It can, for the most part, secure only a certain amount of technical correctness. After this has been reached, further work in writing for the most of them takes time that could be spent less laboriously to both student and instructor and to better advantage. Writing unfortunately will not enlarge a student's vocabulary or make him think (except in the meager terms of writing not incorrectly), unless he is the sort that would do both of these things anyway. Accurate reading aloud will do both. At present and under the inevitable conditions of class work, only the best writers acquire that necessary sense of proportion which written composition is capable—though laboriously, it is true—of conveying. In oral reading, even the poorest student cannot escape it. Let us secure grammatical and intelligible writing by all means, but examine whether it is practical to try to go further.

#### THEME WORK UNDULY SPECIALIZES

The purpose of a college is to acquaint the student with the achievements of history, and to teach him how to observe and think. Obviously, theme work does nothing toward accomplishing the first purpose unless the student writes upon assigned reading. Even if he knows how to read correctly, his reactions upon his reading are either comparatively



thin or are made so by the limitations of his ability or inclination to express himself. Obviously, too, when his themes are confined to discussions of what he reads, he does nothing toward accomplishing the second purpose of the college—teaching him how to observe and evaluate what goes on around him. But even when he has freer and more personal range, neither habits of observation nor habits of thinking are likely to be improved by theme work unless he has already the temperament demanding self-expression. And what he says is again so restricted by his concentration on the means of saying it and by the limits which time sets to his labor, that neither is exercised uncramped. The work devoted to theme writing, after the necessary amount of correctness has been attained, is, thus, work unduly specialized and diverted from the main purpose of the college.

Unless a person knows how to read he cannot become educated. It is the basic requirement of all education. It is the perception that to write properly, however desirable, is not the basic requirement of all education, which occasions the restlessness of the students and of the other departments of the college with the English department. Unless a person knows how to summarize properly he does not know how to think, which is the basic aim of education. It is the perception that all this theme work seems unable to teach students to read and think which makes the rest of the college feel that it is time spent unprofitably. There is a growing uneasiness as to its value and a growing discontent with the incommensurate labor involved for both instructor and student. But undesirable as it is, it seems necessary until we can find something better. The oral study of literature, which I propose in its place, will secure both accurate reading and accurate thinking.

It consists of reading aloud, and a return in the student's own words of what has been read. Paraphrase should, if

need be, form a part of the reading exercise itself—so much reading, so much paraphrasing; and at the end of each group of ideas, an abstract. There is no better and more inexpensive training of the mind than making paraphrases and abstracts of what has been read. To get an idea in one set of words and give it in another set; to get a progressive series of ideas on one scale and reproduce them on a smaller—these two simple and universally available processes require not only original accuracy of apprehension but a thorough grasp of the primary principles of proportion and emphasis. A student who can make an adequate and proportional abstract of a sonnet in one sentence has a grasp on the fundamental machinery of thinking as well as on the sonnet itself. If all college teachers could hear how often a student will read a sonnet and be unable to tell what it is about; how often on being questioned he will demonstrate ignorance of a large or even the principal portion of it (of fourteen lines which he has prepared!), and reply that he did not think it mattered, since he understood and liked the other part—they would concede that the time given to such a class is given to all the rest of the college.

In a “reading and returning” class a student receives the highest mental training it is in the power of the college to give—namely, the perception of what ideas are superior, what subordinate, and what on a smaller scale negligible—and without this mental training the knowledge and the culture with which we store the mind are both unavailable and misleading. Even the instructor of the college who refuses to admit that a man is known by the English he keeps will readily admit that a study so basic to all studies may justly occupy a place, especially since it takes up less time and energy than the English department does at present with written composition. Even the English department should welcome the substitution. For at present, amusingly and illogi-

cally enough, for all the time it takes, no student of English sets about reading an English author with the same scientific spirit in which he demonstrates a problem on the blackboard or performs an experiment in chemistry under the eye of the teacher. Nor is any English work read and checked up as carefully as one in a foreign language; and the intensive study given to Dante or Goethe, let us say, has its sole English counterpart in the labored recital of a student's meager reaction to campus topics or to some assigned essays.

### THE SPECIAL VALUES OF THE ORAL STUDY OF LITERATURE

I think, then, that this combination of elocution and composition which I have called the oral study of literature, will better serve the purposes of the college and the English department than theme work, in securing correct reading and thinking and in exercising both upon more profitable material. But, in addition, it will do what theme work cannot accomplish for even the best of themesters. It will secure co-operation with the printed page—a perception of that fusion of emotional and intellectual content which goes to make up what we call good literature. This is the aim of all English teaching not exclusively compositional.

### THE CO-OPERATION WITH LITERATURE

To teach literature and not the appreciation of it is like presenting a picture gallery to the blind. It is well known that the higher forms of literature cannot be appreciated by young people except when read aloud, and that reading aloud enriches the appreciation of even discerning minds. It is not necessary to remind the lecturer on literature how much he must rely upon reading aloud (even though, as too often, he communicates rational or emotional values alone and not the two together). The subtler the art, the more necessary

is vocal embodiment to point it out. In a class in the oral study of literature mere translation is important only as a means to accuracy, since the habit of misapprehension is universal; but its main business is the appreciation of literature. If to read aloud accurately requires a closer thought analysis than the average student ever gives to anything else, to read aloud illuminatively requires a sympathetic and imaginative co-operation which the average student can cultivate nowhere else, and which is the aim of lecturing about literature when not merely biographical and historical.

### THE APPRECIATION OF POETRY AND STYLE

I have said that the subtler the literature, the more necessary is vocal embodiment to point it out. Upon poetry the necessity rests with a two-fold obligation. That this is an unpoetic age may not be entirely because it is a scientific one. It may well be because the beauty of verse as verse lies in its rhythmic utterance, and we no longer utter it. In the general failure to appreciate orally its metrical values, it appears to be but a cramped and crabbed sort of prose. When the comic column of a newspaper prints verse as prose, one reads it asking oneself why anybody should write in so pointless, feeble, or peculiar a fashion, until some odd word or arrangement reveals the presence of rhyme or meter and thus explains the puzzle. The best sonnet written as prose is queer stuff to the eye; and if read aloud in such a way as to sacrifice the fundamental quality of poetry, it is equally queer stuff to the ear. On the other hand, those oral readers of poetry who have any appreciation of it as such, fall for the most part into two divisions: the one preserves nothing whatever but the metrical values and reads with a scansion repellent to sense and humanity; the other reads in a saccharine monotone equally devastating to humanity and sense. Both shear away the intended sense from

the sound, just as the prosy readers shear away the intended sound from the sense. If the appreciation of poetry is as rare as the ability to establish orally its sound and sense values at the same time seems to indicate, no wonder this is not a poetry-reading age. But if the coming generation continues the process and cuts out poetry altogether, how much of the treasure of the ages will it not forfeit!

TEACHING THE PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM BY  
CONCRETE APPLICATION

It is not only in helping on the appreciation of poetry and the subtler qualities of style, however, that a class in the oral study of literature is a valuable adjunct to the English department. It helps to teach the principles of literary criticism, which is also one of the concerns of lecturing about literature. Literary criticism deals with questions of material, structure, and workmanship. Is this the proper material for the effect intended, is it bound together into a whole, is it handled well? All principles of criticism cluster about these three things—choice of material, firmness of structure, appropriateness of handling. The principles cannot be elucidated so well by statement as by illustration. Rich and varied illustrations can nowhere be got at so inexpensively as in reading aloud passages of literature. This you may see from the practice of any lecturer or book which deals with criticism. If the student reads aloud the passages himself, his grasp on the principles is the surer. What we do ourselves we know better than when we are merely told it by others. The young silent reader is habitually inexact. But even an actor, with special interest and eagerness to do his best with his material and with special equipment to enable him to do so, does not appreciate the good and bad point of his author's dialogue until he has learned it and tried to say it in action. It is not surprising, therefore, that the



most unco-operating reader can perceive upon reading aloud how it happens that Shelley and Emerson are less clear than Byron and Macaulay. The good oral reader will find himself called upon again and again to compensate for slips in technique which he did not even suspect until he began to read aloud.

The good writer properly indicates his emphasis and inflection, makes his transitions, binds his sentences together. In all of these ways he will designate the movement of the voice in reading him aloud. Thus, doing so shows more clearly than any other way in which of these respects he fails to be good. To the silent reader, for instance, there seems no particular feebleness in Campbell's lines "And the battle did not slack Till a feeble cheer the Dane to our cheering sent us back." But when an oral reader is compelled to find the precise meaning of the passage, he sees that the entire point has been absurdly committed to an unimportant word put in an unimportant place. The battle went on vigorously until the Danes stopped cheering in the usual manner and began to cheer feebly. It requires study in such an inept sentence to find the point and the silent reader, unless conscientious, is content to gather that the English felt in some fashion that they were winning. Or take another case. Reading aloud discloses at once Wordsworth's inveterate habit, even in his best work, of not binding his thoughts together, a habit which some keen silent readers do not detect. The little verse called 'Natural Piety' is flagrantly guilty in this respect. The last line contains nothing new: he means that he wishes his days to be bound together in the future as they have been in the past. The emphasis therefore, if any is needed, falls upon the unfortunate word "could" where it seems unnatural and awkward. As the whole thing has just been better said, this is an unhappy ending, especially in so tiny a poem. The



same thing may be said of the ending of the famous Ode. Though majestic, it is not clear. He seems to be saying something new; he is in reality saying over again what he has said before; unless you give it the tone of implication, therefore, you falsify the meaning. Yet even the critical silent reader fails to perceive the real meaning. But more important than merely verbal slips are infirmities of structure which the oral reader notes. No silent reader is so conscious of redundant matter and of digressions. The student who reads aloud 'The Scholar Gypsy' and 'Lycidas' sees at once where these admit something extraneous or at too great length for their purpose. Indeed, one may assert that no oral reader who has attempted to keep in the main mood of 'Lycidas' and found it impossible can have any sympathy with critical theorists who attempt to justify Milton's famous digression, because he sees at once that it is destructive to the main mood. It is when you read Keats aloud that you perceive most clearly that he did not excel in getting the right material to prove his assertions. Truth may be beauty, but an ode on how much more beauty exists in imagination than in actuality is not the place to say so; nor is it logical to compare himself to all the nightingales that ever sang as if they went to make up one permanent bird, while he, on the other hand, did not constitute one permanent John Keats, as long as anyone was alive to hear his voice. In short, then, just as it is the parodist who most tellingly shows us the faults and mannerisms of the original, so it is the oral reader who, in providing, as it were, another and livelier version, points out the shortcomings of the writer. Far more than any silent reader, the oral one perceives pockets of vacancy in the meaning. Poets have been privileged and special offenders in this regard. I do not hesitate to say that he who reads poetry aloud to others has a far higher standard

of excellence in a poem. He perceives very emphatically that poetry is good not only on account of its form but in spite of its form. Not many poems in the English language will escape triumphant from the test of reading aloud—so much feeble stuff has been admitted for the sake of meter and rhyme.

#### LITERARY INTERPRETATION IS CULTURAL AND CREATIVE

But the purposes of the college and the English department are not all which such a class serves. Sympathetic reading aloud is a fine art, and it is the only fine art within the gifts and the opportunities of every student. To many, it affords the only esthetic and spiritual development they ever receive in college, or—in the realm of art—in their lives for that matter. To this end, lectures about literature are important, but they are not so important as reading literature. They will of themselves only inform the mind; they will not enrich the spirit. Nor will reading literature do so unless it is read with co-operation.

Only to the rare youth does this sympathetic and imaginative co-operation with literature come of itself. Or rather, it is only the rare youth who retains it. It comes to all children apparently, but early education—formal and social—seems to warp it out of them. This need not be the case; but granting it is so, should it not be the business of education to bring it back again? Upon closer inspection it would appear that children have this co-operation only when they fully apprehend. For the castles of giants and the revels of fairies are perfectly grasped—that is why they are appreciated. In childhood appreciation and apprehension go hand in hand. What is education if it fails to increase apprehension as it increases the number of things to be apprehended? But as children begin to read books they do not understand,

their minds, though stimulated at first by mystery and vagueness, little by little grow dulled in response. Why not? The mystery and vagueness each day glitter less, because as they are approached they prove to be only obscurity; and as the outlines of the picture presented by their reading grow more blurred, the world of reality around them is each day unfolding more distinctly. By the time the child reaches youth, this sympathetic and imaginative co-operation with reading is gone. If the child's apprehension kept pace with the educative process, perhaps it would not be so. But since it is so, should not a special form of education bring back what education has taken away? Particularly when it is seen that unless a student possesses apprehension he is unable really to possess anything else that we offer him in college?

Lastly, illuminative oral reading should be taught because it is not only cultural but creative. It is the sole creative art which the average man has a chance at. Work of interpretation is work of creation for the worker. The difference is only one of degree and of the permanence of the concrete material result—the permanence of the spiritual result is the same. The interpreter, like the creator, gives shape and expression to something which was there before but had hitherto existed unperceived by him. The student who achieves a reading of Shakspeare unknown to him before, a meaning which may be implied but is not asserted by the author, is a creator. He has made something new out of old material, and Shakspeare could do no more than that. Such artistic creation—the imaginative co-operation with what he reads—is the birthright of every child, and that he should lose it just as creation widens on his view is pitiable. We must bring back complete apprehension, a mental action, before we can bring back co-operation, a spiritual one.

## II. THE THEORY OF READING ALOUD

This book is not an "elocution" book, and the lessons given in the appendix are not "elocution" lessons. They concern getting the thought of the writer, and the oral reading contemplated is only a test of whether one got the thought or not. The lessons do not in the least concern reading aloud artistically, except so far as any comprehended and appreciated reading must be artistic. They deal with receiving and giving right information. It cannot be too often repeated that one can make anything understandable which one understands and anything appreciable which one appreciates, provided the words are at command; and in reading aloud the words are supplied. It is a psychological impossibility to convey wrong information, having just received right information; or for the voice to lie about the state of the mind unless one wishes to make it do so. If wrong information is given, then, it is because wrong information was received. The hearer may puzzle out what the words ought to mean, but if he does so he is more intelligent than the reader who handed them on in the raw or half-baked mass in which they came to him.

The theory of reading aloud can be entirely summed up in one statement. The reader is taking the place of the writer and simply talking what he has to say. Literature is talk made permanent. In the pithy contemporary phrase, it is "canned talk." The objects of the reader, then, are the same as the objects of the talker. A person never talks without doing three things—saying something, revealing in his voice the attitude he takes toward what he says, and showing the motive of each word as he is uttering it. The three things comprise all that is necessary for the reader to do in order to communicate the thought of the writer accurately and effectively.

The instinctive, or automatic, devices of the human voice when used to communicate are four in number—the tones of assertion and implication, emphasis, inflection, and color. The tone of assertion is the kind of tone we employ when we are answering a question that calls for an answer, that is, it is the one we always use when we are giving what we consider primary information. The tone of implication we employ when we say something which has just been said or involved in our preceding speech or in the situation itself. Inflection indicates the inter-relationship of the talker's ideas. Emphasis indicates his notion of their relative importance. Color indicates his attitude toward, or his motive in using, his words. None of these devices are ever misused by a person who speaks out of his own mind and selects his own words. If we misuse them in reading aloud, we cannot give, nor have we in silent reading received, the author's meaning.

It is convenient to call these devices instinctive. But the word is, of course, loosely used when it designates acts which have long ceased to be consciously purposive, and now work of themselves. As people little by little, in the beginnings of a built-up speech, found these devices necessary in order to understand each other in the new art of words, they began to embody them in their voices, until at last their voices acquired the habit. So, you may hear a child acquiring the habit to-day as he learns to master speech. None of the "instinctive" devices do you employ at once with a foreign language. Little by little you learn to use them as you increase your speaking acquaintance with it. And you find that unless you do so, you cannot be understood except by one who is perforce laboriously thinking like yourself word by word instead of idea by idea, and using his mind to piece out what his ear fails to hear and so to correct the false impressions which it gave him. It was, then, because people



recognized that these vocal devices were necessary to communication in words that they devised them. If necessary in the speaking voice, equally necessary in the written voice. The inaccurate reader is inaccurate because he has not learned to recognize that these devices are all implicit in the written voice and he must embody them in his reading, silent as well as oral. Without the recognition of when and where these devices would be actually employed by the writer if he were talking the words, there can be no accurate reading.

### ASSERTION AND IMPLICATION

Old matter—which is all matter previously said or involved—is to be understood by the silent reader, and uttered by the oral one, in the tone of implication. Only the new matter is to be read, to oneself or aloud, in the tone of assertion; and in the new matter always lies the emphatic word. The new material in each sentence after the first one bears about the same proportion to the old as the part of an iceberg above water bears to the part below water; and as with the iceberg, it is not so much the part above as the part below that is dangerous. For the reader, silent or oral, to come in violent contact with it means shipwreck.

### EMPHASIS

It is as necessary for the silent reader as for the oral reader to emphasize. Otherwise he cannot get the meaning and naturally will fail to deliver it. True, it may sometimes happen that he will fail to deliver the meaning when he has got it. But that is merely because the customary attitude of people in speaking printed words is absurdly different from their attitude in speaking their own. He fails to deliver the meaning he has seen because he really is not talking, he is

only pronouncing. A person never talks without saying something, but an oral reader never says anything when he is just uttering words. He must utter ideas, and emphasize the important ones. It is not the words that contain the ideas; it is the relationship of the words, their groupings. Shift the same words and you get a new set of ideas; shift the emphasis even when you retain the old grouping, and you get a new meaning. The trouble with the inaccurate oral reader who has ever got the right meaning, is that he thinks he is emphasizing when he is not; or when he has emphasized the right word he immediately undoes what he has done by emphasizing a wrong one, not realizing that any emphasis on a wrong word deprives the right one of its emphasis. Not only is emphasis vital to the thought, it is vital to remembering. Without emphasis, words enter only the sight and not the mind. You can depend upon the average inaccurate reader to forget at once a large portion of the words he has read the moment he apprehends them. This is because they came to him only as words. Words go, ideas stay.

Emphasis in silent reading never of course interferes with inflection, that is, it never disturbs the relationship of words. With some very poor oral readers, there is a slight danger. Oral emphasis cannot indicate the meaning if all the rest of the meaning is dislocated. In oral reading as in silent, nothing should be emphasized but the point until the next point arrives. The unemphasized words should be heard, as they should have been seen, in their proper relationship—and that is all. Any emphasis heard on what is not the point does the same double damage that it did if it were imagined to be there by the silent reader. It vitiates not only the present meaning but the past emphasis also. Since the emphasis always falls in the new matter, it is apparent that when you pass from one thing to another, the change must always be seen and, in oral reading, heard. Readers who do not note



the transition are falsifying the meaning just as much as when they asserted on implicatory matter. In one case, they (and the listener) think the author is talking about something new when he is talking about something old; in the other, they (and the listener) think the author is talking about something old when he is talking about something new.

### VOCAL MONOTONY AND LACK OF PERSONALITY

But having discovered the meaning in his silent reading and emphasizing audibly only the chief assertions, still the oral reader often fails to communicate. This is because of his vocal monotony. No voice can communicate for more than a sentence or two without movement. The ear of the listener becomes dulled. It is in reading aloud that the difference in the general attitude toward the printed and the spoken word is most glaring. Few students would be content to talk in the unanimated voices in which they read. If they were, their hearers would not let them continue long. Every normal talking voice has movement, its ups and downs. The rise and fall in the voice is called modulation. It is dictated by the attitude of the speaker toward what he says, and is regulated by his intention in the words he uses. By reason of the artificial attitude the oral reader takes toward the printed word—that is to say, no attitude at all—he neglects to employ the movement that all voices must take when naturally used; and consequently what he says is largely unintelligible. Sometimes, however, he falls into the opposite fault. He lacks intelligibility because he exhibits a false movement in his voice, through his instinctive or acquired appreciation of the fact that no movement at all is unhuman and self-defeating. The rises and falls in the voice should be dictated by the conscious intention. If they are not, the utterance gets into a pattern of ups and downs, like song, and the sense is defeated. Voice movement should be impelled by

rational and not by esthetic motives. If rational, it is probably esthetic also; if primarily esthetic, it can never be rational.

Yet reading may be accurate and intelligible, and still be uninteresting. This, it is true, is generally because the reader has failed to take an attitude toward the ideas that are coming out of his mouth, and such a condition, were it possible, would make him equally uninteresting in his own talk. But sometimes a reader who understands every idea he is saying and has the attitude toward them one would have who said it out of his own mind, still fails to be of interest. That is because, though his attitude toward the writer is correct, his attitude towards himself and his hearers is wrong. He has not sufficient interest in himself or his hearers to talk as he would in conversation. Consequently his ideas lack personality, or as the fine phrase of the day has it, there is no punch behind them. The best way for a reader to increase his vocal personality is to renew the realization of what happens in first-hand speech. In conversation no one ever speaks without revealing the motive of each word he uses. It was selected with a purpose and it is expected to fulfill its function. But in an impersonal reader's delivery, there will be entire tracts of words which are, as one might say, personality-less. He fails in them to realize their purpose and they fail to fulfill their function. Nevertheless, he is taking up as much space as if he were talking to the people before him; and if he would hesitate to bore them then by talking absently, why should he do so now? He should read as if he considered the three factors of the situation to be of equal importance, himself and the audience as well as the author. This will give him the attitude that something worth saying is being said by a person worth listening to, and to people worth hearing it.

With accuracy and intelligibility and a proper sense of his

own importance, any reader can communicate the given information. There remains only one obstacle in the path. The rate of speed. He may read either too fast or too slow. This is so much a matter of the personality and vitality of the reader, however, that only his own experience can direct him. In general readers gallop. One should read much more slowly than he talks. In the ratio that the ideas are difficult to follow or out of the ordinary experience, he should slow up still more. If, indeed, the passage contains an unusual or peculiar word, or one liable to be mistaken for another, the reader should call attention to the fact by a deliberate impulse of the voice; and this for the same reason. It requires an instant of time for the listener to place the word, or if he has got the wrong impression to replace it with the right one.

#### EFFECTIVENESS A MATTER OF ATTITUDE

Accurate oral reading, then, means an exact conveyance of the ideas. Effective oral reading means conveyance of the emotion also. Accurate silent reading is thinking with the author; co-operative silent reading is feeling with the author. Unless you perceive his emotion as well as his thought, you cannot be said to co-operate with him; and he is talking to you for that purpose. If you would talk to others in his words effectively, you must communicate his emotion also.

In a sense there can be no accurate reading adequately projected to the listener, which is not at the same time effective. Furthermore, there is a large body of rational content in most prose and in all poetry which cannot be clearly conveyed without conveying the emotional content. But as reading may be accurate without being effective, it seems better to treat the two separately.

Here, also, the analogy with the talking voice is pertinent. One can always tell in conversation whether the talker is ap-

proving or disapproving. If the talker indicated his emotional attitude in the neutral way the oral reader often does, we should think something was the matter with him. Yet students, invariably expressing in their voice far less emotion than in daily conversation, invariably fancy they are expressing far more and think they must tone down a bit lest they be accused of soulfulness. The tone in which they remonstrate with you is much more vivid and emotional than any they have been employing in their reading. If they used the tone that they took to say a dance was a corker or a show was rotten, they would appear volcanic by contrast. Here is another glaring difference in the attitude toward the word written and the word spoken. It is of course not so glaring as that of reading in a voice altogether unanimated by evidence that the mind is present, for this is a voice which never occurs in life unless the nature is prostrate under some great shock or intense pain. But the animation prescribed by the presiding mind is no more essential and universal in the talking voice than is the color prescribed by the mood. Certainly the discrepancy presented between the colorless voice of the reader and the emotional idea it words is the more noticeable, because very few passages one can read aloud are merely expository; and even the scientific lecturer diagramming a process is passionate in comparison to the youthful reader who is afraid of expressing the emotion he habitually expresses in his talk.

The main thing in effective reading is to size up the mood of the passage and keep always in mind the purpose of the author. To depart from it is to be ineffective as well as confusing. When you pause to argue for a moment, read as if you were arguing merely to establish the matter and pass on to your main purpose. Few things exist in a passage for their own sake but for the sake of something else. Whatever this

is, keep it in view. If any change of attitude is required by the immediate words you are reading, it must be a change completely assimilated with your main purpose. If the writer is expressing his sadness for the death of a friend, for instance, the friend is no less dead in the beginning when the writer is recalling him pleasantly than in the end where his death is explicitly mentioned. The attitude of the part is always prescribed by the attitude of the whole, except in a narrative of events; and here the attitude of the whole is prescribed by the fact that you are telling a story supposed to be interesting. Here each event that comes up must be narrated by the story teller from the mood of the person supposed to be affected by it, but all should nevertheless be kept in the key of the story teller who considers them all integral and himself wishes to interest. But in passages which express the emotion or belief of the writer, there is no such apparent (though not real) shift of the point of view. He is expressing the same emotion or belief all along; and if any part of what he says requires a change of attitude, it must be one subordinated to and colored by his main intention. If his motive in making this momentary departure be kept in mind, it will generally be found that he is not departing from it. If he really has done so (as in the case of 'Lycidas') the departure is likely to be an artistic mistake, however good the material is in itself. One must never be allowed to lose sight of the general intention because of the particular thing said at the moment. To do so is to get too close a view of something meant to be seen only in perspective; it is what we mean by not seeing the wood for the trees. A real digression exists when the author, like the talker, lays down his purpose and takes up another, when he stops going in one direction and breaks a new path. Effective reading is a matter of establishing one point after the other but always in a straight line.



## THE WRITER'S VALUATION NOT THE READER'S

While we are on the subject of faithfulness to the mood of the writer, it may be pointed out that there is a kind of inaccuracy which, faithful enough to the ideas if they were really yours, is destructive to his. The average reader, student or adult, is unwilling to let a writer speak for himself. He puts his own valuation on the words according to his temperament, not remembering that the set of emotional associations intended by the writer may be different. This is of course aside from the case, of which there are a number in this book, where there exists a legitimate difference of interpretation. I speak now of interpretation prescribed by the words used and the ideas called up. If the author had the feeling of the reader, he would not have employed those words, ideas, and images, but others in their stead. The vast number of misreadings of Shakspeare on the stage caused by this elbowing the author out of the way, is a good illustration. Let us take the 'Seven Ages' speech, for instance. It is apparent that Jaques is in every case calling up ideas that belittle life; why then should he suddenly lapse into sentiment at the end? It is obvious that the temperament of the man desires to belittle the last age at least as much as all the others—that is why he selected those words to use about it. But because the reader is sentimental about second childishness or because it is thought to be more immediately effective as an ending, he forces Jaques to take his own estimate. The reader should say to himself "Would the person who selects those words feel the same way that I feel?" The wholesome old lady in 'John Anderson, My Jo, John,' is not at all tremulous at the thought of death approaching her and her old man. What she is saying is that they will be together in death just the same as they have been in life. But readers quaver or hush their voices here as if the old

lady were not contemplating it as rather pleasant under the circumstances. A sentimental reading is not one which exhibits sentiment, but which exhibits the wrong sentiment or the right one out of proportion to the author's intention.

There is another kind of incomplete accuracy which destroys effectiveness. The listener gets the separate affirmations but is at a loss to discern their general aim. What is he to get out of this bundle of interesting ideas you give him? What is the central idea, the backbone to which all the others must be fitted? The reader must size up not only the general mood of the writer but his general aim. There is not only a point to the sentence and to the paragraph and stanza, there is, even more importantly, a point to the entire passage. This is where the value, to be discussed later, of the one-sentence statement of the meaning comes in. Here lies the central idea—all the rest is subsidiary. Find it and try in your reading to make it stand out. Unless it does so, the listener will again be seeing details too closely; in short, failing to see the wood for the trees.

Lastly, effective reading demands that you indicate with an air of completeness when you have reached your destination. Generally, the listener should know when the reader is approaching the end, and he should certainly know when he has arrived. An abrupt ending is untrue to the writer, and unless there has existed some reason for concealing the fact,—as in a hoax, for instance—it is unfair treatment. For the reader and the listener, too, it is unsatisfactory. Either the reader feels dissatisfied with himself or the listener with the reader. Everyone will recall the awkwardness, physical and artistic, when a piano solo merely trails away. If the author has not (as in the case of the 'Intimations') provided a sufficient end, the reader can easily atone for the shortcoming by a manipulation of his voice. In this connection, it may be said that very few extracts or whole poems or articles can end on a question. Even when there is a final interro-



gation mark, it will be found that the mood demands an affirmation on some word that has occurred earlier in the last sentence. Shelley's 'West Wind' by no means ends on a question but on an assertion that winter being upon us spring must be near at hand. An authentic question is one which asks for an answer; if you have already answered it, it is only a vivid means of reaffirmation.

### SOME METHODS TO SECURE GOOD READING

A good way for the instructor to vivify the reader's voice is to interrupt and ask "why," "what," or "how" whenever the passage affords him opportunity, and make the reader answer the question in the writer's own words. A good method to secure the right attitude of the reader is to stop him and ask the class what they think, judging from the tone of his voice, the reader is about to say of the matter he is treating. Occasional reading at sight is highly desirable, especially in satire. Sight reading is an instructive object lesson in the habitual failure of words to fill their function, that is, to create an impression the moment they are used. The instructor should require the impression of the student, new word by new word, new sentence by new sentence. This best of laboratory exercises, soon demonstrates that no impression or the wrong one vitiates all that follows.

At first all should follow the reading with the eye, in order to profit by the corrections; but as soon as these become fewer, one of the best readers may be appointed listener. The account he gives of the information received sometimes convinces the reader how poor he is. Sometimes, too, the good student may interrupt with corrections himself, these being entirely restricted to wrong emphasis since in other matters too much of the personal element enters. The more methods of keeping the class alert and the greater variety of usage the better. The success of a course in any kind of expression, written or oral composition or elocution, depends on the tricks it employs.

### III. THE ORAL ANALYSIS

An accurate and effective reading is only part of the work in the Oral Study of Literature. The student is required to precede his reading with a one-sentence statement of its meaning, and afterwards to analyze and criticize the material presented.

A reader may master a sentence but not its connection with the next sentence, and so on throughout; be, in short, unable to size up the passage as a whole. Hence the importance of formulating a summary, after the first silent reading and in preparation for the oral one, to determine the main point. Take 'The Blessed Damsel' for instance. Is it about a girl in heaven? About this girl looking forward to meeting her lover? About a man picturing his dead sweetheart in heaven? Picturing her as looking forward to their meeting? As longing for a reunion which he fears is doubtful? As longing like himself for a reunion which they both fear will never take place? Here are six summaries, and only the last one states the main idea of the poem and hence dictates rightly how its details should be proportioned. Let us take another selection. 'Break, Break, Break' does not merely give you some gloomy thoughts of a man looking at the sea. Tennyson says that the sea and all on it can express themselves but he cannot. Or he says that everything around him seems absorbed in the present while he lives only in the past. Either of these statements covers adequately the ideas called up. The oral rendering of the one will slightly differ from the other in the stress and color of certain words; and it will be instructive to ask the student to read the poem a second time with the alternate thought in mind. But unless he has, after his silent reading, tried to set the poem in order by one of them, he will get out of it only an impression of its emotional drift and none at all of its rational meaning.

An instructor cannot insist too often upon the fact that, in general, a one-sentence statement is either right or wrong. Yet he will, for an exasperating while, insist to somewhat mulish ears. A student is, to be sure, forced to admit his mistake when his summary puts into the author's mouth precisely the opposite meaning,—an occurrence of startling frequency—but short of so hopeless a giveaway, it is difficult to convince him that “something along that line” is not quite good enough. Here is where the need for brevity comes in. It is impossible to locate a culprit behind a smoke screen emitted on the time-honored academic principle that if one says a mouthful some of it is sure to be right. The sentence must be whittled down to a crisp wording of the writer's chief claim *together* with his chief reason for making it. These two are generally developed separately, and the student must find and combine them for himself. If the instructor can ask why the writer is making such a claim, the statement is not complete.

The analysis should generally come after the reading. Sometimes, a reader may be asked to designate the nature of the material beforehand, however, so that the class can be watching for it. Occasionally, the analysis may profitably take the form of explaining the exact function of each sentence in the passage, that is, what it does with reference to the preceding one. This may be done after the reading, or during it between the sentences according to the method illustrated in Lesson VIII. An analysis of the material designates how the author supports his assertion or explains his mood. What material has Ruskin assembled in ‘The Perfectness of the Lower Nature’ to make good his claim that we should not prefer it to the imperfection of the higher? He levies upon not only the human world, of which he is speaking, but upon the animal and the vegetable worlds, of which he is not speaking. It is his comparison and his analogy which make his case so strong.

## CRITICAL COMMENT OF THE READER

Here it is even more necessary than in the summary to hold the student to saying something precisely. But that something must be critical. It is only too easy to secure a definite, though entirely unexplained, expression of his temperament. His tendency, of course, is to confuse criticism of another's work with an assertion of his own personality. This is a stage, indeed, beyond which the untrained mind rarely goes. It is necessary to convince him that this is merely a personal reaction and not an esthetic one at all; that the critic deals not primarily with what is done but how it is done; that the kind of thing one personally dislikes may be done well just as the kind one likes may be done poorly; and that culture, though it may indeed have preferences, seeks to appreciate all forms of expression. A more sophisticated sort of student has annexed a critical vocabulary without knowing how to harness it. It runs wild over every passage read, when there is nothing in his mind that corresponds to it. He must be choked off at once by challenging him to explain concretely, in their immediate application, the empty and spacious phrases which he pronounces so trippingly on the tongue.

With each kind of student, it is best to establish and make articulate the critical faculty by inspecting words. In what words has the writer indicated a desire to be interesting rather than merely to unfold his thought clearly and firmly? What words in their mutual relationship bear out or frustrate an expectancy which has been created? What word or idea appears well or badly chosen for the purpose in hand? If the student can clearly explain the reason for his selection, he is on the road to a substantial critical attitude.

The authentic critical attitude once established by such concrete methods, the now fairly-fledged critic may go farther. Has the writer employed his words economically, smoothly,

easily, flexibly, rhythmically? Is his thought involved? Would you re-arrange it? Has it any feeble matter? Does it mark time with too many illustrations? And these, perhaps, too narrow in range? Has the passage unity of thought and of mood? If a complete poem, has it begun and ended in the right place? Do the ideas seem to stand for something natural and real, or are they only a literary pose or the filling in of a prescribed pattern?

Finally, a recitation should include when profitable the reader's personal opinion of the writer's ideas—that agreement or disagreement, approval or disapproval which he had at first confused with literary criticism. Whenever the material makes it worth while, this should always be demanded. Do you agree with this claim or approve this attitude? Would you modify it? Has the writer been willing to exaggerate or overstate in order to justify it? Is his material capable of establishing it? To make the talk of writers *alive* to readers—this is the object of the instructor. What, for instance, is Mr. Mencken doing in 'The Declaration of Independence in the American Vulgate?' Is he merely translating our historic document? Or also making fun of a popular conception of it? Or is he making fun of the American ideal itself, that is to say, of us?

#### TRAINING HIS LITERARY AND PERSONAL JUDGMENT

I have sought in all ways to select passages which, while offering the two qualities of emotional and intellectual content, were capable of training the literary and personal judgment of the reader. For the latter reason, I have culled from as wide a field of opinion as I could find at hand. For the former reason, I have included, though space is precious, many selections which, while coming up to a certain standard of merit, are not in their various kinds particularly admirable. For the same reason I have included many selec-



tions which would be better if edited. They are too long for their content, they admit extraneous matter, they develop side issues unduly. It is my custom to ask the reader to condense such selections before bringing them into class. With debatable editing, I assign the passages to two readers; and they and the class compare their editions. Then, in this particular, there are other selections which, though possessing unity, can tell all they have to say in less time. With these I ask the reader to omit all that he thinks unnecessary before he comes to class, and then challenge his excisions. The value of these two exercises in training the judgment is, I think, apparent; and is sufficient to justify the space which makes them possible. I have included also several lengthy poems of regular stanzas, because, being composed of uniform units, they afford convenient material for a lively and illuminating exercise which I may call a reading bee. The entire section takes the floor and I "spell them out" when they have falsified the meaning of the author. I have seldom had a class in which at the finish of Gray's *Elegy* or Omar, for instance, there was one surviving member.

In arrangement of the selections, I have generally proceeded from the shorter to the longer, the first naturally presenting units more adapted to the formation of the habit of careful reading and the intensive analysis which secures it. For the rest, the arrangement contemplates only furnishing variety to a class period.

As I finish the long but pleasant task of selection, I am struck anew with the substance, richness, and variety of the thought, imagination, and emotion here contained. It is in setting before the student such a collection as this, that the leading aim of college is secured—to acquaint young men and women with the achievements of mankind. As I look back upon my days of theme-writing in college and compare



their poverty with these riches, I marvel at the mistake of educating a student in English by writing rather than by reading. When I read over the ponderous collection of my themes, gathering dust now these many years on an out of the way shelf, the impression is much reinforced. Why all this labor to produce nothing? "As though Pharaoh should set the children of Israel to make a pin instead of a pyramid," or, like Meredith's ocean, ramping with so thunderous a noise to make one thin line upon the shore! Although I was a student who thought himself of unusual literary appreciation and possessed certainly unusual desire for self-expression, I am well-nigh appalled at their laborious vapid-ity, and, what is worse, at their insincerity—although I had even more than youth's usual share of the confidence of something to say. Not until, somewhat late in life, I came to teach—that is, not until I came to communicate precisely—did I realize how slipshod a reader I had been. This is how the students in a class in the Oral Study of Literature may test, for themselves and under supervision, the faultiness of their own habits of reading while their working lives are still before them. When I reflect how many years it was after I left college before I came to recognize the fact that I did not know how to read, I am tempted to indict an educational system which, in assuming that I already knew how, although it knew very well to the contrary, taught me Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

ALGERNON TASSIN

*Columbia University*  
*October, 1922*

# THE ORAL STUDY OF LITERATURE

## 1. DEARLY BOUGHT UNDERSTANDING

When you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said wen he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't.

CHARLES DICKENS—*Pickwick Papers*

## 2. ACTS GO ON ACTING

Our deeds are like children that are born to us: they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.

GEORGE ELIOT—*Romola*

## 3. A VISION

I SAW Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and  
    endless light,  
    All calm, as it was bright:—  
And round beneath it, Time, in

hours, days, years,  
Driven by the spheres,  
Like a vast shadow moved; in  
    which the World  
And all her train were hurl'd.

HENRY VAUGHAN

## 4. FAME

Fame is an undertaker, that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

C. C. COLTON—*Lacon*

## 5. ARISTOCRACY INEVITABLE

Amongst the masses—even in revolutions—aristocracy must ever exist. Destroy it in nobility, and it becomes centered in the rich and powerful House of the Commons. Pull them down, and it survives in the master and foreman of the workshop.

F. P. G. GUIZOT

## 6. THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Julius Caesar*

## 7. GOD AND SOLDIERS

OUR God and soldier we alike adore  
When at the brink of ruin, not before;  
After deliv'rance both alike requited,  
Our God forgotten and our soldiers slighted.

FRANCIS QUARLES

## 8. CASSIO'S REMORSE

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil. O God, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Othello*

## 9. THE BIGOT

Mr. T. sees religion not as a sphere but as a line, and it is the identical line in which *he* is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right hand or the left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or of devils at the distance of ten yards on one side or the other.

JOHN FORSTER—*Journal*

## 10. HE HAS OUTSOARED THE SHADOW OF OUR NIGHT

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain.

P. B. SHELLEY—*Adonais*

## 11. THE MODERN HIAWATHA

He killed the noble Mudjokivis.  
Of the skin he made him mittens,  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with the skin side outside,  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside;  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside.  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.

ANONYMOUS

## 12. DEPRAVITY IN ARGUMENT

Hunting after arguments to make good one side of a question and wholly to neglect those which favour the other, is wilfully to misguide the understanding; and is so far from giving truth its due value, that it wholly debases it.

JOHN LOCKE

## 13. HOPE TRIUMPHANT

HOPE, whose eyes  
Can sound the seas unsoundable, the skies  
Inaccessible of eyesight; that can see  
What earth beholds not, hear what wind and sea  
Hear not, and speak what all these crying in one  
Can speak not to the sun.

A. C. SWINBURNE—*Thalassius* :

## 14. WASTEFUL WOMAN

AN wasteful woman,—she that may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,—  
How has she cheapened Paradise!  
How given for naught her priceless gift!  
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,  
Which, spent with due respective thrift,  
Had made brutes men, and men divine!

COVENTRY PATMORE—*The Angel in the House*

## 15. POLITICIANS AND AGRICULTURALISTS

The man who can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow on the spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and render more essential service to the country than the whole race of politicians put together.

DEAN SWIFT

## 16. FROM BAD TO WORSE

If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY—*Murder As One of the Fine Arts*

## 17. NATURAL PIETY

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old

Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man:  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural  
piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 18. REPUTATION

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Othello*

## 19. ORIGINALITY

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

## 20. TENDER-HANDED STROKE A NETTLE

TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,  
And it stings you for your  
pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common  
natures,  
Use them kindly, they rebel;  
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,  
And the rogues obey you well.

AARON HILL

## 21. THINK AS WE DO OR STARVE

My sarcastic friend says, with the utmost gravity, that no man with less than a thousand pounds a year can afford to have private opinions upon certain important subjects. He admits that he has known it done upon eight hundred a year; but only by very prudent people with small families.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS—*Companions Of My Solitude*

## 22. I COULD NOT LOVE THEE, DEAR, SO MUCH

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet  
mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I  
chase,  
The first foe in the field;

And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, Dear, so  
much,  
Loved I not Honour more.  
COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE

## 23. ACTION AND SITTING STILL

I love and honor Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. Nor can you excite me to the least uneasiness by saying, "He acted, and thou sittest still." I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. One piece of the tree is cut for a weathercock, and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the virtue of the wood is apparent in both.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—*Essays (Spiritual Laws)* \*

## 24. THE GOLDEN MARGIN

"My other piece of advice," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen six, re-

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sult happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short, you are forever floored. As I am."

CHARLES DICKENS—*David Copperfield*

## 25. TREE AND LILY

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of Light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON

## 26. WHY WE DO NOT WANT TO THINK

The plain fact is that man is not ruled by his thinking. When man thinks he thinks, he usually merely feels; and his instincts and feelings are powerful precisely in proportion as they are irrational. Reason reveals the other side, and a knowledge of the other side is fatal to the driving power of a prejudice. Prejudices have their important uses, but it is well to try not to mix them up with principles.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER—*Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?* \*

## 27. WE ARE SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,  
 As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air:  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*The Tempest*

\* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

## 28. A DISADVANTAGE OF ABOLISHING CHRISTIANITY

If Christianity were once abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left?

JONATHAN SWIFT—*An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may be attended with Inconveniences.*

## 29. DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

R. W. EMERSON \*

## 30. O! WHO CAN HOLD A FIRE IN HIS HAND?

O! who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*King Richard II,*

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## 31. THE SPIRIT OF COMEDY

Where the spirit of comedy has departed, company becomes constraint, reserve eats up the spirit, and people fall into a penurious melancholy in their scruple to be always exact, sane, and reasonable, never to mourn, never to glow, never to betray a passion or a weakness—yet the irony of fate pursues these enemies of comedy and for fear of wearing a mask for a moment, they are hypocrites all their lives.

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Winds Of Doctrine* \*

## 32. WHENCE OUR PRIDE?

BREATHING the thin breath through our nostrils, we  
Live and a little space the sunlight see—  
Even all that live—each being an instrument  
To which the generous air its life has lent.  
If with the hand one quench our draught of breath,  
He sends the stark soul shuddering down to death.  
We that are nothing on our pride are fed,  
Seeing but for a little air we are as dead.

PALLADAS

## 33. WANTED AN ARISTOCRACY

The United States is in sore need to-day of an aristocracy of intellect and service. Because such an aristocracy does not exist in the popular consciousness, we are bending the knee in worship to the golden calf of money. The form of monarchy and its pomp offer a valuable foil to the worship of money for its own sake. A democracy must provide itself with a foil of its own, and none is better or more effective than an aristocracy of intellect and service recruited from every part of our democratic life.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER—*True and False Democracy* †

## 34. REASONS

There are two methods of human activity—and according to which one of these two kinds of activity people mainly follow, are there two kinds of people: one use their reason to learn what is good and what is bad and they act according to this knowledge; the other act as they want to and then they use their reason to prove that that which they did was good and that which they didn't do was bad.

LEO TOLSTOI ††

\* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

† By permission of The Macmillan Company.

†† From *The Journal of Leo Tolstoi*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 35. LIFE A BUBBLE

THIS Life, which seems so fair,  
Is like a bubble blown up in the  
air

By sporting children's breath,  
Who chase it everywhere  
And strive who can most motion  
it bequeath.

And though it sometimes seem  
of its own might

Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd  
there,

And firm to hover in that empty  
height,

That only is because it is so  
light.

—But in that pomp 't doth not  
long appear;

For when 't is most admired, in  
a thought,

Because it erst was nought, it  
turns to nought.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

## 36. AS WE RUSH IN THE TRAIN

As we rush, as we rush in the train,  
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,  
But the starry heavens above the plain  
Come flying on our track.

Oh the beautiful stars in the sky,  
The silver doves of the forest of Night,  
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,  
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;  
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!  
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,  
While the earth slips from our feet!

JAMES THOMSON

## 37. DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly what might have been your opinion, had you all the biasses of education and interest your adversary may possibly have.

EUSTACE BUDGELL—*Spectator*

## 38. HAPPINESS NEEDS DISCRETION

I have observed one ingredient somewhat necessary in a man's composition towards happiness, which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind. For

there are so many fools whom opinion of the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his contempt or indignation at the sight will be too often quarreling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself.

HENRY MACKENZIE

### 39. SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of  
the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems  
asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out  
the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of  
farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of  
Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to  
face  
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

### 40. DOUBLE NEGATIVES

Perhaps, as two negatives make one affirmative, it may be thought that two layers of moonshine might coalesce into one pancake; and two Barmecide banquets might be the square root of one poached egg. When Charles Lamb was blamed for coming late to the office, he excused himself on the ground that he always left early. He also said, "A man could not have too little to do and too much time to do it in." It was Lord Rothschild who replied, when the cabman told him that his son paid better fares than he did, "Yes, but he has a rich father, and I haven't."

J. T. HACKETT

### 41. A TEAR IS AN INTELLECTUAL THING

BUT vain the sword and vain the bow,  
They never can work War's overthrow.  
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear  
Alone can free the world from fear.

For a tear is an intellectual thing,  
And a sigh is the sword of an angel king,  
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe,  
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.

WILLIAM BLAKE

## 42. THE MAIN ESSENTIAL

We may live without poetry, music, and art;  
 We may live without conscience, and live without heart;  
 We may live without friends; we may live without books;  
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?  
 He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?  
 He may live without love—what is passion but pining?  
 But where is the man that can live without dining?

OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile*

## 43. NEWSPAPERS

A city is known by the newspapers it keeps. They reflect the tastes of the community, and if they are lacking in this or that it is because the community is lacking. And so it is voxpoppycock to complain that a newspaper is not what a small minority thinks it ought to be. The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our journals but in ourselves, that we are underlings. Dissatisfaction with American newspapers began with the first one printed, and has been increasing steadily since. In another hundred years this dissatisfaction may develop into positive annoyance.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR \*

## 44. THE POET'S DREAM

On a Poet's lips I slept  
 Dreaming like a love-adept  
 In the sound his breathing kept;  
 Nor seeks nor finds he mortal  
     blisses,  
 But feeds on the aërial kisses  
 Of shapes that haunt Thought's  
     wildernesses.  
 He will watch from dawn to  
     gloom

The lake-reflected sun illume  
 The yellow bees in the ivy-  
     bloom,  
 Nor heed nor see what things  
     they be—  
 But from these create he can  
 Forms more real than living  
     Man,  
 Nurslings of Immortality!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## 45. STILL TO BE NEAT

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed,  
 As you were going to a feast;  
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:  
 Lady, it is to be presumed,  
 Though art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

\* From *The So-called Human Race*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



Give me a look, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicity a grace;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all the adulteries of art;  
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON

#### 46. EMPLOYEES

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem to be the rule; and no man succeeds unless he forces or bribes other men to assist; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant

ELBERT HUBBARD—*A Message To Garcia* \*

#### 47. PYRAMIDS RIGHT SIDE UP

A government which by alienating the affections, losing the opinions, and crossing the interests, of the people, leaves out of its compass the greatest part of their consent, may justly be said to narrow its bottom. The government which takes in the consent of the greatest number of the people has the broadest bottom; and if it be terminated in the authority of one single person, it may be said to have the narrowest top; and so makes the firmest pyramid.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

#### 48. LO, ALL THE WAY

Lo, all the way,  
 Look you, I said, the clouds will break, the sky  
 Grow clear, the road  
 Be easier for my travelling, the fields,  
 So sodden and dead,  
 Will shimmer with new green and starry bloom,  
 And there will be,  
 There will be then, with all serene and fair,  
 Some little while  
 For some light laughter in the sun; and lo,  
 The journey's end,—  
 Grey road, grey fields, wind and a bitter rain.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY †

\* By permission of The Roycrofters.

† From *Verse*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 49. AS THROUGH THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As through the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripened ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out I know not why,  
And kissed again with tears.  
And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears!  
For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

## 50. HABIT

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength, if also in certain circumstances our miserablest weakness. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way;—it is easier than any other way. Habit is our primal fundamental law,—habit and imitation,—there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all working and all apprenticeship, of all practice and all learning in the world.

THOMAS CARLYLE

## 51. THE GRAVE OF LOVE

I dug, beneath the cypress shade,  
What well might seem an elfin's grave;  
And every pledge in earth I laid,  
That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath;  
I placed one mossy stone above;  
And twined the rose's fading wreath  
Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,  
 Ere yet the evening sun was set:  
 But years shall see the cypress spread,  
 Immutable as my regret.

T. L. PEACOCK

## 52. ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist  
 confined  
 Shall now my joyful temples  
 bind:  
 No monarch but would give his  
 crown  
 His arms might do what this  
 has done.  
 It was my Heaven's extremest  
 sphere,  
 The pale which held that lovely  
 deer:

My joy, my grief, my hope, my  
 love  
 Did all within this circle move.  
 A narrow compass! and yet  
 there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all  
 that's fair:  
 Give me but what this ribband  
 bound,  
 Take all the rest the Sun goes  
 round.

EDMUND WALLER

## 53. THE BUILDING OF JERUSALEM

AND did those feet in ancient  
 time  
 Walk upon England's moun-  
 tains green?  
 And was the holy Lamb of God  
 On England's pleasant pas-  
 tures seen?  
 And did the Countenance Divine  
 Shine forth upon our clouded  
 hills?  
 And was Jerusalem builded here  
 Among these dark Satanic  
 Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning  
 gold!  
 Bring me my arrows of desire!  
 Bring me my spear! O clouds,  
 unfold!  
 Bring me my chariot of fire!  
 I will not cease from mental  
 fight,  
 Nor shall my sword sleep in  
 my hand,  
 Till we have built Jerusalem  
 In England's green and pleas-  
 ant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE

## 54. DEPERSONALIZATION

Materialism coarsens and petrifies everything; makes everything vulgar and every truth false. To crush what is spiritual, moral,

human, to form mere wheels of the great social machine, instead of perfect individuals, to make society and not conscience the centre of life, to enslave the soul of things, to depersonalize man—this is the dominant drift of our epoch. What is threatened today is moral liberty, conscience, respect for the soul, the very nobility of man. The test of every religious, political or educational system is the man it forms. If a system injures the intelligence, it is bad. If it injures the character, it is vicious. If it injures the conscience, it is criminal.

HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL—*Journal*

### 55. TO CELIA

Nor, Celia, that I juster am  
Or better than the rest;  
For I would change each hour,  
like them,  
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee  
By every thought I have;  
Thy face I only care to see,  
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored  
In thy dear self I find—  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further  
store,  
And still make love anew?  
When change itself can give no  
more,  
'Tis easy to be true.

SIR C. SEDLEY

### 56. THE TRUTH

There is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake; but very few, indeed—and scarcely one woman—love the truth for the truth's sake. Yet without the latter, the former may become, as it has a thousand times been, the source of the persecution of truth—the pretext and motive of inquisitorial cruelty and party zealotry. To see clearly that the love of the good and the true is ultimately identical, is given only to those who love both sincerely and without any foreign ends.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—*Table Talk*

### 57. SONG

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me

With showers and dewdrops wet:  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain;  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on as if in pain:  
 And dreaming through the twilight  
 That doth not rise nor set,  
 Haply I may remember,  
 And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

### 58. OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

Oft, in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound  
 me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 The smiles, the tears,  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now  
 broken!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain hath  
 bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light

Of other days around me.  
 When I remember all  
 The friends, so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather;  
 I feel like one,  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain hath  
 bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE

### 59. HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

HOME they brought her warrior dead:  
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:  
 All her maidens, watching, said,  
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
 Called him worthy to be loved,  
 Truest friend and noblest foe;  
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
 Lightly to the warrior stepped,  
 Took the face-cloth from the face;  
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
 Set his child upon her knee—  
 Like summer tempest came her tears—  
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

## 60. GEORGE MOORE, REALIST

Rebecca Gins walked down the lane putting her feet forward alternately. There were hedges on both sides; one on the left, one on the right. The young leaves were a pale green. Overhead ran the telegraph wires. The poles were about thirty-five yards apart. A thrush sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. Rain had fallen and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The second-hand feather in Rebecca's hat drooped a little over her left ear; and the third button of her off boot was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimneys, taking the direction of the wind. All these essential details (including the feather, which was out of sight) escaped Rebecca's notice. She was not gifted with that grasp of actuality which is the sign of the artistic nature.

OWEN SEAMAN—*Borrowed Plumes* \*

## 61. ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

WHY so pale and wan, fond  
 lover?

Prythee, why so pale?  
 Will, if looking well can't move  
 her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young  
 sinner?  
 Prythee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't  
 win her,  
 Saying nothing do't?  
 Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will  
 not move,  
 This cannot take her;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her:  
 The D—l take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

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## 62. TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,  
 Or in the chambers of the  
 East,  
 The chambers of the sun, that  
 now  
 From ancient melody have  
 ceased;  
 Whether in Heav'n ye wander  
 fair,  
 Or the green corners of the  
 earth,  
 Or the blue regions of the air  
 Where the melodious winds  
 have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye  
 rove,  
 Beneath the bosom of the sea  
 Wandering in many a coral  
 grove,  
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!  
 How have you left the ancient  
 love  
 That bards of old enjoyed in  
 you!  
 The languid strings do scarcely  
 move!  
 The sound is forced, the notes  
 are few!

WILLIAM BLAKE

## 63. THE DANGER OF A PROXY

THE merchant, to secure his  
 treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name:  
 Euphelia serves to grace my  
 measure,  
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—  
 When Cloe noted her desire  
 That I should sing, that I should  
 play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,

But with my numbers mix my  
 sighs;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's  
 praise,  
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia  
 frown'd:  
 I sung, and gazed; I play'd, and  
 trembled:  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remark'd how ill we all dis-  
 sembled.

MATTHEW PRIOR

## 64. THE GOOD SIDE OF THE HERD IMPULSE

According to Dr. Eliot, Americans are more and more becoming  
 subject to herd impulses, gregarious impulses, common emotions,  
 and he is considerably annoyed. Heaven be praised if what he says  
 be true! He would have individuality released; which is precisely  
 what we do not want. Americans are not individuals, and they  
 are not free; but they think they are. Therefore is America, in

these troublous times, an island in chaos, where civilization, like Custer, will make its last stand.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR \*

### 65. BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

### 66. ACTIONS AND OPINIONS

It is far better for the world that men should do right from wrong motives than that they should do wrong with the best intentions. What concerns society is conduct not opinions. The danger of false opinion is that it commonly leads to wrong action. But all systems of religion and philosophy which lay more stress on right opinion than right action, which exalt orthodoxy over virtue, are so far immoral and prejudicial to mankind. Not by what we think but by what we do we are useful or useless, beneficent or maleficent. Superstition, as a body of false opinion, is a most dangerous guide in practice and the evils it has wrought are incalculable; but vast as they are, it has furnished the ignorant, the weak, and the foolish with a motive for good conduct.

J. C. FRAZER—*Psyche's Task* †

\* From *The So-called Human Race*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

† From *The Golden Bough*, published by The Macmillan Company.

## 67. YOUNG AND OLD

WHEN all the world is young,  
 lad,  
 And all the trees are green;  
 And every goose a swan, lad,  
 And every lass a queen;  
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
 And round the world away;  
 Young blood must have its  
 course, lad,  
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
 And all the trees are brown;  
 And all the sport is stale, lad,  
 And all the wheels run down:  
 Creep home, and take your place  
 there,  
 The spent and maimed among:  
 God grant you find one face there  
 You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

## 68. REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,  
 And never a spray of yew.  
 In quiet she reposes:  
 Ah! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required:  
 She bathed it in smiles of glee.  
 But her heart was tired, tired,  
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,

In mazes of heat and sound.  
 But for peace her soul was  
 yearning,  
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample Spirit,  
 It fluttered and failed for  
 breath.  
 To-night it doth inherit  
 The vasty Hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## 69. UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION

SAY not that the past is dead.  
 Though the Autumn leaves are  
 shed,  
 Though the day's last flush has  
 flown,  
 Though the lute has lost its  
 tone—  
 Still within, unfelt, unseen,  
 Lives the life that once has  
 been;

With a silent power still  
 Guiding heart or brain or will,  
 Lending bias, force, and hue  
 To the things we think and do.  
 Strange! how aimless looks or  
 words  
 Sometimes wake forgotten  
 chords.  
 Bidding dreams and memories  
 leap  
 From a long unbroken sleep.  
 W. E. H. LECKY

## 70. NEW OLD TRUTHS

In philosophy equally as in poetry it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstances of their universal admission. Extremes meet. Truths, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—*Aids To Reflection*

## 71. NEIGHBORS

LET me have faith, is what I  
pray,

And let my faith be strong!—  
But who am I, is what I say,  
To think my neighbor wrong?  
And though my neighbor may  
deny

True faith could be so slight;

May call me wrong, yet who am  
I

To think my neighbor right?  
We may discover by and by,  
Making our wisdom double,  
That he is right and so am I—  
And save a lot of trouble.

WITTER BYNNER \*

## 72. IF LOVE BE LOVE

'IN Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's lute  
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

'It is not worth the keeping: let it go:  
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.  
And trust me not at all or all in all.'

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

\* From *Grenstone Poems*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 73. MOORLANDS OF THE NOT

Across the moorlands of the Not  
 We chase the gruesome When;  
 And hunt the Itness of the What  
 Through forests of the Then.  
 Into the Inner Consciousness  
 We track the crafty Where;  
 We spear the Ego tough, and  
 beard  
 The Selfhood in his lair.

With lassos of the brain we catch  
 The Isness of the Was;  
 And in the cospes of the Whence  
 We hear the think bees buzz.  
 We climb the slippery Which-  
 bark tree  
 To watch the Thusness roll;  
 And pause betimes in gnostic  
 rimes  
 To woo the Over Soul.

ANONYMOUS

## 74. OLD AGE

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
 So calm are we when passions are no more.  
 For then we know how vain it was to boast  
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made:  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.  
 Loving the old, both worlds at once they view  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER

## 75. IMMENSITY OF SPACES

When I consider the shortness of my life, lost in an eternity before and behind, "passing away as the remembrance of a guest who tarrieth but a day," the little space I fill or behold in the infinite immensity of spaces, of which I know nothing and which know nothing of me—when I reflect this, I am filled with terror, and wonder why I am *here* and not *there*, for there was no reason why it should be the one rather than the other; why *now* rather than *then*. Who set me here? By whose command and rule were this time and place appointed me? How many kingdoms know nothing of us! The eternal silence of infinite spaces terrifies me.

BLAISE PASCAL—*Pensées*

## 76. TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine  
eyes,

And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul  
doth rise

Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be;  
But thou thereon didst only  
breathe  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells,  
I swear,  
Not of itself but thee!

BEN JONSON

## 77. ADVICE TO GIRLS

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye  
may,

Old Time is still a-flying:  
And this same flower that smiles  
to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven,  
the Sun,  
The higher he's a getting  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the  
first,

When youth and blood are  
warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and  
worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your  
time;  
And while ye may, go marry:  
For having lost but once your  
prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK

## 78. THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

THERE be none of Beauty's  
daughters

With a magic like Thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were  
causing

The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dream-  
ing:

And the midnight moon is weav-  
ing

Her bright chain o'er the deep,  
Whose breast is gently heaving  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's  
ocean.

LORD BYRON



## 79. THE PERVERSITY OF FORTUNE

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou  
 prove  
 An unrelenting foe to Love,  
 And when we meet a mutual  
 heart  
 Come in between, and bid us  
 part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish and wish the soul  
 away;  
 Till youth and genial years are  
 flown,  
 And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
 The heart from pleasure to de-  
 lude,  
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my  
 prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear Amanda  
 mine.

JAMES THOMSON

## 80. ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED

One word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
 For thee to disdain it.  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call  
 love;

But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts  
 above  
 And the Heavens reject not:  
 The desire of the moth for the  
 star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sor-  
 row?

P. B. SHELLEY

## 81. ONE GOD AND A SPIRIT

THERE is one God supreme over all gods, diviner than mortals,  
 Whose form is not like unto man's, and as unlike his nature;  
 But vain mortals imagine that gods like themselves are begotten,  
 With human sensations and voice and corporeal members;  
 So, if oxen or horses had hands and could work in man's fashion,  
 And trace out with chisel or brush their conception of Godhead,  
 Then would horses depict gods like horses, and oxen like oxen,  
 Each kind the divine with its own form and nature endowing.

XENOPHANES OF COLOPHON (about 570 B. C.)

## 82. AN OLD CRY EVER NEW

Do not imagine that you are fighting about a single issue, freedom or slavery. You have an empire to lose, and are exposed to danger by reason of the hatred which your imperial rule has inspired in other states. And you cannot resign your power, although some timid or unambitious spirits want you to act justly. For now your empire has become a despotism, a thing which in the opinion of mankind has been unjustly acquired yet cannot be safely relinquished. The men of whom I speak, if they could find followers, would soon ruin the state, and, if they were to found a state of their own, would just as soon ruin that.

PERICLES—*Speech to The Athenians (Thucydides)*

## 83. THE STREAM I GO A-FISHING IN

Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars. I cannot count one. I know not the first letter of the alphabet. I have always been regretting that I was not as wise as the day I was born. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and rifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet. I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it. My instinct tells me that my head is an organ for burrowing, as some creatures use their snout and fore-paws, and with it I would mine and burrow my way through these hills. I think that the richest vein is somewhere hereabouts; so by the divining rod and thin rising vapors I judge; and here I will begin to mine.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU—*Walden* \*

## 84. AMONG THE ROCKS

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,

This autumn morning! How he sets his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;

Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

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That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;  
 Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.  
 If you loved only what were worth your love,  
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:  
 Make the low nature better by your throes!  
 Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

ROBERT BROWNING

### 85. THE SWEETLY SOULFUL

Surely there is something, if we could but find out what it is. O unfathomable deeps! Each of our actions, however seemingly trivial, is a link in the chain of moral and physical evolution. Try to rise from your bed without having first lain down, and you will discover, all too late, how indispensable is the value of the missing link. . . . It is the curse of existence that we are compelled to keep silence. The heart's blood pulses, yet we must hide it from the crowd. So great is the numbing, stifling influence of convention. How seldom can we be ourselves! What is the Good? And what is the Beautiful? Who can say? All we know is that both terms are synonymous, the one quite as much as the other. . . . The year, not less than the month, the week, the day, must eventually pass and be no more. The Temporal can never outlive the Eternal.

OWEN SEAMAN—*Borrowed Plumes* \*

### 86. NATURE AND ART

WHAT I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write, shows  
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art:  
 I court others in verse—but I love thee in prose;  
 And they have my whimsies—but thou hast my heart.

The God of us verse-men, you know, child, the Sun,  
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest:  
 If at morning o'er Earth 'tis his fancy to run;  
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,  
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:  
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war;  
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;

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For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,  
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

MATTHEW PRIOR

### 87. ADVICE

There is nothing we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which anyone shows for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding.

JOSEPH ADDISON—*Spectator*

### 88. GIVE ALL TO LOVE

GIVE all to love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good-fame,  
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—  
Nothing refuse.

. . . . .

Cling with life to the maid;  
But when the surprise,  
First vague shadow of surmise,  
Flits across her bosom young  
Or a joy apart from thee,

Free be she, fancy-free;  
Nor thou detain her vesture's  
hem,  
Nor the palest rose she flung  
From her summer diadem.  
Though thou loved her as thyself  
As a self of purer clay,  
Though her parting dims the  
day,  
Stealing grace from all alive;  
Heartily know,  
When half-gods go,  
The gods arrive.

R. W. EMERSON \*

### 89. WE ARE THE PEOPLE

When the vines of our village are nipped with the frost, the parish priest presently concludes that the indignation of God is gone out against all the human race, and that the cannibals have already got the pip. Who is it, that seeing the bloody havoc of these civil wars, does not cry out that the machine of the world is near dissolution and that the day of judgment is at hand; without

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considering that many worse revolutions have been seen, and that, in the meantime, people are very merry in a thousand other parts of the earth for all this?

MICHEL DE MONTAGNE—*Essays*

### 90. UP-HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

### 91. OPPORTUNITY

MASTER of human destinies am I!

Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by

Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late

I knock, unbidden, once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate,

And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe

Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.

I answer not, and I return no more!

JOHN JAMES INGALLS

## 92. SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow  
But tell of days in goodness spent,—  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON

## 93. REINFORCEMENTS

WHEN little boys with merry noise  
In the meadows shout and run;  
And little girls, sweet woman buds,  
Brightly open in the sun;  
I may not of the world despair,  
Our God despaireth not, I see;  
For blithesomer in Eden's air  
These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die?  
Wherefore this health, if Truth should fail?  
And why such Joy, if Misery  
Be conquering us and must prevail?  
Arouse! our spirit may not droop!  
These young ones fresh from Heaven are;  
Our God hath sent another troop,  
And means to carry on the war.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH



## 94. THE THOUGHTFUL STEAMFITTER

It is odd, and not uninteresting to students of the so-called human race, that a steamfitter or a manufacturer of suspenders who may not know the difference between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—who may not, indeed, know anything at all—is nevertheless a bubbly-fountain of political wisdom; whereas a writer for a newspaper is capable of emitting only drivel. This may be due to the greater opportunity for meditation enjoyed by suspender-makers and steamfitters.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR \*

## 95. WARS ARE SURFACE THINGS

The true life of the human community is planted deep in the private affections of its members; in the greatness of its individual minds; in the pure severities of its domestic conscience; in the noble and transforming thoughts that fertilize its sacred nooks. Who can observe without astonishment the durable action of men truly great on the history of the world, and the evanescence of vast military revolutions once threatening all things with destruction! How often is it the fate of the former to be invisible for an age, and then live forever; of the latter, to sweep a generation from the earth and then vanish with slight trace?

JAMES MARTINEAU—*The Outer and the Inner Temple*

## 96. ABSTROSOPHY

If echoes from the fitful past  
 Could rise to mental view  
 Would all their fancied radiance  
     last  
 Or would some odors from the  
     blast,  
 Untouched by Time, accrue?  
  
 Is present pain a future bliss,  
 Or is it something worse?

For instance, take a case like  
     this:  
 Is fancied kick a real kiss,  
     Or rather the reverse?  
  
 Is plenitude of passion palled  
     By poverty of scorn?  
 Does Fiction mend where Fact  
     has mauled?  
 Has Death its wisest victims  
     called  
 When idiots are born?  
     GELETT BURGESS †

\* From *The So-called Human Race*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

† From *The Burgess Nonsense Book*, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

## 97. UNAFRAID

OUT of the night that covers me,  
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
 I thank whatever gods may be  
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
 Under the bludgeonings of chance  
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
 And yet the menace of the years  
 Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
 How charged with punishments the scroll,  
 I am the master of my fate:  
 I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY

## 98. A PROTESTATION IN ABSENCE

ABSENCE, hear thou my protesta-  
 tion

Against thy strength,  
 Distance, and length;

Do what thou canst for altera-  
 tion:

For hearts of truest mettle  
 Absence doth join, and Time  
 doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such  
 quality,

He soon hath found  
 Affection's ground

Beyond time, place, and all mor-  
 tality.

To hearts that cannot vary  
 Absence is Presence, Time  
 doth tarry.

By absence this good means I  
 gain,

That I can catch her,  
 Where none can watch her,

In some close corner of my  
 brain:

There I embrace and kiss  
 her;

And so I both enjoy and miss  
 her.

ANONYMOUS

## 99. SELF INTEREST UNIVERSAL IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

(I maintain) That while a party is carrying on a general design, each man has his particular private interest in view. That as soon as a party has gained its general point, each member be-

comes intent upon his particular interest; which, thwarting others, breaks that party into divisions and occasions more confusion. That few in public affairs act from a mere view of the good of their country, whatever they may pretend; and though their actings may bring real good to their country, yet men primarily considered that their own and their country's interest were united, and so did not act from a principle of benevolence. That fewer still, in public affairs, act with a view to the good of all mankind.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—*Autobiography*

#### 100. THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

THE splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

#### 101. 'THE HAPPY LABORER

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexéd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexéd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER

## 102. THE WAGES OF DEATH

F'EAR no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy  
wages:

Golden lads and girls all must.  
As chimney-sweepers, come to  
dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the  
great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's  
stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the  
oak:

The sceptre, learning, physic,  
must  
All follow this, and come to  
dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-  
stone;

Fear not slander, censure rash,  
Thou hast finish'd joy and  
moan:

All lovers young, all lovers  
must

Consign to thee, and come to  
dust.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

## 103. THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone

I feel I am alone.

I checked him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,

Alas! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,

And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him; I now would give

My love, could he but live

Who lately lived for me, and when he found

'Twas vain, in holy ground

He hid his face amid the shades of death.

I waste for him my breath

Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,  
 And this lorn bosom burns  
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears.

'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,  
 'These may she never share!'  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
 And, oh, pray too for me!

W. S. LANDOR

## 104. TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicæan barks of  
     yore,  
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore.  
 On desperate seas long wont to  
     roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
 Thy Naiad airs, have brought me  
     home

To the glory that was Greece  
 And the grandeur that was  
     Rome.  
 Lo! in yon brilliant window-  
     niche  
 How statue-like I see thee  
     stand,  
 The agate lamp within thy  
     hand!  
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions  
     which  
 Are Holy Land!

E. A. POE

## 105. RACIAL PESSIMISM

This is no world for pessimists. An amoeba on the beach, blind and helpless, a mere bit of pulp,—that amoeba has grandsons today who read Kant and play symphonies. Will those grandsons in turn have descendants who will sail through the void, discover the foci of forces, the means to control them, and learn how to marshal the planets and grapple with space? Would it after all be any more startling than our rise from the slime? No sensible amoeba would have ever believed for a minute that any of his most remote children would build and run dynamos. Few sensible men of today stop to feel, in their hearts, that we live in the very same world where

that miracle happened. This world, and our racial adventures, are magical still.

CLARENCE DAY, JR. \*

### 106. THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE

Go, lovely Rose!  
Tell her, that wastes her time  
and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to  
be.

Tell her that's young  
And shuns to have her graces  
spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended  
died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things  
rare  
May read in thee:  
How small a part of time they  
share  
That are so wondrous sweet and  
fair!

EDMUND WALLER

### 107. BASSANIO AND THE GOLDEN CASKET

So, may the outward shows be least themselves:  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damnéd error but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
Thus ornament is but the guiléd shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*The Merchant of Venice*

### 108. HOW ARE YOU?

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them

\* From *This Simian World*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



a history of their pains and aches, and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is of all other the meanest help to discourse; and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his headache answered by another's asking what news by the last mail. Mutual good-humour is a dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice.

SIR RICHARD STEELE—*Spectator*

### 109. MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

You promise heavens free from strife,  
 Pure truth, and perfect change of will;  
 But sweet, sweet is this human life,  
 So sweet, I fain would breathe it still:  
 Your chilly stars I can forgo,  
 This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,  
 One great reality above:  
 Back from that void I shrink in fear,  
 And child-like hide myself in love:  
 Show me what angels feel. Till then,  
 I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires  
 From faltering lip and fitful veins  
 To sexless souls, ideal quires,  
 Unwearied voices, wordless strains:  
 My mind with fonder welcome owns  
 One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give  
 To that which cannot pass away;  
 All beauteous things for which we live  
 By laws of time and space decay.  
 But oh, the very reason why  
 I clasp them is, because they die.

W. J. COBY

### 110. LUNATICS, LOVERS, POETS, COWARDS

I NEVER may believe  
 These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
 Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
 The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact:  
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,  
 That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,  
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:  
 The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
 And, as imagination bodies forth  
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name.  
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,  
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Midsummer Night's Dream*

### 111. THE TABLES TURNED

Up! up! my Friend, and quit  
 your books;

Or surely you'll grow double:  
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear  
 your looks,

Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's  
 head,

A freshening lustre mellow  
 Through all the long green fields  
 has spread,

His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless  
 strife:

Come, hear the woodland linnet,

How sweet his music! on my life,  
 There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the thros-  
 tle sings!

He, too, is no mean preacher:  
 Come forth into the light of  
 things,

Let Nature be your teacher.

. . . . .

One impulse from a vernal wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of moral evil and of good,  
 Than all the sages can.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 112. THE DOCTRINE OF BIGOTS

It would not be very wise to conclude that a beggar is full of Christian charity because he assures you that God will reward you if you give him a penny; or that a soldier is humane because

he cries out lustily for quarter when a bayonet is at his throat. The doctrine which, from the very first origin of religious dissensions, has been held by bigots of all sects, when condensed into a few words and stripped of rhetorical disguise, is simply this: I am in the right, and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger you ought to tolerate me; for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you; for it is my duty to persecute error.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Review of The History of the Revolution*

### 113. LOVE IN AGE

AH, Chloris! could I now but sit  
As unconcern'd as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No happiness or pain!

When I the dawn used to admire,  
And praised the coming day,

I little thought the rising fire  
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
Like metals in a mine;

Age from no face takes more away  
Than youth conceal'd in

thine.

But as your charms insensibly  
To their perfection prest,  
So love as unperceived did fly  
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty  
grew,

While Cupid at my heart  
Still as his mother favour'd you  
Threw a new flaming dart:

Each gloried in their wanton  
part:

To make a lover, he  
Employ'd the utmost of his art—  
To make a beauty, she.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

### 114. HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

IN a drear-nighted December  
Too happy, happy Tree  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity;  
The north cannot undo them  
With a sleety whistle through  
them,

Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December  
Too happy, happy Brook  
Thy bubbleings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look;

But with a sweet forgetting  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah would 't were so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passéd joy?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it  
Nor numbéd sense to steal it—  
Was never said in rhyme.

JOHN KEATS

## 115. THE TEST OF TRUTH

The final test of truth is ridicule. Very few religious dogmas have ever faced it and survived. Huxley laughed the devils out of the Gadarean swine. Dowie's whiskers broke the back of Dowieism. Not the laws of the United States but the mother-in-law joke brought the Mormons to compromise and surrender. Not the horrors of it but the absurdity of it killed the doctrine of infant damnation. . . . But the razor edge of ridicule is turned by the tough hide of truth. How loudly the barber-surgeons laughed at Harvey—and how vainly! What clown ever brought down the house like Galileo? Or Columbus? Or Jenner? Or Lincoln? Or Darwin? . . . They are laughing at Nietzsche yet. . . .

H. L. MENCKEN \*

## 116. BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away,  
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear;  
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on till the close.  
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turned when he rose.

THOMAS MOORE

## 117. SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,

\* From *A Book of Calumny*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

### 118. POETS LACKING IN INTELLECT

I by no means rank poetry or poets high in the scale of intellect. This may look like affectation, but it is my real opinion. It is the lava of the imagination whose eruption prevents an earthquake. They say poets never or rarely go mad. Cowper and Collins are instances to the contrary (but Cowper was no poet). It is, however, to be remarked that they rarely do, but are generally so near it that I cannot help thinking rhyme is so far useful in anticipating and preventing the disorder. I prefer the talents of action—of war, or the senate, or even of science—to all the speculations of these mere dreamers of another existence (I don't mean religiously but fancifully) and spectators of this apathy. Disgust and perhaps incapacity have rendered me now a mere spectator; but I have occasionally mixed in the active and tumultuous departments of existence, and in these alone my recollection rests with any satisfaction, though not the best parts of it.

LORD BYRON—*Letters*

### 119. THE ENCROACHMENT OF SOCIETY UPON THE INDIVIDUAL

Apart from the peculiar tenets of individual thinkers, there is also in the world at large an increasing inclination to stretch unduly the powers of society over the individual, both by the force of opinion and even by that of legislation; and as the tendency of all the changes taking place in the world is to strengthen society, and diminish the power of the individual, this encroachment is not one of the evils which tend spontaneously to disappear, but, on the contrary, to grow more and more formidable. The disposition of mankind, whether as rulers or as fellow-citizens, to impose their own opinions and inclinations as a rule of conduct on others, is

so energetically supported by some of the best and by some of the worst feelings incident to human nature, that it is hardly ever kept under restraint by anything but want of power; and as the power is not declining, but growing, unless a strong barrier of moral conviction can be raised against the mischief, we must expect, in the present circumstances of the world, to see it increase.

JOHN STUART MILL—*On Liberty*

## 120. WAR

We give our children drums to beat  
Before they stand upon their feet;  
We give them swords and soldiers gay,  
And at the game of war they play.  
We bend the twig of humankind,  
Yet marvel if the tree's inclined.

Early we learn that might is right,  
That life itself is one long fight.  
This world's a battlefield, we teach;  
Business is war—a common speech.  
We bash our brother on the nose,  
Yet weep if nations come to blows.

Our poems and pictures, books and plays  
The doughty deeds of warriors praise.  
Our mode of speech, our mode of life  
Are echoes of the ancient strife.  
The girls dress à la militaire.  
Yet—"war's a horrible affair."

BERT LESTON TAYLOR \*

## 121. MAN AND THE BROOMSTICK

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational; his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving, till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he

\* From *A Penny Whistle*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

JONATHAN SWIFT—*A Meditation Upon a Broomstick*

## 122. DEATH THE LEVELER

THE glories of our blood and  
state  
Are shadows, not substantial  
things;

There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on  
kings:

Sceptre and Crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe  
and spade.

Some men with swords may  
reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where  
they kill:

But their strong nerves at last  
must yield;

They tame but one another  
still:

Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmur-  
ing breath  
When they, pale captives, creep  
to death.

The garlands wither on your  
brow;

Then boast no more your  
mighty deeds;

Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim  
bleeds:

Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in  
their dust.

JOHN SHIRLEY

## 123. ALL FOR LOVE

O TALK not to me of a name great in story;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?  
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

Oh fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON

124. THE GHOST SPEAKS TO HAMLET

I AM thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—  
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.  
Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Hamlet*

125. AH! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN!

"OLD things need not be therefore true,"  
O brother men, nor yet the new;  
Ah! still awhile the thought retain,  
And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years  
Have laid up here their toils and fears,  
And all the yearnings of their pain,—  
Ah! yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? each a space  
Of some few yards before his face;  
Does that the whole wide plan explain?  
Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,  
And takes its truth from each new day;  
They do not quit, nor can retain,  
Far less consider it again.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## 126. EDUCATION ONLY SKIN DEEP

Men, in struggling with untruth and superstition, often console themselves with the quantity of superstition they have destroyed. This is not right. It is not right to calm oneself until all that is contradictory to reason and demands credulence is destroyed. Superstition is like a cancer. Everything must be cleaned out if one undertakes an operation. But if a little bit is left, everything will grow from it again. The historic knowledge of how different myths and beliefs arose among peoples in different places and in different times ought, it seems, to destroy the faith that these myths and beliefs which have been inoculated in us from our infancy, constitute the absolute truth; but nevertheless, so-called educated people believe in them. How superficial, then, is the education of so-called educated people!

LEO TOLSTOI \*

## 127. FOOLISH AND FICKLE ARE WOMEN

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,  
I would not marvel that they make men bond  
By service long to purchase their good-will;  
But when I see how frail those creatures are,  
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,  
How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan;  
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,  
These gentle birds that fly from man to man;  
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,  
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,  
To pass the time when nothing else can please,  
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,  
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;  
And then we say when we their fancy try,  
To play with fools, O what a fool was I!

E. VERE, EARL OF OXFORD

\* From *The Journal of Leo Tolstoi*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 128. WHERE LIES THE LAND

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## 129. A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind,  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,  
New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
The eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
But those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labours of the lengthened way,  
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

ALEXANDER POPE—*Essays on Criticism*

## 130. THE ATHEISTIC ANIMALCULE

AN animalcule in my blood  
 Rose up against me as I dreamed,  
 He was so tiny as he stood,  
 You had not heard him though he screamed.

He cried "There is no Man!"  
 And thumped the table with his fist,  
 Then died—his day was scarce a span—  
 That microscopical atheist.

Yet all the while his little soul  
 Within what he denied did live,—  
 Poor part, how could he know the whole?  
 And yet he was so positive!

And all the while he thus blasphemed  
 My (solar) system went its round,  
 My heart beat on, my head still dreamed,—  
 But my poor atheist was drowned.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE \*

## 131. THE SECRET OF TIME AND SATAN

Beware how thou seekest this for thyself and that for thyself.  
 I do not say Seek not; but Beware how thou seekest.

For a soldier who is going a campaign does not seek what fresh furniture he can carry on his back, but rather what he can leave behind; Knowing well that every additional thing which he cannot freely use and handle is an impediment to him.

So if thou seekest fame or ease or pleasure or aught for thyself, the image of that thing which thou seekest will come and cling to thee—and thou wilt have to carry it about——

And the images and powers which thou hast thus evoked will gather round and form for thee a new body—clamoring for sustenance and satisfaction——

And if thou art not able to discard this image now, thou wilt not be able to discard that body then: but wilt have to carry it about.

Beware then lest it become thy grave and thy prison—instead of thy winged abode, and palace of joy.

For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;

And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created

\* By permission of the author.

thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil.

But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection.

And seest thou not that except for Death thou couldst never overcome Death—

For since by being a slave to things of sense thou hast clothed thyself with a body which thou art not master of, thou wert condemned to a living tomb were that body not to be destroyed.

But now through pain and suffering out of this tomb shalt thou come; and through the experience thou hast acquired shalt build thyself a new and better body;

And so on many times, till thou spreadest wings and hast all powers diabolic and angelic concentrated in thy flesh.

EDWARD CARPENTER—*Towards Democracy*

### 132. THE ALL OF PHILOSOPHY

New truths, old truths! Sirs, there is nothing new possible to be revealed to us in the moral world; we know all we shall ever know: and it is for simply reminding us, by their various respective expedients, how we do know this and the other matter, that men get called prophets, poets, and the like. A philosopher's life is spent in discovering that, of the half-dozen truths he knew when a child, such an one is a lie, as the world states it in set terms; and then, after a weary lapse of years, and plenty of hard-thinking, it becomes a truth again after all, as he happens to newly consider it and view it in a different relation with the others: and so he restates it, to the confusion of somebody else in good time. As for adding to the original stock of truths,—impossible!

ROBERT BROWNING—*A Soul's Tragedy*

### 133. THE RIVER OF LIFE

THE more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages:  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.



But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,  
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
 Ye Stars, that measure life to man,  
 Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath  
 And life itself is vapid,  
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,  
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change  
 Time's course to slower speeding,  
 When one by one our friends have gone  
 And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
 Indemnifying fleetness;  
 And those of youth, a seeming length,  
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

#### 134. BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,  
 Or if the slain think he is  
 slain,  
 They know not well the subtle  
 ways  
 I keep, and pass, and turn  
 again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
 Shadow and sunlight are the  
 same;  
 The vanished gods to me appear;  
 And one to me are shame and  
 fame.

They reckon ill who leave me  
 out;  
 When me they fly, I am the  
 wings;  
 I am the doubter and the doubt,  
 And I the hymn the Brahmin  
 sings.

The strong gods pine for my  
 abode,  
 And pine in vain the sacred  
 Seven;  
 But thou, meek lover of the good!  
 Find me, and turn thy back  
 on heaven.

R. W. EMERSON \*

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## 135. REST AND RESTLESSNESS

WHEN God at first made Man,  
 Having a glass of blessings  
 standing by;  
 Let us (said he) pour on him  
 all we can:  
 Let the world's riches, which dis-  
 perséd lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;  
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom,  
 honour, pleasure:  
 When almost all was out, God  
 made a stay,  
 Perceiving that alone, of all  
 his treasure,  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
 Bestow this jewel also on my  
 creature,  
 He would adore my gifts instead  
 of me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God  
 of Nature:  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining  
 restlessness:  
 Let him be rich and weary, that  
 at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet  
 weariness  
 May toss him to my breast.  
 GEORGE HERBERT

## 136. TEARS, IDLE TEARS

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
 Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

### 137. THE RIGHTFUL SWORD

SHORT is mine errand to tell, and the end of my desire:  
For peace I bear unto thee, and to all the kings of the earth,  
Who bear the sword aright, and are crowned with the crown of  
worth;  
But unpeace to the lords of evil, and the battle and the death;  
And the edge of the sword to the traitor and the flame to the  
slanderous breath:  
And I would that the loving were loved, and I would that the  
weary should sleep,  
And that man should hearken to man, and that he that soweth  
should reap!

WILLIAM MORRIS—*Sigurd the Volsung*

### 138. NOWHERE TO GO

The power to kill oneself is free play given to people. God did not want slaves in this life, but free workers. If you remain in this life, then, it means that its conditions are advantageous to you. If advantageous—then work. If you go away from the conditions here, if you kill yourself, then the same thing will be put before you again there. So there is nowhere to go. It would be good to write the history of what a man lives through in this life who committed suicide in a past life; how, coming up against the same requirements which were placed before him in the other life, he comes to the realisation that he must fulfil them. And in this life he is more intelligent than in the others, remembering the lesson given him.

LEO TOLSTOI \*

### 139. THE VALUE TO CIVILIZATION OF SAVAGE TABOOS

The effect of tabooing a thing endowed it with a magical energy which rendered it practically unapproachable by any but the owner. Thus it became a powerful instrument for strengthening the ties of private property. To show that a thing was tabooed, the man put a mark upon it, and nobody would meddle with it; the thief would be visited with an affliction varying with the nature of the mark. Superstitious fear operated as a powerful motive to keep men from stealing. The flaw of the system of taboo lies not in its reasoning but in its premises, not in any irrelevancy of the conclusions. Indeed, the reasoning was strictly logical. But to

\* From *The Journal of Leo Tolstoi*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

stigmatize these premises as ridiculous because we can now easily detect their falseness is unjust. Of the benefactors by whose help we have reached the point, not so very exalted, where we stand at present, perhaps the most were savages. Their errors were not wilful extravagances but simply hypotheses which a fuller experience proved to be inadequate.

J. G. FRAZER \*

#### 140. AFTER

TAKE the cloak from his face,  
and at first  
Let the corpse do its worst.  
How he lies here in the rights  
of a man!  
Death has done all that death  
can.  
And, absorbed in the new life he  
leads,  
He recks not, he heeds  
Not his wrong nor my vengeance  
—both strike  
On his senses alike,

And are lost in the solemn and  
strange  
Surprise of the change.  
Ha, what avails death to erase  
His offence, my disgrace?  
I would we were boys as of old  
In the field, by the fold:  
His outrage, God's patience,  
man's scorn  
Were so easily borne.  
I stand here now, he lies in his  
place:  
Cover the face.

ROBERT BROWNING

#### 141. TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

IF to be absent were to be  
Away from thee;  
Or that when I am gone  
You or I were alone;  
Then, my Lucasta, might I  
crave  
Pity from blustering wind, or  
swallowing wave.  
But I'll not sigh one blast or  
gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'suage  
The foaming blue-god's rage;  
For whether he will let me  
pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I  
was.

Though seas and land betwixt  
us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls:  
Above the highest sphere we  
meet  
Unseen, unknown, and greet as  
Angels greet.  
So then we do anticipate  
Our after-fate,  
And are alive i' the skies,  
If thus our lips and eyes  
Can speak like spirits uncon-  
fined  
In Heaven, their earthly bodies  
left behind.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE

\* From *The Golden Bough*, published by the Macmillan Company.

## 142. ALL MUST CHANGE

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
 The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;  
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;  
 When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 Or state itself confounded to decay,  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—  
 That Time will come and take my Love away:  
 —This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

## 143. MRS. PARTINGTON AND THE OCEAN

As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform, reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrific storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease—be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

SIDNEY SMITH—*Speech on the Reform Bill*

## 144. AMERICAN LIBERTY

Ask the average American what is the salient passion in his emotional armamentarium—what is the idea that lies at the bottom of all other ideas—and it is very probable that, nine times out of ten, he will nominate his hot and unquenchable rage for liberty.

He regards himself, indeed, as the chief exponent of liberty in the whole world, and all its other advocates as no more than his followers, half timorous and half envious. To question his ardour is to insult him as grievously as if one questioned the honour of the republic or the chastity of his wife. And yet it must be plain to any dispassionate observer that this ardour, in the course of a century and a half, has lost a large part of its old burning reality and descended to the estate of a mere phosphorescent superstition. The American of today, in fact, probably enjoys less personal liberty than any other man of Christendom, and even his political liberty is fast succumbing to the new dogma that certain theories of government are virtuous and lawful and others abhorrent and felonious. Laws limiting the radius of his free activity multiply year by year: it is now practically impossible for him to exhibit anything describable as genuine individuality, either in action or in thought, without running afoul of some harsh unintelligible penalty.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

#### 145. THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee:

How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh

To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday?

Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be

As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,

Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray;

And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay

And ultimate outpost of eternity?

Lo! what am I to Love, the Lord of all?

One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—

One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.

Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call

And veriest touch of powers primordial

That any hour-girt life may understand.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—*House of Life*

#### 146. ACCIDENTAL AND PERMANENT CIVILIZATION

We cannot too much insist upon the fact that until men got control of natural forces civilization was a local accident. It depended upon the ability of a small number of men to command, with assurance, the labor and services of other men. Any civilization based mainly upon ability to exploit the energies of men

\* From *The American Credo*, by Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.



is precarious; it is at the mercy of internal revolt and external overflow. By exploring the heaps of rubbish scattered over the face of the earth, we are just beginning to learn how many civilizations have arisen in the past only to sink into rubbish heaps. The dominion of man over the labor of other men is a shaky basis for civilization. And civilization never attained stability upon such a basis. The scientific conquest of nature has at least given us another basis. We have now a sure method. Wholesale permanent decays of civilization are impossible. As long as there exists a group of men who understand the methods of physical science and are expert in their use, recovery, under the worst of circumstances, of their material basis of culture is sure and relatively speedy. While the modern man was deceived about the amount of progress he had made, and especially deceived about the automatic certainty of progress, he was right in thinking that for the first time in history mankind is in command of the possibility of progress.

JOHN DEWEY—*Progress*

#### 147. "THALATTA"

I STAND upon the summit of my years.  
 Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,  
 The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,  
 Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!  
 The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,  
 By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath  
 Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.  
 Palter no question of the dim Beyond;  
 Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest;  
 Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
 A widening heaven, a current without care.  
 Eternity!—Deliverance, Promise, Course!  
 Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

J. B. BROWN

#### 148. DON QUIXOTE

BEHIND thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,  
 Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,  
 Thy long spear levelled at the unseen foe,  
 And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,  
 Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!  
 To make wiseacredom, both high and low,  
 Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go),  
 Despatch its Dogberrys upon thy track:

Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possest!  
 Yet would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,  
 And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,  
 Some fire of thine might burn within us still!  
 Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,  
 And charge in earnest—were it but a mill.

AUSTIN DOBSON

#### 149. THE BUSINESS OF COMEDY

This honest doctor, I find, does not yet understand the nature of comedy, though he has made it his study so long. For the business of comedy is to show people what they should do, by representing them upon the stage doing what they should not. Nor is there any necessity a philosopher should stand by, like an interpreter at a poppet-show, to explain the moral to the audience. The mystery is seldom so deep but the pit and boxes can dive into it; and 'tis their example out of the play-house that chiefly influences the galleries. The stage is a glass for the world to view itself in; people ought therefore to see themselves as they are; if it makes their faces too fair, they won't know they are dirty, and by consequence will neglect to wash 'em. If therefore I have showed *Constant* upon the stage, what generally the thing called a fine gentleman is off on 't, I think I have done what I should do. I have laid open his vices as well as his virtues. 'Tis the business of the audience to observe where his flaws lessen his value; and by considering the deformity of his blemishes, become sensible how much a finer thing he would be without 'em.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH—*A Short Vindication*

#### 150. WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

TO THE BLIND

WHAT of the Darkness? Is it very fair?  
 Are there great calms, and find ye silence there?  
 Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow  
 With some strange peace our faces never know,  
 With some great faith our faces never dare:  
 Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?  
 Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?  
 Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?  
 Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?  
 Day shows us not such comfort anywhere:  
 Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call—  
 Day, that shows man so great and God so small,  
 That hides the stars and magnifies the grass—  
 O is the Darkness too a lying glass  
 Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there?  
 What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE \*

### 151. ULYSSES' APPEAL TO ACHILLES

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done: perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery.  
 Keep, then, the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons  
 That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
 Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by  
 And leave you hindmost;  
 Then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer:  
 O! let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was;  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—*Troilus and Cressida*

### 152. THE DEBT OF GENIUS TO THE PAST

The truth is that what the best poets, the greatest writers, bring back from their travels in the realm of fancy is as nothing be-

\* By permission of the author.

side the treasures accumulated by their predecessors. Many others have reaped the same field, it is they who bind the sheaves. When one feels with intensity, intelligence is unnecessary: one has more influence than the cleverest logicians. Even the logicians do nothing more perhaps than express in well-balanced syllogisms the flights of the prophets who are supposed to be lacking in intelligence. Genius owes ninety-nine hundredths to others. Does it, for instance, invent its language? The alphabet it uses? What would its thoughts be without words? What would words be without the letters which enable us to represent them easily? We do not think enough, my dear friends, about the men of genius who conceived the idea of representing sounds by signs. Yet it was they who rendered possible the dizzy mental gymnastics of the Western World. And those who gradually created speech? Did they not furnish us with the very tissue of our arguments? Grammatical constructions govern the habits of the mind. I was wrong in saying ninety-nine hundredths Genius owes to others—I should have said nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths.

ANATOLE FRANCE \*

### 153. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH

To be, or not to be: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;  
No more: and, by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep; perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make

\* From *The Opinions of Anatole France*, recorded by Paul Gsell. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Hamlet*

#### 154. THE HIGHER PANTHEISM IN A NUTSHELL

ONE, who is not, we see; but one, whom we see not, is;  
 Surely, this is not that; but that is assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence: for under is over and under;  
 If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without  
 thunder.

Doubt is faith in the main; but faith, on the whole, is doubt;  
 We cannot believe by proof; but could we believe without?

Why, and whither, and how? for barley and rye are not clover;  
 Neither are straight lines curves; yet over is under and over.

One and two are not one; but one and nothing is two;  
 Truth can hardly be false, if falsehood cannot be true.

Parallels all things are; yet many of these are askew;  
 You are certainly I; but certainly I am not you.

One, whom we see not, is; and one, who is not, we see;  
 Fiddle, we know, is diddle; and diddle, we take it, is dee.

A. C. SWINBURNE

## 155. TO THE NIGHT

SWIFTLY walk over the western  
wave,

Spirit of Night!

Out of the misty eastern cave  
Where all the long and lone day-  
light

Thou wovest dreams of joy and  
fear

Which make thee terrible and  
dear,—

Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray  
Star-inwrought!

Blind with thine hair the eyes  
of day,

Kiss her until she be wearied  
out,

Then wander o'er city, and sea,  
and land

Touching all with thine opiate  
wand—

Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sigh'd for thee;

When light rode high, and the  
dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower  
and tree,

And the weary Day turn'd to  
his rest

Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and  
cried

Wouldst thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-  
eyed,

Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee  
Shall I nestle near thy side?

Wouldst thou me—And I replied  
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art  
dead,

Soon, too soon—

Sleep will come when thou art  
fled;

Of neither would I ask the boon  
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—

Swift be thine approaching  
flight,

Come soon, soon!

P. B. SHELLEY

## 156. THE AMERICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT

We as Americans are intolerant believers in our form of government. Every child learns to think that it is the best in the world, not only for us but for all men. Every demagogue learns to bellow forth his unlimited, unquestioning certainty of that superiority and universal applicability. I am not here to dispute the belief—only to define the facts about it. If our form of government is the best, it cannot be so because it is the cheapest. On the contrary, it is one of the most expensive in the world. Nor can it be the best because it is the most efficient. On the contrary, it is one of the slowest in the world; the most complicated, cumbrous, and limited. And even within the spheres in which it



will work, our form of government is not the easiest to work. On the contrary, it requires, to keep it running successfully, more public spirit, more study about candidates, more time for multitudinous elections, more watchfulness of public officials, and a higher average of intelligence than any other in the world. Now, if these things are so, if our government does in any measure have these defects, then the old question of the Philistines comes up with insistent force, "Wherein lies its great strength?"

The answer has become a truism. Its strength lies in the quality of man it develops. The real merit is not in the machinery, but in the skilled intelligence absolutely required to frame and to work it; in the combination of respect for authority on the one hand, with training in individual initiative on the other, which this work brings out and which the government has thus far scrupulously and religiously guarded.

WHITELAW REID

### 157. EMBERS

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang:  
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by:  
 —This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

### 158. PURITAN NARROWNESS AND BREADTH

The Puritan is a stern figure enough, but it is a manly figure withal, full of strength and force and purpose. He had grave faults, but they were the faults of a strong and not a weak nature, and his virtues were those of a robust man of lofty aims.

It is true that he drove Roger Williams into exile and persecuted the Antinomians; but he founded successful and God-fearing commonwealths. He hanged Quakers, and in a mad panic put old women to death as witches; but he planted a college in the

wilderness and put a schoolhouse in every village. He made a narrow creed the test of citizenship; but he founded the town meeting, where every man helped to govern, and where all men were equal before the law. He banished harmless pleasures, and cast a gloom over daily life; but he formed the first union of states in the New England confederacy, and through the mouth of one of the witchcraft judges uttered an eloquent protest against human slavery a century before Garrison was born or Wilberforce began his agitation.

He refused liberty of conscience to those who sought it beneath the shadow of his meeting-house; but he kept the torch of learning burning brightly in the New World. In the fullness of time he broke the fetters which he had himself forged for the human mind, as he had formerly broken the shackles of Laud and Charles. He was rigid in his prejudices, and filled with an intense pride of race and home; but when the storm of war came upon the colonies he gave without measure and without stint to the common cause.

HENRY CABOT LODGE—*The Puritan* \*

## 159. THE ORIGIN OF OUR ETHICAL CODE

Men should seriously set themselves to revise their ethical code in the light of its origin. The ethical like the legal code of a people stands in need of constant revision. The moral world is as little exempt as the physical world from the law of ceaseless change. In our own rules of conduct, in what we call the common decencies of life as well as in weightier matters of morality, there survive savage taboos, which, masquerading as an expression of divine will or draped in the flowing robes of a false philosophy, have maintained their credit long after the crude ideas out of which they sprang have been discarded by the progress of thought and knowledge—while on the other hand many ethical precepts and social laws, which now rest firmly on a basis of utility, may at first have drawn some portion of their sanctity from the ancient system of superstition. In primitive society murder derived much of its horror from a fear of the angry ghost. Thus superstition may serve as a convenient crutch to morality till she is strong enough to walk alone. The ancient Semites appear to have passed through a course of moral evolution not unlike that which we see in process among the Esquimaux; and some of the old laws of Israel are clearly savage taboos disguised as commands of the deity.

J. G. FRAZER †

\* From *Speeches and Addresses*. By permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton and Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.

† From *The Golden Bough*, published by The Macmillan Company.

## 160. WOLSEY'S CHARGE TO CROMWELL

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace.  
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
And,—prithee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Henry VIII*

## 161. THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,  
And I am black, but O my soul is white;  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap and kiss'd me,  
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

'Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,  
 And gives His light, and gives His heat away;  
 And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive  
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

'And we are put on earth a little space,  
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love;  
 And these black bodies and this sunburnt face  
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

'For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,  
 The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
 Saying: "Come out from the grove, My love and care,  
 And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice."'

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;  
 And thus I say to little English boy.  
 When I from black, and he from white cloud free,  
 And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
 To lean in joy upon our father's knee;  
 And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,  
 And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE

# 162. TO ANTHERA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live  
 Thy Protestant to be:  
 Or bid me love, and I will give  
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
 A heart as sound and free  
 As in the whole world thou canst  
 find,  
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will  
 stay,  
 To honour thy decree:  
 Or bid it languish quite away,  
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
 While I have eyes to see:  
 And having none, yet I will  
 keep  
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
 Under that cypress-tree:  
 Or bid me die, and I will dare  
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my  
 heart,  
 The very eyes of me,  
 And hast command of every part,  
 To live and die for thee.

ROBERT HERRICK

## 163. THE DOWN-TRODDEN EMPLOYER

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the homeless wanderers searching for honest employment, and with it all too often go many hard words for the man in power. Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. . . . Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line people who but for their enterprise would be both hungry and homeless.

ELBERT HUBBARD—*A Message to Garcia* \*

## 164. THE TWO MENTALITIES OF AMERICA

America is not simply a young country with an old mentality. It is a country with two mentalities, one a survival of the beliefs and standards of the fathers, the other an expression of the instincts, practice, and discoveries of the younger generations. In all the higher things of the mind—in religion, in literature, in the moral emotions—it is the hereditary spirit that still prevails, so much so that Mr. Bernard Shaw finds that America is a hundred years behind the times. The truth is that one-half of the American mind, that not occupied intensely in practical affairs, has remained I will not say high-and-dry, but slightly becalmed; it has floated gently in the back-water, while, alongside, in invention and industry and social organisation, the other half of the mind was leaping down a sort of Niagara Rapids. This division may be found symbolised in American architecture: a neat reproduction of the colonial mansion—with some modern comforts introduced surreptitiously—stands beside the sky-scraper. The American Will inhabits the sky-scraper; the American Intellect inhabits the colonial man-

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sion. The one is the sphere of the American man; the other, at least predominantly, of the American woman. The one is all aggressive enterprise; the other is all genteel tradition.

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Tradition in American Philosophy* \*

165. ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A  
TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side  
Where China's gayest art had  
dyed

The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy de-  
clared:

The fair round face, the snowy  
beard,

The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise  
vies,

Her ears of jet, and emerald  
eyes—

She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst  
the tide

Two angel forms were seen to  
glide,

The Genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple, to the  
view

Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder  
saw:

A whisker first, and then, a  
claw

With many an ardent wish  
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach  
the prize—

What female heart can gold des-  
pise?

What Cat's averse to Fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks  
intent

Again she stretch'd, again she  
bent,

Nor knew the gulf between—  
Malignant Fate sat by and  
smiled—

The slippery verge her feet be-  
guiled;

She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the  
flood

She mew'd to every watery God  
Some speedy aid to send:—

No Dolphin came, no Nereid  
stirr'd,

Nor cruel Tom nor Susan  
heard—

A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! unde-  
ceived

Know one false step is ne'er re-  
trieved,

And be with caution bold:

Not all that tempts your wander-  
ing eyes

And heedless hearts, is lawful  
prize,

Nor all that glisters gold!

THOMAS GRAY

\* From *Winds of Doctrine*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



## 166. THE REAL DEATH

It is not death, that sometime in a sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;  
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;  
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite  
Be lapped in alien clay and laid below;  
It is not death to know this—but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves  
Over the past-away, there may be then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

THOMAS HOOD

## 167. THE VOLUME

Of this fair volume which we World do name  
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,  
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,  
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:  
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,  
His providence extending everywhere,  
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,  
In every page, no period of the same.  
But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,  
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,  
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;  
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

## 168. THE WHOLESOME COMMONPLACE

Originality is the mark of genius; but a love of commonplace, or "a firm grasp of the obvious," may be acquired by the humblest among us. . . . Poverty is not necessarily shameful. It was once remarked of a great man that "he came of poor but honest parents." As Burns so beautifully said: "For a' that and a' that!" . . . Childhood, both in man and beast, is the period of innocence. Of Mary's "little lamb" it was said that "its fleece was white as snow." . . .

How interesting is the present century! A hundred years ago there were fewer books. The population has also increased. . . . It is best not to follow two points of the compass at the same time. The pilot that steers both for Scylla and Charybdis is in danger of missing them both (Homer). . . . Botany brings us into relationship with the flowers. Many people consider that the study of Nature is best pursued in the open air. This view applies also to hunting, shooting and fishing. And then the weather! How much of true happiness depends upon conversation, and how much of this upon the weather! Yet, "there is is no such thing as bad weather, only different kinds of good weather" (Ruskin). This true thought has often helped me in a London fog. . . . Water is recognized as a necessity to ships. What should we do if anything went wrong with the ocean? Suppose "the deep did rot!" (Coleridge). . . . Much has been written about the "uses of adversity." Let us hope it is true. . . . Nature is governed by unvarying laws. Every day the sun rises; every evening it sets. The only local exception to this last rule is the British Empire.

OWEN SEAMAN—*Borrowed Plumes*\*

#### 169. THE CYNIC

THE Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B has just joined the church: certainly, the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright, because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceti-

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cism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds will find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

#### 170. A LESSON

THERE is a flower, the Lesser Celandine,  
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,  
And the first moment that the sun may shine,  
Bright as the sun himself, 't is out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,  
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm  
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this flower I past,  
And recognized it, though an alter'd form,  
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,  
'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;  
This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
But its necessity in being old.

'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;  
It cannot help itself in its decay;  
Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,'  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,  
 A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!  
 O man! that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 171. THE RIGHT KIND OF IDLENESS

Idleness so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognized in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as industry itself. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for the sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, "goes for" them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. Alexander is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard of Diogenes. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for those tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate-house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hill-tops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*An Apology for Idlers* \*

### 172. GRATIANO'S PHILOSOPHY

LET me play the fool:  
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,  
 And let my liver rather heat with wine  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice  
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—  
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—  
 There are a sort of men whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"  
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
 That therefore only are reputed wise  
 For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*The Merchant of Venice*

### 173. A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

LET's contend no more, Love,  
 Strive nor weep:  
 All be as before, Love,  
 —Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?  
 I and thou  
 In debate, as birds are,  
 Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking  
 While we speak!  
 Hush and hide the talking,  
 Cheek on cheek!

What so false as truth is,  
 False to thee?  
 Where the serpent's tooth is,  
 Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens  
 Never pry—  
 Lest we lose our Edens,  
 Eve and I!

Be a god and hold me  
 With a charm!  
 Be a man and fold me  
 With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!  
 As I ought  
 I will speak thy speech, Love.  
 Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,  
 Both demands,  
 Laying flesh and spirit  
 In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow  
 Not to-night:  
 I must bury sorrow  
 Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love.  
 (Foolish me!)  
 And so fall asleep, Love,  
 Loved by thee.

ROBERT BROWNING

## 174. THE REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
 Reaping and singing by herself;  
 Stop here, or gently pass!  
 Alone she cuts and binds the  
     grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain;  
 O listen! for the vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
 More welcome notes to weary  
     bands  
 Of travellers in some shady  
     haunt,  
 Among Arabian sands:  
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was  
     heard  
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-  
     bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she  
     sings?  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers  
     flow  
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago:  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of to-day?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain  
 That has been, and may be  
     again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden  
     sang  
 As if her song could have no  
     ending;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending:—  
 I listen'd, motionless and still;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill,  
 The music in my heart I bore  
 Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 175. DREAMLESS SLEEP

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
 With dark forgetting of my care return.  
 And let the day be time enough to mourn  
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:  
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.  
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars,  
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:  
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,  
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

SAMUEL DANIEL



## 176. OF DREAMS

Dreams are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle, as the searching beams of day. In sleep, we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls: outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then shut up in the Borough of the body; none of the *Cinque Ports* of the *Isle of Man*, are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice, or rise to virtue, we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wise Zeno that said, he could collect a man by his dreams. For then the soul stated in a deep repose, bewrayed her true affections: which, in the busy day, she would either not shew, or not note. It was a custom among the *Indians*, when their kings went to their sleep, to pray with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal consult well for their subjects' benefit: as if the night had been a time, wherein they might grow good, and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day what the eyeless night presenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of: nor yet are all to be cast away with contempt. I would neither be a *Stoic*, superstitious in all; nor yet an *Epicure*, considerate of none.

OWEN FELTHAM

## 177. HAMLET ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS MOTHER

O! THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.  
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Let me not think on 't: Frailty, thy name is woman!  
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—

O God! a beast, what wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,  
 My father's brother, but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month,  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married.

It is not nor it cannot come to good;  
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Hamlet*

### 178. PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in  
 my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the  
 blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press  
 of the storm,  
 The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear  
 in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:  
 For the journey is done and the  
 summit attained,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the  
 guerdon be gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight  
 more,  
 The best and the last!

I would hate that death band-  
 aged my eyes, and forebore,  
 And bade me creep past.  
 No! let me taste the whole of it,  
 fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay  
 glad life's arrears  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the  
 best to the brave,  
 The black minute's at end,  
 And the element's rage, the  
 fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first  
 a peace, then a joy,  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall  
 clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING

### 179. WAR IS MURDER

Who has taught you, O man! thus to find glory in an act, performed by a nation, which you condemn as a crime or a barbarism, when committed by an individual? In what vain conceit of wisdom and virtue do you find this incongruous morality? Where is it declared that God, who is no respecter of persons, is a respecter of multitudes? Whence do you draw these partial laws of an impartial God? Man is immortal; but nations are mortal. Man has a higher destiny than nations. Can nations be less amenable to the

supreme moral law? Each individual is an atom of the mass. Must not the mass, in its conscience, be like the individuals of which it is composed? Shall the mass, in relation with other masses, do what individuals in relation with each other may not do? As in the physical creation, so in the moral, there is but one rule for the individual and the mass. It was the lofty discovery of Newton, that the simple law which determines the fall of an apple prevails everywhere throughout the universe, reaching from earth to heaven, and controlling the infinite motions of the spheres. So, with equal scope, another simple law, the law of right, which binds the individual, binds also two or three when gathered together, binds conventions and congregations of men, binds villages, towns, and cities, binds states, nations, and races, clasps the whole human family in its embrace, and binds in self-imposed bonds, a just and omnipotent God.

Oh, when shall the St. Louis of the nations arise, and in the spirit of true greatness, proclaim that henceforward forever the great trial by battle shall cease, that war shall be abolished throughout the commonwealth of civilization, that a spectacle so degrading shall never be allowed again to take place, and that it is the duty of nations, involving the highest and wisest policy, to establish love between each other, and, in all respects, at all times, with all persons, whether their own people or the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred law of right, as between man and man.

CHARLES SUMNER—*The True Grandeur of Nations*

#### 180. REMEMBER

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more, day by day,  
You tell me of our future that you planned:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

## 181. KING ARTHUR'S FAREWELL

AND slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON—*The Passing of Arthur*

182. POETS AND CHILDREN ABANDON THEMSELVES TO  
MADNESS

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it in lines universally admired for the vigour and fel-

city of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled:—

“As imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

These are the fruits of the “fine frenzy” which he ascribes to the poet,—a fine frenzy, doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent; but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eye produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by Hamlet or Lear, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding Hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps; she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Milton*

### 183. PHILOMELA

HARK! ah, the Nightingale!  
The tawny-throated!  
Hark! from that moonlit cedar  
what a burst!  
What triumph! hark—what  
pain!  
O Wanderer from a Grecian  
shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant  
lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewildered  
brain  
That wild, unquenched, deep-  
sunken, old-world pain—  
Say, will it never heal?  
And can this fragrant lawn  
With its cool trees, and night,  
And the sweet tranquil Thames,

And moonshine and the dew,  
To thy racked heart and brain  
Afford no balm?  
Dost thou to-night behold  
Here, through the moonlight on  
this English grass,  
The unfriendly palace in the  
Thracian wild?  
Dost thou again peruse  
With hot cheeks and seared eyes  
The too clear web, and thy dumb  
Sister's shame?  
Dost thou once more assay  
Thy flight, and feel come over  
thee,  
Poor Fugitive, the feathery  
change



Once more, and once more seem  
to make resound  
With love and hate, triumph and  
agony,  
Lone Daulis, and the high Ce-  
phissian vale?  
Listen, Eugenia—

How thick the bursts come  
crowding through the  
leaves!  
Again—thou hearest!  
Eternal Passion!  
Eternal Pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

#### 184. YOUTH NOT A HAPPY PERIOD

It is customary to call youth the happy, and age the sad part of life. This would be true if it were the passions that made a man happy. Youth is swayed to and fro by them; and they give a great deal of pain and little pleasure. In age the passions cool and leave a man at rest, and then forthwith his mind takes a contemplative tone; the intellect is set free and attains the upper hand. And since, in itself, intellect is beyond the reach of pain, a man feels happy just in so far as his intellect is the predominating part of him. It need only be remembered that all pleasure is negative, and that pain is positive in its nature, in order to see that the passions can never be a source of happiness, and that age is not the less to be envied on the ground that many pleasures are denied it. For every sort of pleasure is never anything more than the quietive of some need or longing; and that pleasure should come to an end as soon as the need ceases, is no more a subject of complaint than that a man cannot go on eating after he has had his dinner, or fall asleep again after a good night's rest.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER—*Counsels and Maxims*

#### 185. A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered, free from stain,  
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.  
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,  
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.  
For him I languished in a foreign clime,  
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,  
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;  
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,  
Each morning started from the dream to weep;  
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.  
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
From that proud country which was once mine own,  
By those white cliffs I never more must see,



By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

T. B. MACAULAY

### 186. ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
 —Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken;  
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS

### 187. THE UNCHANGING BEAUTY

ON every wind there comes the dolorous cry  
 Of change, and rumour vast of fair things sped,  
 And old perfections loudly doomed to die;  
 Axes agleam and running torches red,  
 And voices shrilling, "The old world is dead!"  
 Yet little heed to all this noise I pay  
 But lift my eyes where, walking overhead,  
 The moon goes silently upon her way.

For what concern with all this change have I,  
 Knowing the same wild words of old were said?  
 For change, too, changes not; yea, this old sky  
 Watches mankind the same vain pathway tread.  
 So long ago thrones crashed and nations bled,  
 Yet the old world stole back at close of day,  
 And on the morrow men rose up to wed—  
 The moon goes silently upon her way.

Abbess of all yon cloistered worlds on high,  
 Upon my heart your benediction shed,  
 Help me to put the idle turmoil by,  
 And on the changeless be my spirit fed;

O be my footsteps on that pathway led  
Where Beauty steals among the stars to pray;  
And, sorrowing earth, in this be comforted—  
The moon goes silently upon her way.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE—*The Junk-Man* \*

### 188. SEEING IS BELIEVING

You must not say that this cannot be, or that that is contrary to nature. You do not know what Nature is, or what she can do; and nobody knows. Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to nature except what is contrary to mathematical truth, as that two and two cannot make five. There are dozens and hundreds of things in the world which we should certainly have said were contrary to nature, if we did not see them going on under our eyes all day long. If people had never seen little seeds grow into great plants and trees, of quite different shapes from themselves, and these trees again produce fresh seeds, they would have said, "The thing cannot be." As the French thought of Le Vaillant when he came back to Paris and said he had shot a giraffe; and as the King of the Cannibal Islands thought of the English sailor when he said that in his country water turned to marble, and rain fell as feathers. The truth is that folks' fancy that such and such things cannot be, simply because they have not seen them, is worth no more than a savage's fancy that there cannot be such a thing as a locomotive, because he never saw one running wild in the forest.

CHARLES KINGSLEY—*Water-Babies*

### 189. A RECIPE FOR A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION

There were the usual allusions to Greece and Rome, between the republics of which and that of this country there exists some such affinity as is to be found between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse, or that of mere words; and a long catalogue of national glories that might well have sufficed for all republics, both of antiquity and of our own time. But when the orator came to speak of the American character, and particularly of the intelligence of the nation, he was most felicitous and made the largest investments in popularity. According to his account of the matter, no other people possessed a tithe of the knowledge, or a hundredth part of the honesty and virtue of the very community he was addressing; and after laboring for ten minutes to convince his hearers that they already knew everything, he wasted several more in trying to persuade them to undertake further acquisitions of the same nature.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—*Home As Found*

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## 190. SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my moneys and my usances:  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears you need my help:  
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
 "Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.  
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
 "Hath a dog money? Is it possible  
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this:—  
 "Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;  
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*The Merchant of Venice*

## 191. THE DANGERS OF AN HONEST MAN IN MUCH COMPANY

If twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed Spaniards, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves who are all furnished *cap-à-pie*, with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he have much to do in human affairs. The only advice therefore which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool: and, if the injury went no farther than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse, for these civil cannibals too, as well as the

wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company, though they be never so kind and merry among themselves; it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous, to him.

ABRAHAM COWLEY—*Essays*

## 192. OBJECTIVE—SUBJECTIVE

German dulness, and English affectation, have of late much multiplied among us the use of two of the most objectionable words that were ever coined by the troublesomeness of metaphysicians,—namely, “Objective” and “Subjective.”

In fact (for I may as well, for once, meet our German friends in their own style), all that has been subjected to us on this subject seems object to this great objection; that the subjection of all things (subject to no exceptions) to senses which are, in us, both subject and abject, and objects of perpetual contempt, cannot but make it our ultimate object to subject ourselves to the senses, and to remove whatever objections existed to such subjection. So that, finally, that which is the subject of examination or object of attention, uniting thus in itself the characters of subness and obness (so that, that which has no obness in it should be called sub-subjective, or a sub-subject, and that which has no subness in it should be called upper or ober-object, or an ob-object); and we also who suppose ourselves the objects of every arrangement, and are certainly the subjects of every sensual impression, thus uniting in ourselves, in an obverse or adverse manner, the characters of obness and subness, must both become metaphysically dejected or rejected, nothing remaining in *us* objective but subjectivity, and the very objectivity of the object being lost in the abyss of this subjectivity of the Human.

There is, however, some meaning in the above sentence, if the reader cares to make it out; but in a pure German sentence of the highest style there is often none whatever.

JOHN RUSKIN—*Modern Painters*

## 193. FAREWELL!

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep, a king; but waking, no such matter.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

#### 194. WANTED A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

Taking it all in all, our government is probably the most incompetent and most costly on earth. This is because it is so largely a government by those who talk, and that we have been so successful in excluding from it those who think and those who do. We pay enough in taxes, and far more than enough, to get thoroughly satisfactory administration of the public business; but we do not get this because competent administrators so rarely concern themselves with government or are chosen to responsible legislative or executive office. If the government of the United States were run in accordance with those principles which control the activity of any great non-governmental undertaking, from a steel corporation to a university, it would be the envy and the admiration of the world. We are so concerned with our own personal affairs, with our personal undertakings, and with our immediate interests that we are letting America drift. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Until every American feels his personal responsibility for the formation of definite public policy at home and abroad, and for the businesslike administration of public affairs, America will continue to drift. And the rest of the world will continue to treat her as the spoiled child of the goddess of good fortune.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER—*A World In Ferment* \*

#### 195. NO COWARD SOUL IS MINE

No coward soul is mine,  
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
 I see Heaven's glories shine,  
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
 Life—that in me has rest,  
 As I—undying life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;

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Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou wert left alone,  
Every existence would exist in thee.

There is not room for Death  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,  
And what THOU art may never be destroyed

EMILY BRONTË

## 196. THE PRESENT ANOMALY IN OUR SOCIAL LIFE

The anomaly in our present social life is obvious enough. With tremendous increase in control of nature, in ability to utilize nature for the indefinite extension and multiplication of commodities for human use and satisfaction, we find the actual realization of ends, the enjoyment of values, growing unassured and precarious. At times it seems as if we were caught in a contradiction; the more we multiply the means, the less certain and general is the use we are able to make of them. No wonder a Carlyle or a Ruskin puts our whole industrial civilization under a ban, while a Tolstoi proclaims a return to the desert. But the only way to see the situation steadily, and to see it as a whole, is to keep in mind that the entire problem is one of the development of science, *and of its application to life*. Physical science has for the time being far outrun psychical. We have mastered the physical mechanism sufficiently to turn out possible goods; we have not gained a knowledge of the conditions through which possible values become actual in life, and so are still at the mercy of habit, of hazard, and hence of force.

JOHN DEWEY—*Psychology And Social Practice*



## 197. THE MARRIED LOVER

WHY, having won her, do I woo?  
 Because her spirit's vestal grace  
 Provokes me always to pursue,  
 But, spirit-like, eludes embrace;  
 Because her womanhood is such  
 That, as on court-days subjects kiss  
 The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch  
 Affirms no mean familiarity;  
 Nay, rather marks more fair the height  
 Which can with safety so neglect  
 To dread, as lower ladies might,  
 That grace could meet with disrespect,  
 Thus she with happy favour feeds  
 Allegiance from a love so high  
 That thence no false conceit proceeds  
 Of difference bridged, or state put by;  
 Because, although in act and word  
 As lowly as a wife can be,  
 Her manners, when they call me lord,  
 Remind me 'tis by courtesy;  
 Not with her least consent of will,  
 Which would my proud affection hurt,  
 But by the noble style that still  
 Imputes an unattained desert;  
 Because her gay and lofty brows,  
 When all is won which hope can ask,  
 Reflect a light of hopeless snows  
 That bright in virgin ether bask;  
 Because, though free of the outer court  
 I am, this Temple keeps its shrine  
 Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,  
 She's not and never can be mine.

COVENTRY PATMORE—*The Angel in the House*

## 198. BETTER A BORE THAN A WIT

I have no objection whatever to being a bore. My experience of the world has shown me that, upon the whole, a bore gets along much better in it, and is much more respected and permanently popular than what is called a clever man. A few restless people, with an un-English appetite for perpetual variety, have combined to set up the bore as a species of bugbear to frighten

themselves, and have rashly imagined that the large majority of their fellow-creatures could see clearly enough to look at the formidable creature with their eyes. Never did any small minority make any greater mistake as to the real extent of its influence! English society has a placid enjoyment in being bored. If any man tell me that this is a paradox, I, in return, defy him to account on any other theory for three-fourths of the so-called recreations which are accepted as at once useful and amusing by the British nation.

## HOUSEHOLD WORDS

## 199. FROM THE HYMN OF EMPEDOCLES

Is it so small a thing  
To have enjoyed the sun,  
To have lived light in the spring,  
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;  
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes;

That we must feign a bliss  
Of doubtful future date,  
And while we dream on this  
Lose all our present state,  
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?

Not much, I know, you prize  
What pleasures may be had,  
Who look on life with eyes  
Estranged, like mine, and sad:  
And yet the village churl feels the truth more than you;

Who's loth to leave this life  
Which to him little yields:  
His hard-task'd sunburnt wife,  
His often-labour'd fields;  
The boors with whom he talk'd, the country spots he knew.

But thou, because thou hear'st  
Men scoff at Heaven and Fate;  
Because the gods thou fear'st  
Fail to make blest thy state,  
Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are.

I say, Fear not! life still  
Leaves human effort scope.

But, since life teems with ill,  
Nurse no extravagant hope.  
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.  
MATTHEW ARNOLD

## 200. REVERTING

But in spite of this great love he bore John Thornton, which seemed to bespeak the soft civilizing influence, the strain of the primitive which the northland had aroused in him, remained alive and active. Faithfulness and devotion, things born of fire and roof, were his; yet he retained his wildness and wiliness. He was a thing of the wild, come in from the wild to sit by John Thornton's fire, rather than a dog of the soft Southland stamped with the marks of generations of civilization. He was older than the days he had seen and the breaths he had drawn. He linked the past with the present, and the eternity behind him throbbed through him in a mighty rhythm to which he swayed as the tides and seasons swayed. He sat by John Thornton's fire, a broad-breasted dog, white-fanged and long-furred; but behind him were the shades of all manner of dogs, half-wolves and wild wolves, urgent and prompting, tasting the savor of the meat he ate, thirsting for the water he drank, scenting the wind with him, listening with him and telling him the sounds made by the wild life in the forest, dictating his moods, directing his actions, lying down to sleep with him when he lay down, and dreaming with him and beyond him and becoming themselves the stuff of his dreams. So peremptorily did these shades beckon him, that each day mankind and the claims of mankind slipped farther from him. Deep in the forest a call was sounding, and as often as he heard this call, mysteriously thrilling and luring, he felt compelled to turn his back upon the fire and the beaten earth around it, and to plunge into the forest, and on and on, he knew not where or why. But as often as he gained the soft unbroken earth and the green shade, the love for John Thornton drew him back to the fire again.

JACK LONDON—*The Call of the Wild* \*

## 201. A LETTER WITH AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Dear Son: I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. . . . Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the circumstances of my life, I sit down to write them for you. To which I have besides some other inducements. Having emerged from the poverty and obscurity in which I was born and bred to a state of affluence and some degree of reputation in the world, and having gone so far through life with

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a considerable share of felicity, the conducing means I made use of, which with the blessing of God so well succeeded, my posterity may like to know, as they may find some of them suitable to their own situations and therefore fit to be imitated. . . . Hereby, too, I shall indulge the inclination, so natural in old men, to be talking of themselves and their own past actions. . . . And lastly (I may as well confess it, since my denial of it will be believed by nobody) perhaps I shall a good deal gratify my own vanity. . . . Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share of it they have themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

## 202. TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

WHEN Love with unconfined  
wings

Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fetter'd to her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly  
round

With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses  
crown'd

Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty grief in wine we  
steep,

When healths and draughts  
go free—

Fishes that tipple in the deep  
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinèd, I  
With shriller throat shall sing  
The sweetness, mercy, majesty  
And glories of my King;

When I shall voice aloud how  
good

He is, how great should be,  
Enlargèd winds, that curl the  
flood,

Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison  
make,

Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage:

If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,

Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE

## 203. AN EXHORTATION

WHY do we fret at the inconstancy  
Of our frail hearts, which cannot always love?  
Time rushes onward, and we mortals move

Like waifs upon a river, neither free  
 To halt nor hurry. Sweet, if destiny  
 Throws us together for an hour, a day,  
 In the backwater of this quiet bay,  
 Let us rejoice. Before us lies the sea,  
 Where we must all be lost in spite of love.  
 We dare not stop to question. Happiness  
 Lies in our hand unsought, a treasure trove.  
 Time has short patience of man's vain distress;  
 And fate grows angry at too long delay,  
 And floods rise fast, and we are swept away.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

## 204. THE EVOLUTION OF THE SCAPEGOAT

The aspect of the subject with which we are here chiefly concerned is the use of the Dying God as a scapegoat to free his worshippers from the troubles of all sorts with which life on earth is beset. I have sought to trace this curious usage to its origin, to decompose the idea of the Divine Scapegoat into the elements out of which it appears to be compounded. If I am right, the idea resolves itself into a simple confusion between the material and the immaterial, between the real possibility of transferring a physical load to other shoulders and the supposed possibility of transferring our bodily and mental ailments to another who will bear them for us. When we survey the history of this pathetic fallacy from its crude conception in savagery to its full development in the speculative theology of civilized nations, we cannot but wonder at the singular power which the human mind possesses of transmitting the leaden dross of superstition into a glittering semblance of gold. Certainly in nothing is this alchemy of thought more conspicuous than in the process which has refined the base and foolish custom of the scapegoat into the sublime conception of a God who dies to take away the sins of the world.

J. G. FRAZER—*The Scapegoat* \*

## 205. THE MANLY HEART

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with  
     care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day  
 Or the flowery meads in May—

If she think not well of me  
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my silly heart be pined  
 'Cause I see a woman kind;  
 Or a well disposéd nature  
 Joinéd with a lovely feature?

\* From *The Golden Bough*, published by The Macmillan Company.

Be she meeker, kinder than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
If she be not so to me  
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her well-deservings known  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may merit name of Best;  
If she be not such to me,  
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too  
high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?

She that bears a noble mind  
If not outward helps she find,  
Thinks what with them he would  
do

Who without them dares her  
woo;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair:  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
For if she be not for me,  
What care I for whom she be?

GEORGE WITHER

## 206. LOVE UNALTERING

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:—  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom:—  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

## 207. MAETERLINCKIAN

Events happen; but sometimes they tarry and need encouragement from us. At the age of fourteen we may be aware that we are ordained to die at thirty; yet we may go to meet destiny half-way by jumping off a precipice at two-and-twenty. One could always tell which of one's schoolfellows was going to die accidentally young. They used to walk apart under trees; generally willows. . . . I have known people who began by being beside them-



selves, and gradually got quite a long distance away. And they never knew till somebody called their attention to it. . . . Each one of us has a star from which descends one woman only, however manifold her disguises. Superficially, one would say that Bluebeard had several wives. This is an error. He was actually monogamous. . . . Some people are less fortunate than others; some are more so. For these an event beckons behind every blasted willow. They cannot open a door at the end of the simplest subterranean passage, without running into a booby-trap, or a crouching allegory, or something. . . . The spectacle of a plain four-footed cow sitting alone with her destiny, chewing the cud, and altogether unconscious of the laws of the Equinox, has in it I know not what of tragic that moves me more than the crash of conflicting mastodons. . . . The true force of the drama lies not in making your characters say the things that are indispensable to the situation; but in making them think the thoughts that do not occur to them. Sometimes these may be represented by a loud aside without parentheses. But silence also is good; for it is, I know not how, by the things we omit to say that the sources of the soul become intelligible. Still, it is all very difficult.

OWEN SEAMAN—*Borrowed Plumes* \*

### 208. KNOWLEDGE OF EVIL NECESSARY

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continuance to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.

JOHN MILTON—*Areopagitica*

\* By permission of Henry Holt and Company.

## 209. TO A WELL-KNOWN GLOBE

I WOULD not seem to slam our valued planet,—  
Space, being infinite, may hold a worse;  
Nor would I intimate that if I ran it  
Its vapors might disperse.

Within our solar system, or without it,  
May be a world less rationally run;  
There may be such a geoid, but I doubt it—  
I can't conceive of one.

If from the time our sphere began revolving  
Until the present writing there had been  
A glimmer of a promise of resolving  
The muddle we are in:

If we could answer "Whither are we drifting?"  
Or hope to wallow out of the morass—  
I might continue boosting and uplifting;  
But as it is, I pass.

So on your way, old globe, wherever aiming,  
Go blundering down the endless slopes of space:  
As far away, the prospect of reclaiming  
The so-called human race.

Gyrate, old Top, and let who will be clever;  
The mess we're in is much too deep to solve.  
Me for a quiet life while you, as ever,  
Continue to revolve.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR \*

## 210. MACHINERY NOT AN END IN ITSELF

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve! but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery, what is population but machinery, what is coal but machinery, what are railroads but machinery, what is wealth but machinery, what are, even, religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in

\* From *The So-called Human Race*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed some of Mr. Roebuck's stock arguments for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?"—Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying,—has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Culture and Anarchy*

## 211. COME BACK

COME back, come back, across the flying foam,  
We hear faint far-off voices call us home.

Come back, come back! And whither back and why?  
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try;  
Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;  
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.  
Come back, come back?

Come back, come back; and whither and for what?  
To finger idly some old Gordian knot,  
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,  
And with much toil attain to half-believe.  
Come back, come back?

Come back, come back!  
Back flies the foam; the hoisted flag streams back;  
The long smoke wavers on the homeward track.  
Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,  
The strong ship follows its appointed way.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## 212. 'THE NOBLE ART OF MURDERING'

LAST year, my love, it was my hap  
Behind a grenadier to be,  
And, but he wore a hairy cap,  
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot  
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!),  
Before us passed. I saw them not—  
I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts  
In foremost rank the soldier thus,  
The red-coat bully in his boots,  
That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,  
You wonder at his cap of hair:  
You hear his sabre's cursèd clank,  
His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:  
Who bade us so to cringe and bend,  
And all God's peaceful people made  
To such as him subservient?

Tell me what find we to admire  
In epaulets and scarlet coats,  
In men, because they load and fire,  
And know the art of cutting throats?

W. M. THACKERAY—*The Chronicle of the Drum*

## 213. TO NIGHT

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,

Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

#### 214. KING HENRY TO HIS SOLDIERS

ONCE more into the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To his full height. On, on, you noble English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;  
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit, and upon the charge  
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*King Henry V*

## 215. A CONFUSION ABOUT NATIONALITY

Now that the hue of daily adventure is so dull, when religion for the most part is so vague and accommodating, when even war is a vast impersonal business, nationality seems to have slipped into the place of honour. It has become the one eloquent, public, intrepid illusion. Illusion, I mean, when it is taken for an ultimate good or a mystical essence, for of course nationality is a fact. People speak some particular language and are very uncomfortable where another is spoken or where their own is spoken differently. They have habits, judgments, assumptions to which they are wedded, and a society where all this is unheard of shocks them and puts them at a galling disadvantage. To ignorant people the foreigner as such is ridiculous unless he is superior to them in numbers or prestige, when he becomes hateful. It is natural for a man to like to live at home, and to live long elsewhere without a sense of exile is not good for his moral integrity. It is right to feel a greater kinship and affection for what lies nearest to oneself. But this necessary fact and even duty of nationality is accidental; like age or sex it is a physical fatality which can be made the basis of specific and comely virtues; but it is not an end to pursue or a flag to flaunt or a privilege not balanced by a thousand incapacities. Yet of this distinction our contemporaries tend to make an idol, perhaps because it is the only distinction they feel they have left.

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Winds of Doctrine* \*

## 216. BEAUTY

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have exprest  
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;  
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

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## 217. THE ILLUSION OF TIME

'O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

'So has it been from the beginning, and so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little Life  
Is rounded with a sleep!"

THOMAS CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus*

## 218. A POET LACKS IDENTITY

As to the poetical character itself (I mean that sort, of which, if I am anything, I am a member; that sort distinguished from the Wordsworthian, or egotistical sublime; which is a thing *per se*, and stands alone) it is not itself—it has no self—it is everything and nothing—it has no character—it enjoys light and shade—it lives in gusts, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated,—it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the cameleon poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things, any more than from its taste for the bright one, because they both end in speculation. A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity; he is continually in, for, and filling, some other body. The sun, the moon, the sea, and men and women, who are creatures of impulse, are poetical, and have about them an unchangeable attribute; the poet has none, no identity. He is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's creatures. If then, he has no self, and if I am a poet, where is the wonder that I should say I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating on the characters of Saturn and Ops? It is a wretched thing to confess, but it is a very fact, that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature. How can it, when I have no nature? When I am in a room with people, if I am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then, not myself goes home to myself, but the identity of every one in the room begins to press upon me, so that I am in a very little time annihilated—not only among men; it would be the same in a nursery of children. I know not whether I make myself understood; I hope, enough to let you see that no dependence is to be placed on what I said that day.

JOHN KEATS—*Letters*

## 219. MARULLUS CHASTISES THE MOB

WHEREFORE rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;  
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,  
 To hear the replication of your sounds  
 Made in her concave shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes to triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone!  
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on such ingratitude.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—*Julius Caesar*

## 220. CHILDREN OF MEN

..... It is true that the impulse for the preservation of the species impels all living beings to care for their offspring and to provide the most favorable conditions of existence possible for them. But this care never extends beyond the moment when the young creatures are sufficiently developed to care for themselves without outside assistance as the parents did before them. There is only sufficient stored up food in the seed of the plant or in the white of the egg, to supply the embryo with nourishment during its earliest stage of life—the time of absolute helplessness. The mammiferous animals give milk to their young only as long as they are unable to graze or hunt food for themselves, and the parent birds cease to bring worms to their little ones as soon as they have successfully accomplished their first independent flight. Man alone wishes to provide his descendants with their stored up food, their albumen, their milk and their worms, to the third and fourth, to untold generations. Man alone is anxious to keep his children and great-grand-children in the embryonic condition in which the young of all animals are provided for by the beings to whom they owe their existence; he will not abandon them to their own resources. When a man accumulates a fortune, he wishes to bequeathe it to his family in such a way that its members will be, if possible, relieved forever from the necessity of earning their own livelihood. This is contrary to all of nature's laws. It is a violent disturbance of the regular arrangement of the world, according to which every living being is compelled to win for himself his place at the great table of nature, or else perish. This disturbance of nature's regulations is the cause of all the evils of the economic world.

MAX NORDAU—*Conventional Lies of Civilization*

## 221. OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I MET a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand  
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY

## 222. ORATORY AN ENGINE TO GOVERN THE MOB

The republics that have maintained themselves in a regular and well-modelled government, such as those of Lacedaemon and Crete, held orators in no very great esteem. Aristo did wisely define Rhetoric to be a science to persuade the people; Socrates and Plato, an art to flatter and deceive. And those who deny it in the general description verify it throughout in their precepts. The Mahometans will not suffer their children to be instructed in it, as being useless; and the Athenians perceiving of how pernicious consequence the practice of it was, being in their city of universal esteem, ordered the principal part, which is to move affections with their exordiums and perorations, to be taken away. 'Tis an engine invented to manage and govern a disorderly and tumultuous rabble, and that never is made use of but like physic to the sick, in the paroxysms of a discomposed estate. In those where the vulgar or the ignorant, or both together, have been all powerful and able to give the law—as in those of Athens, Rhodes, and Rome—and where the public affairs have been in a continual tempest of commotion, to such places have the orators always repaired.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE—*Essays*

## 223. LOST DAYS

THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
What were they, could I see them on the street  
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?  
Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?

Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?  
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?  
 I do not see them here; but after death  
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.  
 "I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?"  
 "And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)  
 "And thou thyself to all eternity!"

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—*House of Life*

## 224. THE SIMILARITY OF HERO MYTHS

The prominent civilized nations, such as the Babylonians, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Hindoos, the inhabitants of Iran and of Persia, the Greeks and the Romans as well as the Teutons and others, all began at an early stage to glorify their heroes, mythical princes and kings, founders of religions, dynasties, empires or cities, in a number of poetic tales and legends. The history of the birth and of the early life of these personages came to be especially invested with fantastic features. These in different nations, even though widely separated and entirely independent of each other, present a baffling similarity, or in part a literal unanimity in certain details. Whence these extensive analogies in the fundamental outlines of mythical tales? The impetus to them was evidently supplied by the popular amazement at the apparition of the hero, whose extraordinary life history the people can only imagine as ushered in by a wonderful infancy. But whence the material of these myths to begin with? This extraordinary childhood of the hero was apparently constructed by the folk-mind from the consciousness of its own infancy. The true hero of the myth is the childish ego. The myth-maker has gone back to the time when the ego was itself a hero, through its first heroic act, *i. e.*, the revolt against the father. Myths are created by adults, by means of retrograde childhood fantasies, the hero being credited with the myth-maker's personal infantile history.

OTTO RANK—*The Myth of The Birth of The Hero*

## 225. THE CHOICE

THINK thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.  
 Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,  
 Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all gone o'er:  
 Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,  
 Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,  
 Even I, am he whom it was destined for."  
 How should this be! Art thou then so much more



Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?  
 Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound  
 Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;  
 Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.  
 Miles and miles distant though the last line be,  
 And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—  
 Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.  
 DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—*House of Life*

## 226. LESSONS FROM HISTORY

It is very rare for men to be wrong in their feelings concerning public misconduct; as rare to be right in their speculation upon the cause of it. I have constantly observed that the generality of people are fifty years, at least, behindhand in their politics. There are but very few who are capable of comparing and digesting what passes before their eyes at different times and occasions, so as to form the whole into a distinct system. But in books everything is settled for them, without the exertion of any considerable diligence or sagacity. For which reason men are wise with but little reflexion, and good with little self-denial, in the business of all times except their own. We are very uncorruptible and tolerably enlightened judges of the transactions of past ages; where no passions deceive, and where the whole train of circumstances, from the trifling cause to the tragical event, is set in an orderly series before us. Few are the partizans of departed tyranny; and to be a Whig on the business of an hundred years ago is very consistent with every advantage of present servility. This retrospective wisdom and historical patriotism are things of wonderful convenience; and serve admirably to reconcile the old quarrel between speculation and practice. Many a stern republican, after gorging himself with a full feast of admiration of the Grecian commonwealths and of our true Saxon constitution, and discharging all the splendid bile of his virtuous indignation on King John and King James, sits down perfectly satisfied to the coarsest work and the homeliest job of the day he lives in. I believe there was no professed admirer of Henry the Eighth among the instruments of the last King James; nor in the Court of Henry the Eighth was there, I dare say, to be found a single advocate for the favourites of Richard the Second.

EDMUND BURKE—*Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*

## 227. DON'T BE A SPECIALIST

We men are not fragments—we are wholes; we are not types of single qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless combinations. Therefore I say to each man: As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for



the completion of your end in existence—strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as a Man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindedness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone. Take any specialty; dine with a distinguished member of Parliament—the other guests all members of Parliament except yourself—you go away shrugging your shoulders. All the talk has been that of men who seem to think that there is nothing in life worth talking about but the party squabbles and jealousies of the House of Commons. Go and dine next day with an eminent author—all the guests authors except yourself. As the wine circulates the talk narrows to the last publications, with, now and then, on the part of the successful author present, a refining eulogium on some dead writer, in implied disparagement of some living rival. He wants to depreciate Dickens, and therefore he extols Fielding. If Fielding were alive and Dickens were dead, how he would extol Dickens! Go the third day; dine with a trader, all the other guests being gentlemen on the stock exchange. A new specialty is before you; all the world seems circumscribed to scrip and the budget. In fine, whatever the calling, let men only cultivate that calling, and they are as narrow-minded as the Chinese when they place on the map of the world the Chinese Empire with all its Tartaric villages in full detail, and out of that limit make dots and lines with the superscription, “Deserts unknown, inhabited by barbarians!”

BULWER LYTTON

## 228. THE SWINBURNIAN OCTOPUS

STRANGE beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,  
 Whence camest to dazzle our eyes,  
 With thy bosom bespangled and banded  
 With the hues of the seas and the skies?  
 Is thy name European or Asian,  
 O mystical monster marine,  
 Part molluscous and partly crustacean,  
 Betwixt and between?

Wast thou born to the sound of sea-trumpets?  
 Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess  
 Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets—  
 Of the sea-weed—thy mustard and cress?  
 Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,  
 Remote from reproof and restraint?  
 Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,  
 Sinburnian or Saint?

Lithe limbs curling free as a creeper,  
That creeps in a desolate place,  
To enroll and envelop the sleeper  
In a silent and stealthy embrace;  
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,  
Our juices to drain and to drink,  
Or to overwhelm as in waves of Cocytus  
Indelible ink!

Oh, breast that 'twere rapture to writhe on!  
Oh, arms 'twere delicious to feel  
Clinging close with the crush of the Python  
When she maketh her murderous meal!  
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden  
Let our empty existence escape;  
Give us death that is glorious and golden  
Crushed all out of shape!

Ah, thy red limbs lascivious and luscious,  
With death in their amorous kiss!  
Cling round us and clasp us and crush us,  
With bitings of agonized bliss!  
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,  
Dispense us the potion of pain;  
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure,  
And bite us again!

A. C. HILTON

## 229. THE ENVIABLE DOG

The dog is a really privileged animal. He occupies in the world a preeminent position enviable among all. He is the only living being that has found and recognizes an indubitable, tangible, unexceptionable, and definite god . . . And it was thus that, the other day, I saw my little Pelléas sitting at the foot of my writing table, his tail carefully folded under his paws, his head a little on one side, the better to question me, at once attentive and tranquil, as a saint should be in the presence of God. He was happy with the happiness which we, perhaps, shall never know, since it springs from the smile and the approval of a life incomparably higher than his own. . . . And when I saw him thus, young, ardent, and believing, bringing me, in some wise, quite fresh news of life and trusting and wonder-struck, as though he had been the first of his race that came to inaugurate the earth and as though we were still in the first days of the world's existence, I envied the gladness of his certainty, compared it with the destiny of man, still

plunging on every side in darkness, and said to myself that the dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK—*Our Friend The Dog*\*

### 230. RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives  
First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves  
The world; and, vainly favoured, it repays  
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze  
By no change of its large calm front of snow.  
And underneath the Mount, a Flower I know,  
He cannot have perceived, that changes ever  
At his approach; and, in the lost endeavour  
To live his life, has parted, one by one,  
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace  
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,  
With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.  
Men nobly call by many a name the Mount  
As over many a land of theirs its large  
Calm front of snow like a triumphal targe  
Is reared, and still with old names, fresh ones vie,  
Each to its proper praise and own account:  
Men call the Flower, the Sunflower, sportively.

Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look  
Across the waters to this twilight nook,  
—The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook!

Dear Pilgrim, art thou for the East indeed?  
Go! Saying ever as thou dost proceed,  
That I, French Rudel, choose for my device  
A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice  
Before its idol. See! These inexpert  
And hurried fingers could not fail to hurt  
The woven picture; 'tis a woman's skill  
Indeed; but nothing baffled me, so, ill  
Or well, the work is finished. Say, men feed  
On songs I sing, and therefore bask the bees  
On my flower's breast as on a platform broad:  
But, as the flower's concern is not for these  
But solely for the sun, so men applaud  
In vain this Rudel, he not looking here  
But to the East—the East! Go, say this, Pilgrim dear!

ROBERT BROWNING

\* From *The Double Garden*, published by Dodd, Mead and Company. By permission of the author.

## 231. WHAT THE ROOFS COVER

"Ach, mein Lieber!" said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the Coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the Condemned Cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the Rabenstein?—their gallows must even now be a-building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal positions; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishhest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salt fish in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: such work goes on under that smoke-counter-pane!—But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

THOMAS CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus*

## 232. SEA-SHELL MURMURS

THE hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood  
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear  
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear  
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.  
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood

In our own veins, impetuous and near,  
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear  
And with our feelings' ever shifting mood.  
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,  
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,  
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be  
Thou fool! this echo is a cheat as well,—  
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave  
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

### 233. CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

It must seem strange to any one, who considers that Christian religion, that is founded upon love, and charity, and humility, should not only not extinguish this unruly appetite to war, but make the prosecution of it the more fierce and cruel; there having scarce been so much rage and inhumanity practised in any war, as in that between Christians. The ancient Romans, who for some ages arrived to the greatest perfection in the observations of the obligations of honour, justice, and humanity, of all men who had no light from religion, instituted a particular triumph for those their generals who returned with victory without the slaughter of men. It were to be wished that the modern Christian Romans were endued with the same blessed spirit, and that they believed that the voice of blood is loud and importunate; they would not then think it their office and duty, so far to kindle this firebrand war, and to nourish all occasions to inflame it, as to obstruct and divert all overtures of extinguishing it; and to curse and excommunicate all those who shall consent or submit to such overtures, when they are wearied, tired, and even consumed with weltering in each other's blood, and have scarce blood enough left to give them strength to enjoy the blessings of peace. What can be more unmerciful, more unworthy of the title of Christians, than such an aversion from stopping those issues of blood, and from binding up those wounds which have been bleeding so long? and yet we have seen those inhuman bulls let loose by two popes, who would be thought to have the sole power committed to them by Christ, to inform the world of his will and pleasure.

EDWARD HYDE, LORD CLARENDON

### 234. FRIAR LAURENCE'S PHILOSOPHY

THE grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours



With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities!  
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live  
 But to the earth some special good doth give;  
 Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling to abuse.  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this fair flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will;  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker Death eats up that plant.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Romeo and Juliet*

### 235. METAPHYSICS

WHY and Wherefore set out one day  
 To hunt for a wild Négation.  
 They agreed to meet at a cool retreat  
 On the Point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their mark  
 And, driven well-nigh to distraction,  
 They lost their ways in a murky maze  
 Of utter abstruse abstraction.

Then they took a boat and were soon afloat  
 On a sea of Speculation,  
 But the sea grew rough, and their boat though tough  
 Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of doubt  
 Rose a fearful Hypothesis,  
 Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea,  
 And the last they saw was this:

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief  
 There sat the wild Negation;  
 Then they sank once more and were washed ashore  
 At the Point of Interrogation.

OLIVER HERFORD \*

\* By permission of the author.



## 236. RICH MAN, POOR MAN

For indeed the fact is, that there are idle poor and idle rich; and there are busy poor and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand boy, and never would think of stopping in the street to play marbles. So that, in a large view, the distinction between workers and idlers, as between knaves and honest men, runs through the very heart and innermost economies of men of all rank and in all positions. There is a working class—strong and happy—among both rich and poor; there is an idle class—weak, wicked, and miserable—among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders comes of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class habitually contemplate the foolish of the other. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right; and if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right. But each class has a tendency to look for the faults of the other. A hard-working man of property is particularly offended by an idle beggar; and an orderly, but poor, workman is naturally intolerant of the licentious luxury of the rich. And what is severe judgment in the minds of the just men of either class, becomes fierce enmity in the unjust—but among the unjust *only*. None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, or desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in opprobrious terms of the vices and follies of the poor.

JOHN RUSKIN—*The Crown Of Wild Olive*

## 237. TO MARY UNWIN

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,  
 Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,  
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new  
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,  
 That ere through age or woe I shed my wings  
 I may record thy worth with honour due,  
 In verse as musical as thou art true,  
 And that immortalizes whom it sings:—  
 But thou hast little need. There is a Book  
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
 A chronicle of actions just and bright:  
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;  
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

WILLIAM COWPER

## 238. THE SENTIMENT OF OXFORD

Oxford, the Oxford of the past, has many faults; and she has heavily paid for them in defeat, in isolation, in want of hold upon the modern world. Yet we in Oxford, brought up amidst the beauty and sweetness of that beautiful place, have not failed to seize one truth,—the truth that beauty and sweetness are essential characters of a complete human perfection. When I insist on this, I am all in the faith and tradition of Oxford. I say boldly that this our sentiment for beauty and sweetness, our sentiment against hideousness and rawness, has been at the bottom of our attachment to so many beaten causes, of our opposition to so many triumphant movements. And the sentiment is true, and has never been wholly defeated, and has shown its power even in its defeat. We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future. Who will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movement, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism, —who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under the self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession? It is in this manner that the sentiment of Oxford for beauty and sweetness conquers, and in this manner long may it continue to conquer!

MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Sweetness and Light*

## 239. THE USES OF LABOUR

There's a fancy some lean to and others hate—  
That, when this life is ended, begins  
New work for the soul in another state,  
Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins;  
Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,  
Repeat in large what they practiced in small,  
Through life after life in unlimited series,  
Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen  
 By the means of Evil that Good is best,  
 And, through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene—  
 When our faith in the same has stood the test—  
 Why, the child grown the man, you burn the rod,  
 The uses of labour are surely done;  
 There remaineth a rest for the people of God:  
 And I have had troubles enough, for one.

ROBERT BROWNING—*Old Pictures In Florence*

#### 240. TO WORDSWORTH

Two voices are there: one is of the deep;  
 It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,  
 Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,  
 Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:  
 And one is of an old half-witted sheep  
 Which bleats articulate monotony,  
 And indicates that two and one are three,  
 That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep.  
 And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times  
 Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes,  
 The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:  
 At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be  
 Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C.  
 Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst.

JAMES KENNETH STEPHENS

#### 241. JEANNE D'ARC

All minds in the fifteenth century were haunted by chimeras. If little Jeanne "saw her Voices," as she naively expressed it, her judges, who tried to convict her of sorcery, believed with all their might in demons. But whereas little Jeanne's dreams were radiant and impelled her to the most noble enterprises, those of her tormentors were filthy, infamous, and monstrous. However, if I defend and admire the visions of the poor little herdsmaid, it does not follow that, in writing her history, I have myself given credence to the miracles. I constantly remembered that it is the duty of the scientist to find a rational explanation for all facts. And I tried to bring out clearly what made Jeanne's mission logically possible. First and foremost, it was the general credulity of the period. Her position with the Armagnacs was strengthened by

the prophecies of Merlin and the Venerable Bede concerning a Maid who would deliver the kingdom. All Jeanne's power, which was undoubtedly considerable, came from the ascendant which she unwittingly established over the feeble mentality of her contemporaries. To this must be added the heroism which the excellent girl displayed on every occasion. When her marvellous adventure is minutely analyzed, it arouses the same surprise as a very brilliant star seen through the most powerful astronomical glasses. However greatly it be magnified, the heavenly body always remains a point without diameter.

ANATOLE FRANCE \*

## 242. SOCIAL TYRANNY THE MOST FORMIDABLE

Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still vulgarly, held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates: and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough: there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence; and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism.

JOHN STUART MILL—*On Liberty*

\* From *The Opinions of Anatole France*, recorded by Paul Gsell. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 243. LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the Brave!  
The brave that are no more!  
All sunk beneath the wave  
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel  
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds  
And she was overset;  
Down went the Royal George,  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
His last sea-fight is fought,  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak,  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,  
His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down  
With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up  
Once dreaded by our foes!  
And mingle with our cup  
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again  
Full charged with England's  
thunder,  
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er;  
And he and his eight hundred  
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER

## 244. FOUR CLASSES OF MEN

So, then, we have the three ranks: the man who perceives rightly, because he does not feel, and to whom the primrose is very accurately the primrose, because he does not love it. Then, secondly, the man who perceives wrongly, because he feels, and to whom the primrose is anything else than a primrose: a star, or a sun, or a fairy's shield, or a forsaken maiden. And then, lastly, there is the man who perceives rightly in spite of his feelings, and to whom the primrose is for ever nothing else than itself—a little flower, apprehended in the very plain and leafy fact of it, whatever and how many soever the associations and passions may be, that crowd around it. And, in general, these three classes may be rated in comparative order, as the men who are not poets at all, and the poets of the second order, and the poets of the first: only however great a man may be, there are always some subjects which *ought* to throw him off his balance; some, by which his poor human capacity of thought should be conquered, and brought into



the inaccurate and vague state of perception, so that the language of the highest inspiration becomes broken, obscure, and wild in metaphor, resembling that of the weaker man, overborne by weaker things. And thus, in full, there are four classes: the men who feel nothing, and therefore see truly; the men who feel strongly, think weakly, and see untruly (second order of poets); the men who feel strongly, think strongly, and see truly (first order of poets); and the men who, strong as human creatures can be, are yet submitted to influences stronger than they, and see in a sort untruly, because what they see is inconceivably above them. This last is the usual condition of prophetic inspiration.

JOHN RUSKIN—*Modern Painters*

#### 245. MACBETH'S IRRESOLUTION

IF it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly; if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success: that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor; this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself  
And falls on the other.—

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Macbeth*



## 246. ANTIQUATED POLITICAL MACHINERY

A friend was in Japan at the time when the war broke out. He remarked to an acquaintance who happened to be the United States consul in the town where he was, that he supposed he would have no difficulty in getting an American draft cashed. His friend replied: On the contrary; he himself had had to spend almost two days in getting even a government draft cashed. My friend proceeded to generalize from this incident. He said in effect that in commerce we are proceeding upon an international basis; commerce depends upon a system of international credit. But politically we are doing business upon the basis of ideas that were formed before the rise of modern commerce—upon the basis of isolated national sovereignty. The deadlock due to this conflict could not continue, he surmised; either we must internationalize our antiquated political machinery or we must make our commercial ideas and practices conform to our political. The situation is one which is real; and it calls for some kind of constructive social planning. Our existing human intercourse requires some kind of mechanism which it has not got. We may drift along till the evil gets intolerable and then take some accidental way out, or we may plan in advance.

JOHN DEWEY—*Progress*

## 247. ON LIVING TO ONE'S-SELF

What I mean by living to one's-self is living in the world, as in it, not of it; it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it; it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men, calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor one dreamt of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loopholes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He relishes an author's

style without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. Woe be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is contented with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves, he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment.

WILLIAM HAZLITT—*Table-Talk*

## 248. BEES AND MEN

THEREFORE doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
To which is fixéd, as an aim or butt.  
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts;  
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;  
Others, like soldiers, arméd in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer velvet buds,  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent-royal of their emperor;  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executions pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously:  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—*Henry V.*

## 249. THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

THREE years she grew in sun and  
shower;

Then Nature said, 'A lovelier  
flower

On earth was never sown:

This child I to myself will take;

She shall be mine, and I will  
make

A lady of my own.

'Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with  
me

The girl, in rock and plain

In earth and heaven, in glade  
and bower

Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the  
fawn

That wild with glee across the  
lawn

Or up the mountain springs;

And hers shall be the breathing  
balm,

And hers the silence and the  
calm.

Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state  
shall lend

To her; for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see

E'en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the  
maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

'The stars of midnight shall be  
dear

To her; and she shall lean her  
ear

In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their way-  
ward round,

And beauty born of murmuring  
sound

Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately  
height,

Her virgin bosom swell;

Such thoughts to Lucy I will  
give

While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work  
was done—

How soon my Lucy's race was  
run!

She died, and left to me

This heath, this calm and quiet  
scene;

The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 250. SURFACE PHENOMENA OF HISTORY

A history in which every particular incident may be true may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have the most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transitions of communities from poverty to wealth, from ignorance to knowledge, from ferocity to humanity,—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is

rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. . . . Bishop Watson compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal from the phenomena of the hide. The comparison is unjust to the geologists but is very applicable to those historians who write as if the body politic were homogeneous, who look only on the surface of affairs, and never think of the mighty and various organization which lies deep below.

T. B. MACAULAY—*History*

## 251. THE BUOY-BELL

How like the leper, with his own sad cry  
 Enforcing its own solitude, it tolls!  
 That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,  
 To warn us from the place of jeopardy!  
 O friend of man! sore-vexed by Ocean's power,  
 The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day;  
 Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray,  
 Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour;  
 High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild—  
 To be in danger's realm a guardian sound;  
 In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,  
 And earn their blessing as the year goes round;  
 And strike the key-note of each grateful prayer,  
 Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER

## 252. SUNDAYS AND CHURCHES A PUBLIC CONVENIENCE

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures now in the hands of the Clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, exchanges, market-houses, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect *cavil*. I readily own there has been an old custom time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice, but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses? Are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? Can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? Is not that the chief day for traders

to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied. Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? Where more care to appear in the foremost box with greater advantage of dress? Where more meetings for business? Where more bargains driven of all sorts? And where so many conveniences or enticements to sleep?

JONATHAN SWIFT—*Abolishing of Christianity in England*

### 253. SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about  
that bed;  
The mass-priest knelt at the  
side,

I and his mother stood at the  
head,

Over his feet lay the bride;  
We were quite sure that he was  
dead,

Though his eyes were open  
wide.

He did not die in the night,

He did not die in the day,  
But in the morning twilight

His spirit passed away,  
When neither sun nor moon was  
bright,

And the trees were merely  
grey.

He was not slain with the sword,  
Knight's axe, or the knightly  
spear,

Yet spoke he never a word  
After he came in here;

I cut away the cord

From the neck of my brother  
dear.

He did not strike one blow.

For the recreants came behind.  
In a place where the hornbeams  
grow,

A path right hard to find,

For the hornbeam boughs swing  
so,  
That the twilight makes it  
blind.

They lighted a great torch then,  
When his arms were pinion'd  
fast,

Sir John the knight of the Fen,  
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast.  
With knights threescore and ten,  
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,

And my hair is all turn'd grey,  
But I met Sir John of the Fen  
Long ago on a summer day,  
And am glad to think of the  
moment when

I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,

And my strength is mostly  
pass'd

But long ago I and my men,

When the sky was overcast,  
And the smoke roll'd over the  
reeds of the fen,

Slew Guy of the Dolorous  
Blast.

And now, knights all of you,  
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,  
A good knight and a true,  
And for Alice, his wife, pray  
too.

WILLIAM MORRIS



## 254. BENIGNITY THE GLORY OF THIS AGE

Let us proclaim it firmly, proclaim it even in fall and in defeat, this age is the grandest of all ages; and do you know wherefore? Because it is the most benignant. This age enfranchises the slave in America, . . . extinguishes in Europe the last brands of the stake, civilizes Turkey, penetrates the Koran with the Gospel, dignifies woman, and subordinates the right of the strongest to the right of the most just.

This age proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen, and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and consecrates man.

In art it possesses every kind of genius; . . . majesty, grace, power, figure, splendor, depth, color, form and style. In science it works all miracles; . . . it makes a horse out of steam, a laborer out of the voltaic pile, a courier out of the electric fluid, and a painter of the sun; it opens upon the two infinities those two windows, the telescope on the infinitely great, the microscope on the infinitely little, and it finds in the first abyss the stars of heaven, and in the second abyss the insects which prove the existence of a God. . . .

Man no longer crawls upon the earth, he escapes from it; civilization takes to itself the wings of birds, and flies and whirls and alights joyously on all parts of the globe at once; the brotherhood of nations crosses the bounds of space and mingles in the eternal blue.

VICTOR HUGO

## 255. MAN AND THE STARS

They who believe in the influences of the stars over the fates of men are, in feeling at least, nearer the truth than they who regard the heavenly bodies as related to them merely by a common obedience to an external law. All that man sees has to do with man. Worlds cannot be without an intermundane relationship. The community of the center of all creation suggests an inter-radiating connection and dependence of the parts. Else a grander idea is conceivable than that which is already embodied. The blank, which is only a forgotten life lying behind the consciousness, and the misty splendor, which is an undeveloped life lying before it, may be full of mysterious revelations of other connections with the worlds around us than those of science and poetry. No shining belt or gleaming moon, no red and green glory in a self-encircling twin-star, but has a relation with the hidden things of a man's soul, and, it may be, with the history of his body as well. They are portions of the living house within which he abides.

GEORGE MACDONALD—*Phantasies*



## 256. UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at its own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 257. EMPTY VISIONS

I tell you truly that, as I strive more with this strange lethargy and trance in myself, and awake to the meaning and power of life, it seems daily more amazing to me that men such as these (Dante and Milton) should dare to play with the most precious truths, or the most deadly untruths, by which the whole human race listening to them could be informed, or deceived:—all the world their audiences for ever, with pleased ear, and passionate heart;—and yet, to this submissive infinitude of souls, an ever-more succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of hell; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns; and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith in their lost mortal love.

Is not this a mystery of life?

JOHN RUSKIN—*Sesame and Lilies*

## 258. THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the in-

habitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Aes Triplex* \*

#### 259. CASSIUS ON CÆSAR

WHY, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates;  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,  
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

When there is in it but one only man.  
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
 As easily as a king.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—*Julius Cæsar*

## 260. THE CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

JOHN MILTON—*Areopagitica*

## 261. LOVE BETRAYED

MARK where the pressing wind shoots javelin like,  
 Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave!  
 Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave;  
 Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,  
 And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand:  
 In hearing of the ocean, and in sight

Of those ribbed wind-streaks running into white.  
If I the death of Love had deeply planned,  
I never could have made it half so sure,  
As by the unblest kisses which upbraid  
The full-waked sense; or failing that, degrade!  
'Tis morning: but no morning can restore  
What we have forfeited. I see no sin:  
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,  
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot:  
We are betrayed by what is false within.

GEORGE MEREDITH—*Modern Love*

## 262. MORALITY NOT ALL

But men of culture and poetry, it will be said, are again and again failing, and failing conspicuously, in the necessary first stage to a harmonious perfection, in the subduing of the great obvious faults of our animality, which it is the glory of these religious organisations to have helped us to subdue. True, they do often so fail. They have often been without the virtues as well as the faults of the Puritan; it has been one of their dangers that they so felt the Puritan's faults that they too much neglected the practice of his virtues. I will not, however, exculpate them at the Puritan's expense. They have often failed in morality, and morality is indispensable. And they have been punished for their failure, as the Puritan has been rewarded for his performance. They have been punished wherein they erred; but their ideal of beauty, of sweetness and light, and a human nature complete on all its sides, remains the true ideal of perfection still; just as the Puritan's ideal of perfection remains narrow and inadequate, although for what he did well he has been richly rewarded. Notwithstanding the mighty results of the Pilgrim Fathers' voyage, they and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakspeare or Virgil,—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent,—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakspeare and Virgil would have found them! In the same way let us judge the religious organisations which we see all around us. Do not let us deny the good and the happiness which they have accomplished; but do not let us fail to see clearly that their idea of human perfection is narrow and inadequate, and that the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion will never bring humanity to its true goal.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Sweetness and Light*

## 263. KEITH OF RAVELSTON

THE murmur of the mourning  
ghost

That keeps the shadowy  
kine;—

'Oh, Keith of Ravelston.

The sorrows of thy line!'

Ravelston, Ravelston,

The merry path that leads  
Down the golden morning hill  
And through the silver meads:

Ravelston, Ravelston,

The stile beneath the tree.  
The maid that kept her mother's  
kine,  
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her  
kine,

She sat beneath the thorn.  
When Andrew Keith of Ravel-  
ston  
Rode through the Monday  
morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-  
bells ring,

His belted jewels shine!—  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew  
came,

Comes evening down the  
glade;

And still there sits a moonshine  
ghost

Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine;—

Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold;  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year  
to year,

She keeps her shadowy kine;—  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where An-  
drew stood—

Why blanch thy cheeks for  
fear?

The ancient stile is not alone.  
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial  
moan,

She keeps her shadowy kine;—  
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

SIDNEY DOBELL

## 264. SHYLOCK'S PASSION AGAINST ANTONIO

There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed



at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's the reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*The Merchant of Venice*

#### 265. DUNCAN GRAY

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo.

Ha, ha the wooing o't,  
On blythe Yule night when we  
were fou,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
Maggie coost her head fu' high.  
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh.  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan  
pray'd;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleert and  
blin',

Spak o' lowpin' ower a linn!

Time and chance are but a tide.  
Slighted love is sair to bide;

Shall I like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie dee?  
She may gae to—France for me!

How it comes let doctors tell,  
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal;  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And O, her een, they spak sic  
things!

Duncan was a lad o' grace;  
Maggie's was a piteous case:  
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty  
baith:

Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

ROBERT BURNS

#### 266. THE SURFACE CHARACTER OF THE PURITANS

We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of



the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Those who roused the people to resistance; who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years; who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen; who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy; who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Milton*

#### 267. BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:  
Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,  
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 268. SOCIAL MECHANISMS SHOULD BE PLANNED

We are living still under the dominion of a laissez-faire philosophy. I mean a philosophy which trusts the direction of human affairs to nature, or Providence, or evolution, or manifest destiny—that is to say, to accident—rather than to a contriving and constructive intelligence. To put our faith in the collective state instead of in individual activity is quite as laissez-faire a proceeding as to put it in the results of voluntary private enterprise. The only genuine opposite to a go-as-you-please let-alone philosophy is a philosophy which studies specific social needs and evils with a view to constructing the special social machinery for which they call. While in general, the opposite of the progressive attitude is not so much conservatism as it is disbelief in the possibility of constructive social engineering, the conservative mind is a large factor in propagating this disbelief. The hard and fast conservative is the man who cannot conceive that existing constitutions, institutions and social arrangements are mechanisms for achieving social results. To him, *they* are the results; they are final. If he could once cure himself of this illusion, he would be willing to admit that they grew up at haphazard and cross purposes, and mainly at periods quite unlike the present. Admitting this, he would be ready to conceive the possibility that they are as poor mechanisms for accomplishing needed social results as were the physical tools which preceded the mastery of nature by mind. He would then be free: Not freed just to get emotionally excited about something called progress in general, but to consider what improved social mechanisms or contrivances are demanded at the present day.

JOHN DEWEY—*Progress*

## 269. MARRIAGE VERSUS WORK

Nothing could be plainer than the effect that the increasing economic security of women is having upon their whole habit of life and mind. The diminishing marriage rate and the even more rapidly diminishing birth rate show which way the wind is blowing. It is common for male statisticians, with characteristic imbecility, to ascribe the fall in the marriage rate to a growing disinclination on the male side. This growing disinclination is ac-

tually on the female side. Even though no considerable body of women has yet reached the definite doctrine that marriage is less desirable than freedom, it must be plain that large numbers of them now approach the business with far greater fastidiousness than their grandmothers or even their mothers exhibited. They are harder to please, and hence pleased less often. The woman of a century ago could imagine nothing more favourable to her than marriage; even marriage with a fifth rate man was better than no marriage at all. This notion is gradually feeling the opposition of a contrary notion. Women in general may still prefer marriage to work, but there is an increasing minority which begins to realize that work may offer the greater contentment, particularly if it be mellowed by a certain amount of philandering.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

## 270. MORALITY

We cannot kindle when we will  
 The fire which in the heart resides,  
 The spirit bloweth and is still,  
 In mystery our soul abides;  
 But tasks in hours of insight will'd  
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
 We bear the burden and the heat  
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
 Not till the hours of light return  
 All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,  
 When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,  
 Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,  
 Thy struggling, task'd morality—  
 Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air  
 Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,  
 Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,  
 See, on her face, a glow is spread,  
 A strong emotion on her cheek!  
 "Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,  
 Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

\* From *In Defense of Women*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

"There is no effort on *my* brow—  
I do not strive, I do not weep;  
I rush with the swift spheres and glow  
In joy and, when I will, I sleep!  
Yet that severe, that earnest air,  
I saw, I felt it once—but where?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time  
Nor wore the manacles of space;  
I felt it in some other clime!  
I knew it in some other place!  
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,  
And lay upon the breast of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

### 271. SORROW

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave.  
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou  
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;  
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;  
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
The soul's marmoreal calmness: Grief should be  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE, (The younger)

### 272. THE RIGHT USE OF BOOKS

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul,—the soul, free, sovereign, active. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man.

In its essence, it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward. The eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. Man hopes. Genius creates. To create,—to create,—is the proof of a divine presence. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—*The American Scholar* \*

### 273. THE PATRIOT

#### AN OLD STORY

It was roses, roses, all the way,

With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:

The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,

The church-spires flamed, such flags they had  
A year ago on this very day!

The air broke into a mist with bells,

The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.

Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise repels—

But give me your sun from yonder skies!'

They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun

To give it my loving friends to keep!

Nought man could do, have I left undone:

And you see my harvest, what I reap

This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—

Just a palsied few at the windows sit;

For the best of the sight is, all allow,

At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,

By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,

A rope cuts both my wrists behind;

And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,

For they fling, whoever has a mind,

Stones at me for my year's misdeeds

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Thus I entered and thus I go!

In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

'Paid by the World,—what dost thou owe

Me?" God might question: now instead,

'Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.

ROBERT BROWNING

## 274. THE INEVITABLE LIE OF HISTORY

Nothing is more delusive, or at least more woefully imperfect, than the suggestions of authentic history; and nothing more exaggerated than the impressions it conveys of the actual state and condition of those who live in its most agitated periods. The great public events of which it alone takes cognizance have but little direct influence upon the body of the people; and do not, in general, form the principal business or happiness or misery even of those who are in some measure concerned with them. Even in the worst and most disastrous times—in periods of civil war and revolution and public discord and oppression—a great part of the time of a great people is spent in making love and money, in social amusement or professional industry, in schemes for worldly advancement or personal distinction, just as in periods of general peace and prosperity. Men court and marry very nearly as much in the one season as in the other, and are as merry at wedding and christenings, as gallant at balls and races, as busy in their studies and counting-houses—eat as heartily, in short, and sleep as soundly, prattle with their children as pleasantly, and thin their plantations and scold their servants as zealously, as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history.

LORD JEFFREY

## 275. ADVICE TO ACTORS AND READERS

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let



your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word; the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Hamlet*

## 276. THE WAY OF IMPERFECTION

Among all prevalent types of heroine, *the worst* is one apparently founded on Pope's famous dictum,—Most women have no characters at all,—a dictum which we should denounce with scorn, if so acute an observer as De Quincey did not stagger us by defending it. He defends it to attack Pope. Pope (says De Quincey) did not see that what he advances as a reproach against women constitutes the very beauty of them. It is the absence of any definite character which enables their character to be moulded by others; and it is this soft plasticity which renders them such charming companions as wives. It may be so. And it may be paradisaical bliss to have a wife whom you can cut out on a paper pattern. Personally, we should prefer to keep a dog; it would be less expensive. Still, we are inclined to fancy that you take outward pliability and the absence of imperiousness for lack of essential character. Now to execute your determination by command you must have a position of command; the lever requires a fulcrum. Without this position you must either maintain an isolated, futile obstinacy, or be content to sway not by bending, but by manipulating, the will of others. It is, we think, the pleasanter way, and we are not sure that it is the less effectual way. Partly by nature, partly by the accumulative influence of heredity, partly perhaps by training, it is the way which instinctively commends itself to most women. But because in the majority of cases they accommodate themselves to male character and eschew direct opposition, it by no means follows, if our view be correct, that they forgo their own character. You might as well accuse the late Lord Beaconsfield of being wanting in

character, because instead of hurling his ideas against an unstormable opposition he tactfully and patiently insinuated them. We should be inclined to say that the feminine characteristic which De Quincey considered plasticity was rather elasticity. Watching the other day an insect which betrayed a scientific curiosity with regard to our lower extremities, we signified to it our inhospitable disposition by poking it with a stick. Never did we see such a plastic insect. Curling up into a little black-brown pellet, it lay so motionless that we thought it dead; but in a few moments it slowly uncurled, and after a period of cautious delay resumed its advance. Four times was this repeated, and on each occasion the advance was resumed as if never resisted. Then patience gave way. The insect was sent rolling into a little hole, where it lay curled up as before. For twenty minutes by the clock it remained still as death. Death, indeed, we thought had this time certainly overtaken it, and with a passing regret for our thoughtlessness we forgot the tiny being in thought. Tenderer were its recollections of us. When we awoke to consciousness it had resumed its crawling. If this be plasticity, then many women *are* plastic—very plastic.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

### 277. IN STATU QUO

How nicely is our solar system spaced!

How orderly the planet movements are!

Alloof, sedate, self-centered, sober-paced,

Each plods its way around the central star.

Far out, far out upon the soundless sea

The derelicts of Cosmos rush and roll—

Star-hulks, that once in flaming panoply

Sailed on the long cruise 'round the ultimate pole.

Rayless they ride, unnumbered ages through,

Titanic hulks—let lesser craft beware!

Should our good ship, with all her quarreling crew,

Ram one of them—ah, what an end were there!

Shattered against a wanderer in space,

Old Earth would pass away in primal fire;

Like moths in flame, the so-called human race

In a great blaze of glory would expire.

A consummation, do I hear you say,

Devoutly to be wished? The prospect cheers?

Alas, that lee shore is so far away  
We might not make it in a million years.

Hope tells, through Science, an unflattering tale:  
Our lookouts, watching in the quiet night,  
Find in our path nor white nor ebon sail.  
The void is clear. There's no relief in sight!

BERT LESTON TAYLOR \*

## 278. WHAT POETRY IS AND DOES

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship, is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most de-

\* From *A Penny Whistle*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

formed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes; its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty, which is the spirit of its forms.

P. B. SHELLEY—*A Defence of Poetry*

## 279. THE FREEDOM OF THE FLY

I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Not only free, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is a king or a clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift, mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his diggings; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like this?

JOHN RUSKIN—*Liberty and Restraint*

## 280. TIME THE DEVOURER

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
 Each changing place with that which goes before,  
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
 Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:—  
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
 Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

## 281. MONKEYS OR FALLEN ANGELS

Our monkey-blood is also apparent in our judgments of crime. If a crime is committed on impulse, we partly forgive it. Why? Because, being simians, with a weakness for yielding to impulses, we like to excuse ourselves by feeling not accountable for them. Elephants would have probably taken an opposite stand. They aren't creatures of impulse, and would be shocked at crimes due to such causes; their fault is the opposite one of pondering over injuries, and becoming vindictive in the end, out of all due proportion. If a young super-elephant were to murder another on impulse, they would consider him a dangerous character and string him right up. But if he could prove that he had long thought of doing it, they would tend to forgive him. "Poor fellow, he brooded," they would say. "That's upsetting to anyone." As to modesty and decency, if we are simians we have done well, considering: but if we are something else—fallen angels—we have indeed fallen far. Not being modest by instinct we invent artificial ideals, which are doubtless well-meaning but are inherently of course second-rate, so that even at our best we smell prudish. And as for our worst, when we as we say let ourselves go, we dirty the life-force unspeakably, with chuckles and leers. But a race so indecent by nature as the simians are would naturally have a hard time behaving as though they were not: and the strain of pretending that their thoughts were all pretty and sweet, would naturally send them to smutty extremes for relief. The standards of purity we have adopted are far too strict—for simians.

CLARENCE DAY JR. \*

\* From *This Simian World*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



## 282. A DIVERSE PAIR

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:  
The union of this ever diverse pair!  
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,  
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.  
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,  
They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers;  
But they fed not on the advancing hours;  
Their hearts held craving for the buried day.  
Then each applied to each the fatal knife,  
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.  
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul  
When hot for certainties in this our life!  
In tragic hints here see what evermore  
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,  
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,  
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

GEORGE MEREDITH—*Modern Love*

## 283. THE DUAL NATURE OF THE PURITAN

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or awoke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred,



ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Milton*

#### 284. THE GREEK CROWN OF CONTEST

The heathen, in their saddest hours, knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest: No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through Heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a better than this, they had known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild olive*, mark you:—the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thorn-set stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win, while yet you live; type of grey honour, and sweet rest. Free-heartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust, and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain; these,—and the blue sky above you, and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things,—may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine: serviceable for the life that now is; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come.

JOHN RUSKIN—*The Crown of Wild Olive*

#### 285. HISTORY AND TRUTH

History is the medium in which lies are preserved for posterity, just as flies are preserved in amber. History consists of the opinions formed by fallible and often foolish literary men from the

testimony of fallible, contradictory, often dishonest, and rarely dispassionate witnesses. The witnesses, either with malice aforethought or because their faculties are untrained, see falsely, malobserve; then they make false, or, at best, faulty records of their malobservations. A century later comes your Historian; studies these false, faulty, contradictory records; picks and chooses among 'em; forms an opinion, the character of which will be entirely determined by his own character,—his temperament, prejudices, kind and degree of intelligence, and so forth; and finally publishes his opinion under the title of "The History of Ballywhack." But the history, please to remark, remains nothing more nor less than an exposition of the private views of Mr. Jones. And please to remark further that no two histories of Ballywhack will be in the least agreement—except upon unessentials. No, no, no, if you go to seek truth in the printed page, seek it in novels, seek it in poems, seek it in fairy tales or fashion papers but don't waste your time seeking it in histories.

HENRY HARLAND—*The Royal End* \*

### 236. A DEBATE BETWEEN CONSCIENCE AND THE FIEND

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "*Via!*" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend; "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well;" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Merchant of Venice*

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## 287. SUPERSTITIONS

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: *Surely, saith he, I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born; as the poets speak of Saturn. And, as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation: all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further; and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil times; but superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile* that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice in a reversed order. It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the Council of Trent, where the doctrine of the schoolmen bare great sway, *that the schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles, and such engines of orbs to save the phenomena, though they knew there were no such things; and, in like manner, that the schoolmen had framed a number of subtile and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practice of the Church. The causes of superstition are: pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies; excess of outward and pharisaical holiness; over-great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church; the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre; the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties; the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations; and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed: and as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number of petty observances. There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go further from the superstition formerly received; therefore care would be had that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer.**

## 288. A SUPERScription

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;  
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;  
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell  
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;  
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen  
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell  
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,  
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart  
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise  
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,—  
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart  
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart  
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—*House of Life*

## 289. CAPULET'S RAGE AT HIS DAUGHTER JULIET

God's bread! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love;  
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.  
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Romeo and Juliet*

## 290. A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and solemn night!—  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was Queen of land and sea!  
No sound was heard of clashing wars;  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!  
The senator of haughty Rome  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight  
From lordly revel rolling home!  
Triumphal arches gleaming swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway:  
What recked the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door  
Across his path. He passed—for naught  
Told what was going on within;  
How keen the stars! his only thought;  
The air how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high  
Drowsed over common joys and cares:  
The earth was still—but knew not why;  
The world was listening—unawares;  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world for ever!  
To that still moment none would heed,  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago!



It is the calm and solemn night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness, charmed and holy now!  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay new-born  
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago.

ALFRED DOMETT

## 291. CIVILIZED MAN AND THE BARBARIAN

We are so overweighted by nature with impulse, sentiment and emotion, that we are always tempted to rely unduly upon the efficacy of these things. Especially do we like to entrust our destiny to them when they go by eulogistic names—like altruism, kindness, peaceful feelings. But spite of the dogma which measures progress by increase in these sentiments, there is no reason that I know of to suppose that the basic fund of these emotions has increased appreciably in thousands and thousands of years. Man is equipped with these feelings at birth as well as with emotions of fear, anger, emulation and resentment. What appears to be an increase in one set and a decrease in the other set, is in reality, a change in their social occasions and social channels. But there is no reason for thinking that he has less natural aggressiveness or more natural altruism—or will ever have—than the barbarian. There is at any time a sufficient amount of kindly impulses possessed by man to enable him to live in amicable peace with all his fellows; and there is at any time a sufficient equipment of bellicose impulses to keep him in trouble with his fellows. An intensification of the exhibition of one may accompany an intensification of the display of the other, the only difference being that social arrangements cause the kindly feelings to be displayed toward one set of fellows and the hostile impulses toward another set. Thus, as everybody knows, the hatred toward the foreigner characterizing peoples now at war is attended by an unusual manifestation of mutual affection and love within each warring group. So characteristic is this fact that that man was a good psychologist who said that he wished that this planet might get into war with another planet, as that was the only effective way he saw of developing a world-wide community of interest in this globe's population.

JOHN DEWEY—*Progress*



## 292. VERACITY OF THOUGHT

The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges when, by failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off.

It is with this intent that I have subordinated any reasonable, or unreasonable, ambition for scientific fame which I may have permitted myself to entertain to other ends; to the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadliest enemy of science.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY—*Autobiography*

## 293. PORTIA TO BASSANIO

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich;  
That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted; but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*The Merchant of Venice*

#### 294. FEMININE TECHNIQUE IN BUSINESS AND MARRIAGE

Even in this age of emancipation, normal women have few serious transactions in life save with their husbands and potential husbands; the business of marriage is their dominant concern from adolescence to senility. When they step outside their habitual circle they show the same alert and eager wariness that they exhibit within it. A man who has dealings with them must keep his wits about him, and even when he is most cautious he is often flabbergasted by their sudden and unconscionable forays. Whenever a woman goes into trade she quickly gets a reputation as a sharp trader. Every little town in America has its Hetty Green, each sweating blood from turnips, each the terror of all the male usurers of the neighbourhood. The man who tackles such an amazon of barter takes his fortune into his hands. He has little more chance of success against the feminine technique in marriage. In both arenas the advantage of women lies in their freedom from sentimentality. In business they address themselves wholly to their own profit, and give no thought whatever to the hopes, aspirations, and amour propre of their antagonists. And in the duel of sex they fence, not to make points, but to disable and disarm. A man, when he succeeds in throwing off a woman who has attempted to marry him, always carries away a maudlin sympathy for her in her defeat and dismay. But no one ever heard of a woman who pities the poor fellow whose honest passion she had found it expedient to spurn. On the contrary, women take delight in such clownish agonies, and exhibit them proudly, and boast about them to other women.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

\* From *In Defense of Women*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 295. THE TOYS

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him, and dismissed  
With hard words and unkind,  
—His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So, when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept, and said:  
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say;  
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

~ CONVENTRY PATMORE

## 296. THE AGE AND THE MAN

Those who have read history with discrimination know the fallacy of those panegyrics and invectives which represent individuals as effecting great moral and intellectual revolutions, subverting established systems, and imprinting a new character on their age. The difference between one man and another is by no means so great as the superstitious crowd supposes. By a law of association, from the operation of which even minds the most strictly regulated by

reason are not wholly exempt, misery disposes us to hatred and happiness to love, although there may be no person to whom our misery or our happiness can be ascribed. The peevishness of an invalid vents itself even on those who alleviate his pain; the good humour of a man elated by success often displays itself towards enemies. In the same manner, the feelings of pleasure and admiration to which the contemplation of great events gives birth make an object where they do not find it. Thus nations descend to the absurdities of Egyptian idolatry and worship stocks and reptiles. They even fall prostrate before a deity to which they have themselves given the form which commands their veneration, and which unless fashioned by them would have remained a shapeless block. They persuade themselves that they are the creatures of what they have themselves created. For, in fact, it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age.

T. B. MACAULAY—*John Dryden*

### 297. ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,  
England, my England?

What is there I would not do,  
England, my own?

With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and  
dear

As the Song on your bugles  
blown, England—

Round the world on your bu-  
gles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,  
England, my England,

Match the master-work you've  
done,

England, my own?

When shall he rejoice agen  
Such a breed of mighty men

As come forward, one to ten,  
To the Song on your bugles  
blown, England—

Down the years on your bu-  
gles blown!

Ever the faith endures.

England, my England:—

Take and break us: we are  
yours,

England, my own!

'Life is good, and joy runs high  
Between English earth and sky:  
Death is death; but we shall  
die

To the Song on your bugles  
blown, England—

To the stars on your bugles  
blown!'

They call you proud and hard,  
England, my England:

You with worlds to watch and  
ward,

England, my own!

You whose mailed hand keeps  
the keys

Of such teeming destinies,  
You could know nor dread nor  
ease

Were the Song on your bu-  
gles blown, England,

Round the Pit on your bu-  
gles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might  
 England, my England,  
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,  
 England, my own,  
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient  
 Sword,

There's the menace of the Word  
 In the Song of your bugles  
 blown, England—  
 Out of heaven on your bugles  
 blown!

W. E. HENLEY

### 298. SINCE THERE'S NO HELP

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—  
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;  
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
 And when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows  
 That we one jot of former love retain.  
 Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,  
 When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,  
 When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And innocence is closing up his eyes,  
 —Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

MICHAEL DRAYTON

### 299. ITYLUS

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,  
 How can thine heart be full of the spring?  
 A thousand summers are over and dead.  
 What hast thou found in the spring to follow?  
 What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?  
 What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,  
 I know not how thou hast heart to sing.  
 Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?  
 Thy lord the summer is good to follow,  
 And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:  
 But what wilt thou say to the spring thy  
 lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,  
 My heart in me is a molten ember  
 And over my head the waves have met.

But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,  
 Could I forget or thou remember,  
 Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,  
 The heart's division divideth us.  
 Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;  
 But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow  
 To the place of the slaying of Itylus,  
 The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,  
 I pray thee sing not a little space.  
 Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?  
 The woven web that was plain to follow,  
 The small slain body, the flowerlike face.  
 Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!  
 The hands that cling and the feet that follow,  
 The voice of the child's blood crying yet,  
*Who hath remembered me? who hath forgotten?*  
 Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow.  
 But the world shall end when I forget.

A. C. SWINBURNE

### 300. MARTIN LUTHER AT POTSDAM

WHAT lightning shall light it? What thunder shall tell it?  
 In the height of the height, in the depth of the deep?  
 Shall the sea-storm declare it, or paint it, or smell it?  
 Shall the price of a slave be its treasure to keep?  
 When the night has grown near with the gems on her bosom,  
 When the white of mine eyes is the whiteness of snow,  
 When the cabman—in liquor—drives a blue roan, a kicker,  
 Into the land of the dear long ago.

Ah!—Ah, again!—you will come to me, fall on me—  
 You are so heavy, and I am so flat.  
 And I? I shall not be at home when you call on me,  
 But stray down the wind like a gentleman's hat:  
 I shall list to the stars when the music is purple,  
 Be drawn through a pipe, and exhaled into rings;  
 Turn to sparks, and then straightway get stuck in the gateway  
 That stands between speech and unspeakable things,



As I mentioned before, by what light is it lighted?  
 Oh! Is it fourpence, or piebald, or gray?  
 Is it a mayor that a mother has knighted,  
 Or is it a horse of the sun and the day?  
 Is it a pony? If so, who will change it?  
 O golfer, be quiet, and mark where it scuds,  
 And think of its paces—of owners and races—  
 Relinquish the links for the study of studs.

Not understood? Take me hence! Take me yonder!  
 Take me away to the land of my rest—  
 There where the Ganges and other gees wander,  
 And uncles and antelopes act for the best,  
 And all things are mixed and run into each other  
 In a violet twilight of virtues and sins,  
 With the church-spires below you and no one to show you  
 Where the curate leaves off and the pew-rent begins!

In the black night through the rank grass the snakes peer—  
 The cobs and the cobras are partial to grass—  
 And a boy wanders out with a knowledge of Shakespeare  
 That's not often found in a boy of his class,  
 And a girl wanders out without any knowledge,  
 And a bird wanders out, and a cow wanders out,  
 Likewise one wether, and they wander together—  
 There's a good deal of wandering lying about.

But it's all for the best; I've been told by my friends, Sir,  
 That in verses I'd written the meaning was slight;  
 I've tried with no meaning—to make 'em amends, Sir—  
 And find that this kind's still more easy to write.  
 The title has nothing to do with the verses,  
 But think of the millions—the laborers who  
 In busy employment find deepest enjoyment,  
 And yet, like my title, have nothing to do!

BARRY PAIN

### 301. NONCONFORMITY

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. . . .

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people

think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude: . . .

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.—'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.' —Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. . . .

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—*Essays* \*

### 302. THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

|                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| How vainly men themselves        | Your sacred plants, if here be-   |
| amaze                            | low,                              |
| To win the palm, the oak, or     | Only among the plants will grow:  |
| bays,                            | Society is all but rude           |
| And their incessant labours see  | To this delicious solitude.       |
| Crown'd from some single herb    |                                   |
| or tree,                         | Meanwhile the mind from pleas-    |
| Whose short and narrow-vergéd    | ure less                          |
| shade                            | Withdraws into its happiness;     |
| Does prudently their toils up-   | The mind, that ocean where each   |
| braid;                           | kind                              |
| While all the flowers and trees  | Does straight its own resem-      |
| do close                         | blance find;                      |
| To weave the garlands of Re-     | Yet it creates, transcending      |
| pose.                            | these,                            |
|                                  | Far other worlds, and other seas; |
| Fair Quiet, have I found thee    | Annihilating all that's made      |
| here,                            | To a green thought in a green     |
| And Innocence thy sister dear?   | shade.                            |
| Mistaken long, I sought you then |                                   |
| In busy companies of men:        | Here at the fountain's sliding    |
|                                  | foot                              |

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Or at some fruit-tree's mossy  
root,

Casting the body's vest aside  
My soul into the boughs does  
glide;

There, like a bird, it sits and  
sings,

Then whets and claps its silver  
wings,

And, till prepared for longer  
flight,

Waves in its plumes the various  
light.

Such was that happy Garden-  
state

While man there walk'd without  
a mate:

After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other helps could yet be  
meet!

But 'twas beyond a mortal's  
share

To wander solitary there:  
Two paradises 'twere in one,  
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener  
drew

Of flowers and herbs this dial  
new!

Where, from above, the milder  
sun

Does through a fragrant zodiac  
run:

And, as it works, th' industrious  
bee

Computes its time as well as we,  
How could such sweet and whole-  
some hours

Be reckon'd, but with herbs and  
flowers!

ANDREW MARVELL

### 303. A CHARACTER—AND A QUESTION

A DUBIOUS, strange, uncomprehended life,—

A roll of riddles with no answer found,—

A sea-like soul which plummet cannot sound

Torn by belligerent winds at mutual strife.

The god in him hath taken unto wife

A daughter of the pit, and—strongly bound

By coils of snake-like hair about him wound—

Dies straining hard to raise the severing knife.

For such a sunken soul what room in Heaven?

For such a soaring soul what place in Hell?

Can these desires be damned, these doings shriven.

Or in some lone mid-region must he dwell

For ever? Lo! God sitteth with the seven

Stars in His hand, and shall not He judge well?

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE

### 304. THE DUTY OF DOUBTING

Every one has an undoubted right to think freely: nay, it is the duty of every one to do so, as far as he has the necessary means, and opportunities. They who have neither means nor opportuni-

ties of this sort, must submit their opinions to authority; and to what authority can they resign themselves so properly, and so safely, as to that of the laws and constitution of their country? In general, nothing can be more absurd than to take opinions, of the greatest moment, and such as concern us the most intimately, on trust. But there is no help against it in many particular cases. Things the most absurd in speculation become necessary in practice. Such is the human constitution, and reason excuses them on the account of this necessity. Reason does even a little more; and it is all she can do. She gives the best direction possible to the absurdity. Thus she directs those who must believe because they cannot know, to believe in the laws of their country, and conform their opinions and practice to those of their ancestors.

But now the same reason that gives this discretion to such men as these will give a very contrary direction to those who have the means and opportunities the others want. Far from advising them to submit to this mental bondage, she will advise them to employ their whole industry, to exert the utmost freedom of thought, and to rest on no authority but hers, that is, their own. She will speak to them in the language of the Sufis, a sect of philosophers in Persia, that travellers have mentioned. 'Doubt,' say these wise and honest free-thinkers, 'is the key of knowledge. He who never doubts, never examines. He who never examines, discovers nothing. He who discovers nothing, is blind, and will remain so. If you find no reason to doubt concerning the opinions of your fathers, keep to them, they will be sufficient for you. If you find any reason to doubt concerning them, seek the truth quietly, but take care not to disturb the minds of other men.'

H. SAINT-JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE—*Letter to Pope*

### 305. GAINS AND LOSSES OF GROWING UP

The regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable; so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impulse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others; and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers. Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the Devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind. We go to school no more; and if we have only exchanged one drudgery for another (which is by no means sure), we are set free forever from the daily fear of chastisement. And yet a great change has overtaken us; and although we do not enjoy ourselves less, at least we take our

pleasures differently. We need pickles nowadays to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story, would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person, cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables; and if he has but read of a dish in a story book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Child's Play* \*

### 306. THE GREAT ADVENTURER

OVER the mountains  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves;  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest  
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to lie;  
Where there is no space  
For receipt of a fly;  
Where the midge dares not venture

Lest herself fast she lay;  
If love come, he will enter  
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
A child for his might;  
Or you may deem him  
A coward from his flight;

But if she whom love doth honour

Be conceal'd from the day,  
Set a thousand guards upon her,  
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
By having him confined;  
And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that you may,  
Blind love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
The phoenix of the east;  
The lioness, ye may move her  
To give o'er her prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:  
He will find out his way.

ANONYMOUS

### 307. THE QUEEN OF FRANCE

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and

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cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. . . . But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

EDMUND BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*

### 308. THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

Some day when our modern types of capitalists are extinct, in their turn, will future poets sing of their fine deeds, and make young readers dream? Our capitalists are not popular in these days, but the knights weren't in theirs, and whenever abuse grows extreme a reaction will follow. Our critics and reformers think they will be the heroes of song, but do we sing of critics who lived in the ages of chivalry? There must have been reformers then who pleaded the cause of down-trodden citizens, and denounced and exposed cruel knights, but we don't know their names. It is the knights we remember and idealize, even old Front-de-Boeuf. They were doers—and the men of the future will idealize ours. Our predatory interests will seem to them gallant and strong. When a new Tennyson appears, he will never look up the things in our newspapers; he won't even read the encyclopedia—Tennysons don't. He will get his conception of capitalists out of his heart. Mighty men who built towers to work in, and fought with one another, and engaged in great capitalist wars, and stood high above labor. King Carnegie and his round directors'-table of



barons of steel. Armour, Hill and Stillman, Jay Gould—musical names, fit for poems. The men of the future will read, and disparage their era, and wish they had lived in the wild clashing times we have now. And if some essay, like this, says the capitalists were not all noble, but a mixed human lot like the knights, many with selfish, harsh ways, the reader will turn from it restlessly. We need these illusions. Ah, well, if we must romanticize something, it had best be the past.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.\*

### 309. THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd  
The light in the dust lies dead—  
When the cloud is scatter'd,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remember'd not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the  
lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is  
mute—  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruin'd  
cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's  
knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built  
nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possest.  
O Love! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and  
your bier?

Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on  
high;  
Bright reason will mock thee  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds  
come.

P. B. SHELLEY

### 310. CONSCIENCE HAS NEVER BEEN FREE

The great writers to whom the world owes what religious liberty it possesses, have mostly asserted freedom of conscience as an indefeasible right, and denied absolutely that a human being is accountable to others for his religious belief. Yet so natural to mankind is intolerance in whatever they really care about, that religious freedom has hardly anywhere been practically realized, except where religious indifference, which dislikes to have its peace

\* From *The Crow's Nest*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

disturbed by theological quarrels, has added its weight to the scale. In the minds of almost all religious persons, even in the most tolerant countries, the duty of toleration is admitted with tacit reserves. One person will bear with dissent in matters of church government, but not of dogma; another can tolerate everybody, short of a Papist or an Unitarian; another, every one who believes in revealed religion; a few extend their charity a little further, but stop at the belief in a God and in a future state. Wherever the sentiment of the majority is still genuine and intense, it is found to have abated little of its claim to be obeyed.

JOHN STUART MILL—*On Liberty*

### 311. THE STUDENT'S CHAMBER

STRANGE things pass nightly in this little room,  
 All dreary as it looks by light of day;  
 Enchantment reigns here when at evening play  
 Red firelit glimpses through the pallid gloom:  
 Then come—perchance the shadows thrown assume  
 That guise—heroic guests in dim array,—  
 The Kings of eld, returned the human way  
 By Bridge of Dread, from star to straitening tomb.  
 High dreams they bring that never were dreamt in sleep:  
 These walls yawn wide to Time, to Death, and Hell,  
 To the last abyss of men's wild cries to Heaven;  
 While night uncurtains on a sobbing deep,  
 And lo! the land wherein the Holy Grail,  
 In far Monsalvat, to the soul is given.

ERNEST RHYS

### 312. A TEST OF MORALITY

Supposing it were told any of you by a physician whose word you could not but trust, that you had not more than seven days to live. And suppose also that, by the manner of your education it had happened to you, as it has happened to many, never to have heard of any future state, or not to have credited what you heard; and therefore that you had to face this fact of the approach of death in its simplicity: fearing no punishment for any sin that you might have before committed, or in the coming days might determine to commit; and having similarly no hope of reward for past, or yet possible, virtue; nor even of any consciousness whatever to be left to you, after the seventh day had ended, either of the results of your acts to those whom you loved, or of the feelings of any survivors towards you. Then the manner in which

you would spend the seven days is an exact measure of the morality of your nature.

I know that some of you, and I believe the greater number of you, would, in such a case, spend the granted days entirely as you ought. Neither in numbering the errors, or deploring the pleasures of the past; nor in grasping at vile good in the present nor vainly lamenting the darkness of the future; but in instant and earnest execution of whatever it might be possible for you to accomplish in the time, in setting your affairs in order, and in providing for the future comfort, and—so far as you might by any message or record of yourself—for the consolation of those whom you loved, and by whom you desired to be remembered, not for your good, but for theirs.

JOHN RUSKIN—*Art and Morals*

### 313. HAPPY INFANCY

HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my Angel-infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy  
aught  
But a white, celestial thought;  
When yet I had not walk'd above  
A mile or two from my first  
Love,  
And looking back, at that short  
space  
Could see a glimpse of His  
bright face;  
When on some gilded cloud or  
flower  
My gazing soul would dwell an  
hour,  
And in those weaker glories spy  
Some shadows of eternity;  
Before I taught my tongue to  
wound  
My conscience with a sinful  
sound,  
Or had the black art to dispense  
A several sin to every sense,

But felt through all this fleshly  
dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,  
And tread again that ancient  
track!

That I might once more reach  
that plain

Where first I left my glorious  
train;

From whence th' enlighten'd  
spirit sees

That shady City of palm trees!  
But ah! my soul with too much  
stay

Is drunk, and staggers in the  
way:—

Some men a forward motion  
love,

But I by backward steps would  
move;

And when this dust falls to the  
urn,

In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN

## 314. THE PERFECTNESS OF THE LOWER NATURE

For the modern English mind has this much in common with that of the Greek, that it intensely desires, in all things, the utmost completion or perfection compatible with their nature. This is a noble character in the abstract, but becomes ignoble when it causes us to forget the relative dignities of that nature itself, and to prefer the perfectness of the lower nature to the imperfection of the higher; not considering that as, judged by such a rule, all the brute animals would be preferable to man, because more perfect in their functions and their kind, and yet are always held inferior to him, so also in the works of man, those which are more perfect in their kind are always inferior to those which are, in their nature, liable to more faults and shortcomings. For the finer the nature, the more flaws will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of this universe that the best things shall be seldome seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly, one year with another; but the wheat is, according to the greater nobleness of its nature, liable to the bitterer blight. And therefore, while in all things that we see or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it, we are nevertheless not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing.

JOHN RUSKIN—*The Stones of Venice*

## 315. BUSY-NESS

Extreme *busyness*, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless-Necessity-lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk; they *cannot* be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious molling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would sup-

pose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralyzed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*An Apology For Idlers* \*

### 316. THE PLAY'S THE THING

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
That from her working all his visage wann'd,  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.  
Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!  
O, vengeance!

                    This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a trull, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!  
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard  
That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: the play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Hamlet*

### 317. FREEDOM THE CURE FOR FREEDOM

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory.



There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colours, or recognise faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Milton*

### 318. IN IMMEMORIAM

WE seek to know, and knowing, seek;  
We seek, we know, and every sense  
Is trembling with the great intense,  
And vibrating to what we speak.

We ask too much, we seek too oft;  
We know enough, and should no more;  
And yet we skim through Fancy's lore,  
And look to earth, and not aloft.

A something comes from out the gloom—  
I know it not, nor seek to know—  
I only see it swell and grow,  
And more than that would not presume.

Meseems a circling void I fill,  
And I unchanged where all is change;  
It seems unreal—I own it strange—  
Yet nurse the thoughts I dare not kill.

I hear the ocean's surging tide  
Raise, quiring on, its coral-tune;

I watch the golden-sickled moon,  
And clearer voices call beside.

O sea! whose ancient ripples lie  
On red-ribbed sands where seaweeds shone;  
O moon! whose golden sickle's gone,  
O voices all! like you I die. (*Dies*)

CUTHBERT BEDE

### 319. HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

LIFE of life! Thy lips enkindle  
With their love the breath between them;  
And thy smiles before they  
dwindle  
Make the cold air fire; then  
screen them  
In those locks, where whoso  
gazes  
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! Thy limbs are  
burning  
Through the veil which seems  
to hide them,  
As the radiant lines of morning  
Through thin clouds, ere they  
divide them;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou  
shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds  
Thee;  
But thy voice sounds low and  
tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid  
splendour;  
And all feel, yet see thee  
never,—  
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou  
movest,  
Its dim shapes are clad with  
brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou  
lovest  
Walk upon the winds with  
lightness  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

P. B. SHELLEY

### 320. THE INTELLECTUAL TEMPER OF THE AGE

The present age is a critical one and interesting to live in. The civilisation characteristic of Christendom has not yet disappeared, yet another civilisation has begun to take its place. We still understand the value of religious faith; we still appreciate the pompous arts of our forefathers; we are brought up on academic architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, and music. We still love monarchy and aristocracy, together with that picturesque and dutiful order which rested on local institutions, class privileges, and the authority of the family. We may even feel an organic need for all these things, cling to them tenaciously, and

dream of rejuvenating them. On the other hand the shell of Christendom is broken. The unconquerable mind of the East, the pagan past, the industrial socialistic future confront it with their equal authority. Our whole life and mind is saturated with the slow upward filtration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy. These epithets may make us shudder; but what they describe is something positive and self-justified, something deeply rooted in our animal nature and inspiring to our hearts, something which, like every vital impulse, is pregnant with a morality of its own. . . . It stirs not unpleasantly a certain sturdy animality and hearty self-trust which lie at the basis of human nature.

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Winds of Doctrine* \*

### 321. ODE ON THE SPRING

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd  
Hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting  
flowers

And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her  
throat

Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of  
Spring:

While, whispering pleasure as  
they fly,

Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue  
sky

Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick  
branches stretch

A broader, browner shade,  
Where'er the rude and moss-  
grown beech

O'er-canopies the glade,  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the Muse shall sit, and  
think

(At ease reclined in rustic  
state)

How vain the ardour of the  
crowd,

How low, how little are the  
proud,

How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
The panting herds repose:

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled  
air

The busy murmur glows!  
The insect-youth are on the  
wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring  
And float amid the liquid noon:

Some lightly o'er the current  
skim,

Some show their gaily-gilded  
trim

Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of Man:  
And they that creep, and they  
that fly,

Shall end where they began.  
Alike the Busy and the Gay  
But flutter thro' life's little day.  
In Fortune's varying colours  
drest:

Brush'd by the hand of rough  
Mischance,

\* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Or chill'd by Age, their airy  
dance

They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
The sportive kind reply:

Poor moralist! and what art  
thou?

A solitary fly!

Thy joys no glittering female  
meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded  
sweets,

No painted plumage to display:  
On hasty wings thy youth is

flown;

Thy sun is set, thy spring is  
gone—

We frolic while 'tis May.

THOMAS GRAY

### 322. SUNKEN GOLD

In dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,

While gold doubloons that from the drowned hand fell

Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell

With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now dead lips,

And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass whips

And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,

Where sea-weed forests fill each ocean dell,

And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes,

Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,

In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes.

They lie deep, deep; but I at times behold

In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,

The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON

### 323. CÆSAR TO HIS PETITIONERS

I MUST prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

I could be well mov'd if I were as you;  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;  
 But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire and every one doth shine,  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
 So, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
 Yet in the number I do know but one  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,  
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this,  
 That I was constant Cimber should be banished,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Julius Cæsar*

### 324. THE NECESSITY FOR A NOMINAL RELIGION

It is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery, that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced; yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy we know is freely spoke a million of times in every coffee-house and tavern, or where-ever else good company meet. It must be allowed indeed, that to break an English free-born officer only for blasphemy, was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general; perhaps



he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy, may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for, surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

JONATHAN SWIFT—*Abolishing of Christianity in England*

### 325. WOMEN NOT THOROUGHLY CIVILIZED

Perhaps one of the chief charms of women lies precisely in the fact that they are dishonourable i.e., that they are relatively uncivilized. In the midst of all the puerile repressions and inhibitions that hedge them round, they continue to show a gipsy spirit. No genuine woman ever gives a hoot for law if law happens to stand in the way of private interest. She is essentially an outlaw, a rebel, what H. G. Wells calls a nomad. The boons of civilization are so noisily cried up by sentimentalists that we are all apt to overlook its disadvantages. Intrinsically, it is a mere device for regimenting men. Its perfect symbol is the goose-step. The most civilized man is simply that man who has been most successful in caging and harnessing his honest and natural instincts—that is, the man who has done most cruel violence to his own ego in the interest of the commonweal is always overestimated. What is it at bottom? Simply the greatest good to the greatest number—of petty rogues, ignoramuses and poltroons.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

### 326. ON THE RUSSIAN PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

O son of man, by lying tongues adored,  
 By slaughterous hands of slaves with feet red-shod  
 In carnage deep as ever Christian trod  
 Profaned with prayer and sacrifice abhorred  
 And incense from the trembling tyrant's horde,  
 Brute worshippers of wielders of the rod,  
 Most murderous even of all that call thee God,  
 Most treacherous even that ever called thee Lord;—  
 Face loved of little children long ago,  
 Head hated of the priests and rulers then,  
 If thou see this, or hear these hounds of thine  
 Run ravening as the Gadarean swine,  
 Say, was not this thy Passion to foreknow  
 In death's worst hour the works of Christian men?

A. C. SWINBURNE

\* From *In Defense of Women*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



## 327. MERCUTIO DISCOURSES ON QUEEN MAB

SHE is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice;  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;  
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Romeo and Juliet*

## 328. SOCIAL STRUCTURES MAY HAVE ROTTEN FOUNDATIONS

Man may be the most rational of the beasts but certainly he is the most absurd. Even Swift could not set human folly in too strong a light. Yet the odd thing is that in spite of his absurdities he moves steadily upwards. From false premises he often arrives

at sound conclusions; from a chimerical theory he deduces a salutary practice. If modern institutions have been built on rotten foundations, it does not follow that they must all come down. Some social institutions have partially rested on a basis of superstition. They derived much of their strength from beliefs which nowadays we condemn as absurd. The task of government, for instance, was greatly facilitated by a superstition that the governors belonged to a supernatural order of beings and possessed powers to which the governed could lay no claim or make no resistance. Thus people yielded them a prompter and more implicit obedience than if they had known them to be men like themselves. Similarly, Private Property, Marriage, Respect for Human Life were all strengthened in the beginning by, perhaps originated in, superstition. Yet no institution founded wholly on superstition—that is, on falsehood—can be permanent. If it does not answer to some real human need, it must perish, and the sooner the better.

J. G. FRAZER—*Psyche's Task* \*

### 329. THE USELESSNESS OF EDUCATION

You must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, "the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of

\* From *The Golden Bough*, published by the Macmillan Company.

dragons; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest." You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however I defy your owls to match mine.

THOMAS GRAY—*Letter to Richard West*

### 330. THE DOG A PERFECT SERVANT

In the case of those domestic animals which are honorific and are reputed beautiful, the dog has advantages in the way of usefulness as well as in special gifts of temperament. He is often spoken of, in an eminent sense, as the friend of man, and his intelligence and fidelity are praised. The meaning of this is that the dog is man's servant and that he has the gift of an unquestioning subservience and a slave's quickness in guessing his master's mood. Coupled with these traits, which fit him well for the relation of status—and which must for the present be set down as serviceable traits—the dog has some characteristics which are of a more equivocal æsthetic value. He is the filthiest of the domestic animals in his person and the nastiest in his habits. For this he makes up in a servile, fawning attitude towards his master, and a readiness to inflict damage and discomfort on all else. The dog, then, commends himself to our favor by affording play to our propensity for mastery, and as he commonly serves no industrial purpose, he holds a well-assured place in men's regard as a thing of good repute. The dog is at the same time associated in our imaginations with the chase—a meritorious employment and an expression of the honourable predatory impulse.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN—*The Theory of the Leisure Class* \*

### 331. RIGHTS AND DUTIES

People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man likes. I call that man free who is master of his lower appetites, who is able to rule himself. I call him free who has his flesh in subjection to his spirit. I call him free who fears doing wrong, but who fears neither man nor devil besides.

We hear in these days a great deal respecting rights. We hear of the rights of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's. But the way in which we expound those rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man

\* By permission of B. W. Huebsch.

who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous divine world than his rights.

The cry of "My rights, your duties," I think we might change to something nobler. If we could learn to say "My duties, your rights," we should come to the same thing in the end; but the spirit would be different. All we are gaining by this cry of "Rights" is the life of the wild beast, and of the wild man of the desert whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him. Nay, the very brutes, unless they had an instinct which respects rights even more strongly than it claims them, could never form anything like a community. Did you never observe in a heronry or a rookery that the new-made nest is left in perfect confidence by the birds that build it? If the others had not learned to respect those private and sacred rights, but began to assert each his right to the sticks which are woven together there, it would be some time before you could get a heronry or a rookery!

My rights are, in truth, my duties; my rights are limited by another man's rights. For example, I have a perfect right to build a wall on my own estate. The language of the law is that to whomsoever the soil belongs is his all up to the skies. But within three yards of my wall is my neighbor's window. What becomes of the right that I was talking of? My right is limited; it is my duty, because limited by his right.

F. W. ROBERTSON

### 332. PORTIA ON MERCY

THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Merchant of Venice*

### 333. THE RICH TO BE PITIED

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heap of finery; for our pleasure the lackeyed train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty, may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, that "we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavouring to think so ourselves."

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome enough to the ambitious; yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety, for danger and a ribbon. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke and a duchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so much the worse for themselves; if they choose to exhibit in public, with a hundred lackeys in their equipage, for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves; it is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure; *they* are only the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

A mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly bonze, who, following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other; "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't much desire."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World*



## 334. WHEN I HAVE FEARS

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry  
Hold like rich garner's the full-ripen'd grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour!  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the fairy power  
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

JOHN KEATS

## 335. TRUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHERS

To covet truth is a very distinguished passion. Every philosopher says he is pursuing truth, but this is seldom the case. As Mr. Bertrand Russell has observed, the reason why philosophers often fail to reach the truth is that often they do not desire to reach it. Those who are genuinely concerned in discovering what happens to be true are rather the men of science, the naturalists, the historians; and ordinarily they discover it, according to their lights. The truths they find are never complete, and are not always important; but they are integral parts of the truth, facts and circumstances that help to fill in the picture, and that no later interpretation can invalidate or afford to contradict. But professional philosophers are usually only apologists: that is, they are absorbed in defending some vested illusion or some eloquent idea. Like lawyers or detectives, they study the case for which they are retained, to see how much evidence or semblance of evidence they can gather for the defence, and how much prejudice they can raise against the witnesses for the prosecution; for they know they are defending prisoners suspected by the world, and perhaps by their own good sense, of falsification. They do not covet truth but victory and the dispelling of their own doubts. What they defend is some system, that is, some view about the totality of things, of which men are actually ignorant. . . . It may be expressive of human experience, it may be poetical; but how should any one who really coveted truth suppose that it was true?

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Winds of Doctrine*\*

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## 336. ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me, useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:  
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts. Who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON

## 337. TWEEDLEDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM

The newspapers have occasionally recorded the fact with humorous comment, that the Chinese Government had been threatening a certain god with deposition if he should fail to fulfill the prayers of the people; if, for example, he did not send them the rain they had been soliciting or had not secured the victory to the imperial army. But these same newspapers publish in the most prominent places governmental decrees—as for example in England after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir—appointing a day for the people to assemble and give thanks to God, in a regularly appointed formula, for that He had been graciously pleased to grant them the victory. What is the essential difference between a decree of the Chinese Government depriving the national god of some portion of his offerings because he had permitted an epidemic to scourge the land, and the decree of the English Government acknowledging the indebtedness of the people because He had taken good care of the political interests of England in Egypt and shown himself the true friend of the British and the enemy of the Arabs? Both decrees are founded upon the same ideas, only the Chinese are more courageous and consistent than the English, who, in case of a defeat, would not venture to express their disapprobation of His indifference to the duties He owes to the nation, as, in case of a victory, they award Him the honor and praise.

MAX NORDAU—*Conventional Lies of Civilization*

338. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE  
IN AMERICAN VULGATE

When things get so balled up that the people of a country have to cut loose from some other country, and go it on their own hook, without asking no permission from nobody, excepting maybe God Almighty, then they ought to let everybody know why they done it, so that everybody can see they are on the level, and not trying to put nothing over on nobody. All we got to say on this proposition is this: first, you and me is as good as anybody else, and maybe a damn sight better; second, nobody ain't got no right to take away none of our rights; third, every man has got a right to live, to come and go as he pleases, and to have a good time however he likes, so long as he don't interfere with nobody else. That any government that don't give a man these rights ain't worth a damn; also, people ought to choose the kind of government they want themselves, and nobody else ought to have no say in the matter. That whenever any government don't do this, then the people have got a right to can it, and put in one that will take care of their interests. Of course that don't mean having a revolution every day like them South American coons and yellow-bellies and Bolsheviki, or every time some job-holder does something he ain't got no business to do. It is better to stand a little graft, etc., than to have revolutions all the time, like them coons and Bolsheviki, and any man that wasn't a anarchist or one of them I. W. W's would say the same. But when things get so bad that a man ain't hardly got no rights at all no more, but you might almost call him a slave, then everybody ought to get together and throw the grafters out, and put in new ones who won't carry on so high and steal so much, and then watch them. This is the proposition the people of these Colonies is up against, and they have got tired of it, and won't stand it no more. The administration of the present King, George III, has been rotten from the start, and when anybody kicked about it he always tried to get away with it by strong-arm work.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

## 339. LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.

Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend

Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,

Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.

Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.

And now upon his western wing he leaned,

\* From *The American Language*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careened,  
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars  
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,  
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.  
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,  
The army of unalterable law.

GEORGE MEREDITH

### 340. THE EVIDENCE FOR EVOLUTION

The main conclusion arrived at in this work, namely that man is descended from some lowly-organised form, will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many persons. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and like wild animals lived on what they could catch; they had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper; or from the old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hopes for a still higher destiny in the distant future. But we are not here concerned with hopes or fears, only with the truth as far as our reason allows us to discover it. I have given the evidence to the best of my ability; and we must acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like

intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN—*The Descent of Man*

### 341. BRUTUS TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly—any dear friend of Cæsar's,—to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak! for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. None? Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth,—as which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Julius Cæsar*

### 342. THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon.

Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;  
 Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong  
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
 Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong  
 At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth  
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song:  
 In-doors and out, summer and winter,—Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT

### 343. BRITTLE BONES

THOUGH I am an old man  
 With my bones very brittle,  
 Though I am a poor old man  
 Worth very little.  
 Yet I suck at my long pipe  
 At peace in the sun,  
 I do not fret nor much regret  
 That my work is done.

If I were a young man  
 With my bones full of marrow,  
 Oh, if I were a bold young man  
 Straight as an arrow,  
 And if I had the same years  
 To live once again,  
 I would not change their simple  
 range  
 Of laughter and pain.

If I were a young man  
 And young was my Lily,  
 A smart girl, a bold young man,  
 Both of us silly;  
 And though from time before I  
 knew

She'd stab me with pain,  
 Though well I knew she'd not be  
 true,  
 I'd love her again.

If I were a young man  
 With a brisk, healthy body,  
 Oh, if I were a bold young man  
 With love of rum and toddy,  
 Though I knew that I was spit-  
 ing  
 My old age with pain,  
 My happy lip would touch and  
 sip  
 Again and again.

If I were a young man  
 With my bones full of marrow,  
 Oh, if I were a bold young man  
 Straight as an arrow,  
 I'd store up no virtue  
 For Heaven's distant plain,  
 I'd live at ease as I did please  
 And sin once again.

ROBERT GRAVES \*

### 344. THE DEATH PENALTY ONLY FOR MURDER

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced, that the work of eradicating crime is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead

\* From *Country Sentiment*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state. Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men is equally so between a hundred, or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks; and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in time of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield*

### 345. THE AMERICAN ILLUSION

Just starting out on his own career as a man of affairs, Steve had an overpowering respect for what he thought of as the subtlety of men of affairs. With all the other American youths of his generation, he had been swept off his feet by the propaganda that went on and is still going on, and that is meant to create the illusion of greatness in connection with the ownership of money. He did not then know and, in spite of his own later success and his own later



use of the machinery by which the illusion is created, he never found out that in an industrial world reputations for greatness of mind are made as a Detroit manufacturer would make automobiles. He did not know that men are employed to bring up the name of a politician so that he may be called a statesman, as a new brand of breakfast food that it may be sold; that most modern great men are mere illusions sprung out of a national hunger for greatness. Some day a wise man, one who has not read too many books but who has gone about among men, will discover and set forth a very interesting thing about America. The land is vast and there is a national hunger for vastness in individuals. One wants an Illinois-sized man for Illinois, an Ohio-sized man for Ohio, and a Texas-sized man for Texas.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON—*Poor White* \*

### 346. FOR LOVE'S SAKE

If thou must love me let it be for nought  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 "I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way  
 Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day;"—  
 For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love so wrought,  
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—  
 A creature might forget to weep who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou mayest love on, through love's eternity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING—*Sonnets from the Portuguese*

### 347. RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE AND THE FEAR OF GHOSTS

The fear of ghosts, especially the ghosts of the murdered, greatly increased the respect for human life. The fear was universal among primitive people, as it is among savages to-day. No belief has done so much to retard the economic and hence the social progress of mankind as the belief in the immortality of the soul, for it sacrificed the real wants of the living to the imaginary wants of the dead. But the fear of a ghostly retribution acted as a restraint on the impulse to kill, and reinforced the dread of secular punishment. The ancient Greeks believed that the soul of the slain could trouble the slayer, and the slayer was thus pursued not only by the ghost but by the whole community, who feared the dangerous spirit

\* By permission of B. W. Huebsch.

likewise. In self-defence the Attic Law compelled a manslayer to quit the country. The widespread superstition of ghosts served a useful purpose also of enhancing the sacredness of human life. The existence of the dead with power to reward kindness and avenge injury enforced charitable treatment of the aged and sick. The treatment by the State of homicides was a mode of cleansing the people and often the homicide himself from the ghostly infection which, being material and tangible, could be physically obliterated. But when the purification took the form of seclusion or banishment, it became practically indistinguishable from punishment. Thus what was first a magical or religious rite came to be a civil function, the penalty society exacts for injury.

J. G. FRAZER—*Psyche's Task* \*

### 348. SONNET FOUND IN A DESERTED MAD HOUSE

Oh that my soul a marrow-bone might seize!  
 For the old egg of my desire is broken,  
 Spilled is the pearly white and spilled the yolk, and  
 As the mild melancholy contents grease  
 My path, the shorn lamb baas like bumblebees.  
 Time's trashy purse is as a taken token  
 Or like a thrilling recitation, spoken  
 By mournful mouths filled full of mirth and cheese.

And yet, why should I clasp the earthful urn?  
 Or find the frittered fig that felt the fast?  
 Or choose to chase the cheese around the churn?  
 Or swallow any pill from out the past?  
 Ah no, Love, not while your hot kisses burn  
 Like a potato riding on the blast.

ANONYMOUS

### 349. THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
 Just for a riband to stick 'in his coat—  
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
 Lost all the others she lets us devote;  
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
 So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
 How all our copper had gone for his service!  
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!  
 We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

\* From *The Golden Bough*, published by the Macmillan Company.

Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
 Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their  
 graves!  
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,  
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;  
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;  
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,  
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:  
 Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
 One more triumph for devils and sorrow for angels,  
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
 Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!  
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
 Never glad confident morning again!  
 Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,  
 Menace our heart ere we master his own;  
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING

### 350. AFTER THE WAR

AFTER the war—I hear men ask—what then?  
 As though this rock-ribbed world, sculptured with fire,  
 And bastioned deep in the ethereal plan,  
 Can never be its morning self again  
 Because of this brief madness, man with man;  
 As though the laughing elements should tire,  
 The very seasons in their order reel,  
 As though indeed yon ghostly golden wheel  
 Of stars should cease from turning, or the moon  
 Befriend the night no more, or the wild rose  
 Forget the world, and June no more be June.

How many wars and long-forgotten woes  
 Unnumbered, nameless, made a like despair  
 In hearts long-stilled; how many suns have set  
 On burning cities blackening the air,—  
 Yet dawn came dreaming back, her lashes wet  
 With dew, and daisies in her innocent hair.  
 Nor shall, for this, the soul's ascension pause,

Nor the sure evolution of the laws  
That out of foulness lift the flower to sun,  
And out of fury forge the evening star.

Deem not Love's building of the world undone—  
Far Love's beginning was, her end is far;  
By paths of fire and blood her feet must climb,  
Seeking a loveliness she scarcely knows,  
Whose meaning is beyond the reach of Time.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE—*The Junk-Man* \*

### 351. A MAN'S RELIGION THE CHIEF FACT ABOUT HIM

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed which he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere scepticism and *no-religion*: the manner in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the Unseen World or No-World; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, what the kind of things he will do is. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, What religion they had.

THOMAS CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero-Worship*

### 352. THE LAST METAMORPHOSIS OF MEPHISTOPHELES

CANDID he is, and courteous therewithal,—  
Nor, as he once was wont, in the far prime,  
Flashes his scorn to heaven;—nor as the mime  
Of after-days, with antic bestial  
Convenes the ape in man to carnival;—  
Nor as the cynic of a later time

\* By permission of the author.

Jeers, that his laughter, like a jangled chime,  
Rings through the abyss of our eternal fall.  
But now, in courtliest tones of cultured grace,  
He glories in the growth of good, his glance  
Beaming benignant as he bids us trace  
Good everywhere—till, as mere motes that dance  
Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base  
Glint golden in his genial tolerance.

FRANK MARZIALS

### 353. THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

I have thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves. One would wonder, indeed, how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholden to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew or to make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, What is a man (a gentleman, I mean) good for that is taught no more? Besides, I would ask what they can see in ignorance that they should think it a necessary ornament to a woman. Or how much worse is a wise woman than a fool? Or what has a woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Does she plague us with her pride and impertinence? Why did we not let her learn, that she might have the more wit? The great distinguishing difference which is seen in the world between men and women is in their education. And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all only to be stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves. Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least; but, in short, I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to be fit for it.

DANIEL DEFOE—*An Academy for Women*

### 354. SIMIAN FEARS

A second typical weakness of this race will come from their fears. They are not either self-sufficing or gallant enough to travel



great roads without cringing,—clear-eyed, unafraid. They are finely made, but not nobly made,—in that sense. They will therefore have a too urgent need of religion. Few primates have the courage to face alone the still inner mysteries: Infinity, Space, and Time. They will think it too terrible, they will feel it would turn them to water, to live through unearthly moments of vision without creeds or beliefs. So they'll get beliefs first. Ah, poor creatures! The cart before the horse! Ah, the blasphemy (pitiful!) of their seeking high spiritual temples, with god-maps or bibles about them, made below in advance! Think of their entering into the presence of Truth, declaring so loudly and boldly they know her already, yet far from willing to stand or fall by her flames—to rise like a phoenix or die as an honorable cinder!—but creeping in, clad in their queer blindfolded beliefs, designed to shield them from her stern, bright tests! Think of Truth sadly—or merrily—eyeing such worms!

CLARENCE DAY, JR \*

### 355. LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND OF POWER

There is, first, the literature of knowledge, and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move: the first is a rudder; the second, an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding, or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy. Remotely it may travel towards an object seated in what Lord Bacon calls dry light; but proximately it does and must operate—else it ceases to be a literature of power—on and through that humid light which clothes itself in the mists and glittering iris of human passions, desires, and genial emotions. Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information.—What do you learn from *Paradise Lost*? Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is power, that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the Infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY—*The Poetry of Pope*

\* From *This Simian World*. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

## 356. KING HENRY ON SLEEP

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Henry IV, Part II*

## 357. TO THE SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain  
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:

Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 358. ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND, 1802

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,  
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!  
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven:  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—  
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be  
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 359. THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER

#### *Friend of Humanity*

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?  
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—  
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,  
So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and  
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives:  
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?  
Was it the 'Squire? or Parson of the Parish?  
Or the Attorney?

Was it the 'Squire, for killing of his game? or  
 Covetous Parson, for his tithes distraining?  
 Or roguish Lawyer, made you lose your little  
 All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)  
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your  
 Pitiful story.

*Knife-grinder.*

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, Sir,  
 Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,  
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
 Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into  
 Custody; they took me before the justice;  
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in  
 A Pot of Beer, if you will give me Sixpence;  
 But for my part, I never love to meddle  
 With politics, Sir.

*Friend of Humanity*

I give thee Sixpence! I will see thee damned first—  
 Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—  
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
 Spiritless outcast!

(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of Republican Enthusiasm and Universal Philanthropy.)

GEORGE CANNING

360. A TREAT IMPOSSIBLE TO THE RICH

You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the frequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you whether as a woman, I met generally

with less attention and accommodation than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough—but there was still a law of civility to women recognized to quite as great an extent as we have found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat and the play afterwards? Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologizes, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others.' But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

CHARLES LAMB—*Old China*

### 361. ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS

Nor that the earth is changing, O my God!  
 Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—  
 Not that the virulent ill of act and talk  
 Seethes ever as a wine-press ever trod,—  
 Not therefore are we certain that the rod  
     Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though  
     now  
 Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,  
 So many kings:—not therefore, O my God!  
 But because Man is parcelled out in men  
     To-day; because, for any wrongful blow,  
     No man not stricken asks, 'I would be told  
 Why thou dost strike;' but his heart whispers then,  
     '*He is he, I am I.*' By this we know  
     That the earth falls asunder, being old.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



## 362. THINGS HAVE TWO SIDES

The practical man is not apt for fine distinctions, and yet in these distinctions truth and the highest culture greatly find their account. But it is not easy to lead a practical man,—unless you reassure him as to your practical intentions, you have no chance of leading him,—to see that a thing which he has always been used to look at from one side only, which he greatly values, and which, looked at from that side, quite deserves, perhaps, all the prizing and admiring which he bestows upon it,—that this thing, looked at from another side, may appear much less beneficent and beautiful, and yet retain all its claims to our practical allegiance. Where shall we find language innocent enough, how shall we make the spotless purity of our intentions evident enough, to enable us to say to the political Englishman that the British Constitution itself, which, seen from the practical side, looks such a magnificent organ of progress and virtue, seen from the speculative side,—with its compromises, its love of facts, its horror of theory, its studied avoidance of clear thoughts,—that, seen from this side, our august Constitution sometimes looks a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines?

MATTHEW ARNOLD—*The Function Of Criticism*

## 363. THE ILLUSION OF WAR

WAR I abhor,  
And yet how sweet  
The sound along the marching  
street  
Of drum and fife; and I forget  
Wet eyes of widows, and forget  
Broken old mothers, and the  
whole  
Dark butchery without a soul.  
  
Without a soul—save this bright  
drink  
Of heady music, sweet as hell;  
And even my peace-abiding feet  
Go marching with the marching  
street,  
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,  
And what care I for human life!  
The tears fill my astonished eyes

And my full heart is like to  
break,  
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,  
A dream those little drummers  
make.

O it is wickedness to clothe  
Yon hideous grinning thing that  
stalks  
Hidden in music, like a queen  
That in a garden of glory walks,  
Till good men love the thing they  
loathe.  
Art, thou hast many infamies,  
But not an infamy like this.  
O snap the fife and still the  
drum,  
And show the monster as she  
is.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE \*

\* By permission of the author.

## 364. FRIENDLY DISILLUSIONS

We treat disillusions often with scantiest justice. We conceive them of sorrowful countenance, pale and discouraged; whereas they are really the very first smiles of truth. Why should disillusion distress you, if you are a man of honest intention, if you strive to be just, and of service; if you seek to be happy and wise? Would you rather live on in the world of your dreams and your errors than in the world that is real? Only too often does many a promising nature waste its most precious hours in the struggle of beautiful dream against inevitable law, whose beauty is only perceived when every vestige of strength has been sapped by the exquisite dream. If love has deceived you, do you think that it would have been better for you all your life to regard love as something it is not, and can never be? Would such an illusion not warp your most significant actions; would it not for many days hide from you some part of the truth that you seek? Or if you imagine that greatness lay in your grasp, and disillusion has taken you back to your place in the second rank; have you the right, for the rest of your life to curse the envoy of the truth? For, after all, was it not the truth your illusion was seeking, assuming it to have been sincere? We should try to regard disillusions as mysterious, faithful friends, as councillors none can corrupt. . . . Every deception and love disappointed, every hope that has crumbled to dust, is possessed of a strength of its own that it adds to the strength of your truth.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK—*Wisdom and Destiny* \*

## 365. A JAPANESE AT MOUNT VERNON

In the name of my gracious sovereign, the Emperor of Japan, and representing all the liberty loving people who own his sway, I stand to-day in this sacred presence—not to eulogize the name of Washington, for that were presumption—but to offer the simple tribute of a people's reverence and love. Washington was an American, but America, great as she is, powerful as she is, certain as she is of her splendid destiny, can lay no exclusive claim to this immortal name. Washington is now a citizen of the world, to-day he belongs to all mankind. And so men come here from the ends of the earth to honor his memory and to reiterate their faith in the principles to which his great life was devoted. Japan claims entrance to this holy circle. She yields to none in reverence and respect; nor is there any gulf between the ancient East and the new-born West too deep and wide for the hearts and the under-

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standings of her people to cross. It is fitting, then, that men who love liberty and justice better than they love life, should seek this shrine, and here, in the presence of these sacred ashes, rededicate themselves to the service of humanity. It is a fitting place, at this time when all the world is filled with turmoil and suffering, for comrades in a holy cause to gather and here renew their fealty to a righteous purpose, firm in the determination that the struggle must go on until the world is free from menace and aggression. Japan is proud to place herself beside her noble allies in this high resolve, and here, in the presence of these deathless ashes, she reaffirms her devotion to the cause and the principles for which they wage battle, fully determined to do her whole part in securing for the world the blessings of liberty, justice, and lasting peace. As the representative of my people, then, I place this wreath upon the tomb of Washington with reverent hands, and in so doing it is my proud privilege to again pledge my country to those principles of right and justice which have given immortality to the name of Washington.

VISCOUNT ISHII—*Addresses*

### 366. THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

"That which takes place to-day at the National Cemetery in Arlington is a symbol, a mystery and a tribute. It is an entombment only in the physical sense. It is rather the enthronement of Duty and Honor. This man who died for his country is the symbol of these qualities; a far more perfect symbol than any man could be whose name and deeds we knew. He represents more, really, than the unidentified dead, for we cannot separate them spiritually from the war heroes whose names are written on their grave-stones. He—this spirit whom we honor—stands for the unselfishness of all.

"This, of all monuments to the dead, is lasting and immutable. So long as men revere the finer things of life the tomb of the nameless hero will remain a shrine. Nor, with the shifts of time and mind, can there be a changing of values. No historian shall rise to modify the virtues or the faults of the Soldier. He has an immunity for which kings might pray. The years may bring erosion to the granite but not to the memory of the Unknown.

"What were his dreams, his ambitions? Likely he shared those common to the millions: a life of peace and honest struggle, with such small success as comes to most who try; and at the end the place on the hillside among his fathers. To-day to do honor at his last resting place come the greatest soldier of the age, famous statesmen from other continents, the president, the high judges and the legislators of his own country, and many men who, like himself,

fought for the flag. At his bier will gather the most remarkable group that America has seen. And the tomb which Fate reserved for him is, instead of the narrow cell on the village hillside, one as lasting as that of Rameses and as inspiring as Napoleon's.

"It is a great religious ceremony, this burial to-day. The exaltation of the nameless bones would not be possible except for Belief. Where were Duty and Honor, the wellsprings of Victory, if mankind feared that death drew a black curtain behind which lay nothing but the dark? So all in whom the spark of hope has not died can well believe that we, to whom the Soldier is a mystery, are not a mystery to him. They can believe that the watchers at Arlington to-day are not merely a few thousands of the living but the countless battalions of the departed. 'Though he were dead, yet shall he live'—there is the promise to which men hold when everything of this earth has slipped away.

"All the impressive ritual of to-day would be a mockery if we did not believe that, out in an infinity which astronomers cannot chart or mathematicians bound, the Unknown Soldier and all the glorious dead whom we honor in his dust are looking down upon this little spinning ball, conscious of our reverence. And when noon strikes, signal for the moment of silent prayer, few of those who stand with bared head will lack conviction that the rites at Arlington are viewed by other than mortal eyes. Only in that spirit may we honor the Unknown Soldier and those who, like him, died for this Republic.

"Unknown, but not unknowing!"

FRANK M. O'BRIEN

### 367. QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides:  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze; and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

### 368. THE MIND OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

Of political wisdom indeed in its larger and more generous sense Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the key-board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its outlook into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. "No War, my Lords," the Queen used to cry imperiously at the council-board, "No war!" but her hatred of war sprang less from her aversion to blood or to expense, real as was her aversion to both, than from the fact that peace left the field open to the diplomatic manœuvres and intrigues in which she excelled. Her delight in the consciousness of her ingenuity broke out in a thousand puckish freaks,—freaks in which one can hardly see any purpose beyond the purpose of sheer mystification. She revelled in "bye-ways" and "crooked ways." She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims. When she was weary of mystifying foreign statesmen she turned to find fresh sport in mystifying her own ministers. Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign she would have prided herself, not on the tri-



umph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Ignoble, inexpressibly wearisome as the Queen's diplomacy seems to us now, tracing it as we do through a thousand despatches, it succeeded in its main end. It gained time, and every year that was gained doubled Elizabeth's strength.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN—*A Short History of The English People*

### 369. TO A DISTANT FRIEND

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,  
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—  
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.  
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 370. FEAR

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor,

miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion—there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out," he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Markheim* \*

### 371. JAKUES DISCOURSES ON THE SEVEN AGES

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*As You Like It*

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## 372. ONLY PAIN IS POSITIVE

We feel pain, but not painlessness: we feel care, but not the absence of it: fear, but not security. We feel a wish as we feel hunger and thirst, but as soon as it is satisfied, it is just the same as with the eaten morsel, which we no longer feel after it is swallowed. Enjoyments and pleasures we painfully miss as soon as they fail us; but pains when they do not return are not immediately missed, but are, at most, intentionally thought of by means of reflection. But only pain and want can be positively felt, and, accordingly, announce themselves; well-being, on the other hand, is merely negative. For that reason, we do not become aware of the three greatest boons of life—health, youth, and liberty, as such—as long as we possess them, but only after we have lost them; for they, too, are negations. That days in our lives have been happy, we do not discover until they have given place to unhappy ones. In the ratio in which enjoyments increase, susceptibility to them decreases; the habitual is no longer felt as an enjoyment. On this very account, susceptibility to suffering increases, for the absence of the customary is painfully felt. Thus, by possession grows the number of our necessities, and hence the ability to feel pain. Hours pass away more rapidly when pleasant, and move more slowly when painful; because pain, not pleasure is the positive, whose presence is felt. In like manner, we become aware of time during ennui, not during diversion. Both prove that our existence is then the happiest when we feel it least; whence it follows that it were better not to have it at all.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER—*Studies In Pessimism*

## 373. A LOOK INTO THE GULF

I looked one night, and there Semiramis,  
 With all her mourning doves about her head,  
 Sat rocking on an ancient road of Hell,  
 Withered and eyeless, chanting to the moon  
 Snatches of song they sang to her of old  
 Upon the lighted roofs of Nineveh.  
 And then her voice rang out with rattling laugh:  
 "The bugles! they are crying back again—  
 Bugles that broke the nights of Babylon,  
 And then went crying on through Nineveh.

Stand back, ye trembling messengers of ill!  
 Women, let go my hair: I am the Queen,  
 A whirlwind and a blaze of swords to quell  
 Insurgent cities. Let the iron tread

Of armies shake the earth. Look, lofty towers:  
 Assyria goes by upon the wind!"  
 And so she babbles by the ancient road,  
 While cities turned to dust upon the Earth  
 Rise through her whirling brain to live again—  
 Babbles all night, and when her voice is dead  
 Her weary lips beat on without a sound.

EDWIN MARKHAM \*

### 374. MAN'S UNCONCERN FOR DEATH

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of the human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Acis Triplex* †

### 375. FROM 'ONE WORD MORE'

RAFAEL made a century of sonnets,  
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume

\* From *The Man With the Hoe and other Poems*. By permission of the author.

† From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil  
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas:  
 These the world might view—but One, the volume.  
 Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.  
 Did she live and love it all her life-time?  
 Did she droop, his lady of the sonnets,  
 Die, and let it drop beside her pillow  
 Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,  
 Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—  
 Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,  
 Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

You and I would rather read that volume  
 (Taken to his beating bosom by it),  
 Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,  
 Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas.

. . . . .  
 Dante once prepared to paint an angel:  
 Whom to please? You whisper 'Beatrice.'  
 While he mused and traced it and retraced it,  
 (Peradventure with a pen corroded  
 Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,  
 When, his left-hand i' the hair o' the wicked,  
 Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,  
 Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,  
 Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,  
 Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—  
 Dante, who loved well because he hated,  
 Hated wickedness that hinders loving,  
 Dante standing, studying his angel,—  
 In there broke the folk of his Inferno.

. . . . .  
 You and I would rather see that angel,  
 Painted by the tenderness of Dante,  
 Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

. . . . .  
 God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures  
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,  
 One to show a woman when he loves her.

. . . . .  
 Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,  
 Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno.  
 Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,  
 Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

ROBERT BROWNING



## 376. ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee  
 And was the safeguard of the West; the worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest child of liberty.  
 She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
 And when she took unto herself a mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reach'd its final day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
 Of that which once was great has pass'd away.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 377. A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
 Down in the reeds by the river?  
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
 From the deep cool bed of the river:  
 The limpid water turbidly ran,  
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,  
 While turbidly flowed the river;  
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan  
 (How tall it stood in the river!),  
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
 Steadily from the outside ring,  
 And notched the poor dry empty thing  
 In holes, as he sate by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan  
    (Laughed while he sate by the river),  
'The only way, since gods began  
    To make sweet music, they could succeed.'  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
    He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
    Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
    The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
    Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
    To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
    The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
    As a reed with the reeds in the river.

E. B. BROWNING

### 378. LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

MY LORD—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of "The World," that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When upon some slight encouragement I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might attain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I have done all that I could; and no man is well-pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have pushed on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge

of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary and cannot impart it; till I am known and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON

### 379. MYSTERY THE ESSENCE OF RELIGION

The efficacy of religion lies precisely in that which is not rational, philosophic, nor external; its efficacy lies in the unforeseen, the miraculous, the extraordinary. Thus religion attracts more devotion in proportion as it demands more faith—that is to say, as it becomes more incredible to the profane mind. The philosopher aspires to explain away all mysteries, to dissolve them into light. It is mystery, on the other hand, which the religious instinct demands and pursues; it is mystery which constitutes the essence of worship. And in our own day, those who wish to get rid of the supernatural, to enlighten religion, to rationalize faith, find themselves deserted, like poets who should declaim against poetry, or women who should decry love. It is the forgetfulness of this psychological law which stultifies the so-called liberal Christianity. It is the realization of it which constitutes the strength of orthodoxy. No positive religion can survive the supernatural element, which is the reason for its existence. So long, then, as the life of nations is in need of religion as a motive and sanction of morality, as food for faith, hope and charity, so long will the masses turn away from pure reason and naked truth, so long will they adore mystery, so long—and rightly so—will they rest in faith, the only region where the ideal presents itself to them in attractive form.

HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL—*Journal*

## 380. REST

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes;  
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;  
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth  
With its harsh laughter, nor the sound of sighs.  
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,  
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth  
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;  
With stillness that is almost Paradise.  
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,  
Silence more musical than any song;  
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:  
Until the morning of Eternity  
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;  
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

## 381. LOVE IMMORTAL

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON—*In Memoriam*

### 382. FEMALE TALKERS

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours upon anything; but it must be owned to the honor of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman to branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup in all the figures of rhetoric. . . .

The first kind . . . of female orators which I shall take notice of are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates' wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his . . . teacher. The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention and copiousness of expression will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behavior of another! With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story! I have known an old lady to make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of woman are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse. A third kind of female orator may be comprehended under the word gossips. Mrs. Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an headdress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighborhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak. . . .



As for newsmongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass over them in silence.

JOSEPH ADDISON—*The Spectator*

### 383. THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine alms,  
Blow not a trump before thee: hypocrites  
Do thus, vaingloriously; the common streets  
Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.  
On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms,  
Falls with sweet savour. Impious counterfeits!  
Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats!  
Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms!  
God needs not iteration nor vain cries:  
That man communion with his God might share  
Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer:  
Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,  
Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given  
The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE

### 384. THE INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN

Two of the hardest things that women have to bear are (a) the stupid masculine disinclination to admit their intellectual superiority, or even their equality, or even their possession of a normal human equipment for thought, and (b) the equally stupid masculine doctrine that they constitute a special and ineffable species of vertebrata, without the natural instincts and appetites of the order—to adapt a phrase from Haeckel, that they are transcendental and almost gaseous mammals, and marked by a complete lack of certain salient mammalian characters. The first imbecility has already concerned us at length. One finds traces of it even in works professedly devoted to disposing of it. In one such book, for example, I come upon this: "What all the skill and constructive capacity of the physicians in the Crimean War failed to accomplish Florence Nightingale accomplished by her beautiful femininity and nobility of soul." In other words, by her possession of some recondite and indescribable magic sharply separated from the ordinary mental processes of man. The theory is unsound and preposterous. Miss Nightingale accomplished her useful work, not by magic, but by hard common sense. The problem

before her was simply one of organization. Many men had tackled it, and all of them had failed stupendously. What she did was to bring her feminine sharpness of wit, her feminine clear-thinking, to bear upon it. Thus attacked, it yielded quickly, and once it had been brought to order it was easy for other persons to carry on what she had begun. But the opinion of a man's world still prefers to credit her success to some mysterious angelical quality, unstatable in lucid terms and having no more reality than the divine inspiration of an archbishop. Her extraordinarily acute and accurate intelligence is thus conveniently put upon the table, and the *amour propre* of man is kept inviolate. To confess frankly that she had more sense than any male Englishman of her generation would be to utter a truth too harsh to be bearable.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

### 385. TRUE LIBERTY CONCERNS ONLY YOURSELF

There is a sphere of action in which society, as distinguished from the individual, has, if any, only an indirect interest; comprehending all that portion of a person's life and conduct which affects only himself, or if it also affects others, only with their free, voluntary, and undeceived consent and participation. When I say only himself, I mean directly, and in the first instance: for whatever affects himself, may affect others through himself; and the objection which may be grounded on this contingency, will receive consideration in the sequel. This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow: without impediment from our fellow creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite for any purpose not involving harm to others: the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

\* From *In Defense of Women*. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free whatever may be its form of government; and never is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified.

JOHN STUART MILL—*On Liberty*.

### 386. ROBBER BAND MORALITY

How comes it that the best and truest intellects have believed in the reality of this fiction for thousands of years? Labor a virtue? According to what law of nature? No living being in the whole organic world works for the pleasure of working, but only for the purpose of self and race preservation, and only so much as is necessary for this twofold purpose. People say that organs only remain sound and develop when exercised, and that they wither when they lie idle. The advocates of this system of capitalist's morality who have found this argument in physiology, do not mention the fact that organs are much more rapidly destroyed by over work than by no work. Rest, comfortable leisure is infinitely more natural, pleasant and desirable for man as well as for all other animals, than work and exertion. The latter is only a painful necessity, required for the preservation of life. The inventor of the story of the Garden of Eden showed that he appreciated this fact with honest naïveté, by placing his first human beings where they could live without any necessity for exertion, and labor, the sweat of man's brow, was the terrible punishment for their disobedience. Natural, zoological morality proclaims that rest is the highest reward of labor, and that only so much work is desirable and commendable as is indispensable to prolong life. But the robber band do not accept this idea of the case. Their interests demand that the masses should work more than is necessary for them to support life and should produce more than is required for their own consumption so that their masters can take possession of this overproduction for their own use. Consequently they have suppressed the morality of nature and invented another, which they set their philosophers to tabulating, their parsons to praising, and their poets to singing. According to their system, idleness is the beginning of all crimes and labor a virtue, the most excellent of all virtues. But the robbers carefully avoid even the pretense of submitting to their own code of morality, and thus betray the small respect they have for it in reality. Idleness is a crime only in the poor man. In the rich man it is an attribute of a higher type of humanity, the token of his exalted rank. And labor, which his double-faced morality asserts to be a virtue for the poor man, is from his own point of view a disgrace and a sign of social inferiority.

MAX NORDAU—*Conventional Lies of Civilization*

## 387. A BOY OUT OF CHURCH

As Jesus and his followers  
 Upon a Sabbath morn  
 Were walking by a wheat field  
 They plucked the ears of corn.

They plucked it, they rubbed it,  
 They blew the husks away,  
 Which grieved the pious Phari-  
       sees  
 Upon the Sabbath Day.

And Jesus said, "A riddle  
 Answer if you can,  
 Was man made for the Sabbath  
 Or Sabbath made for man?"

I do not love the Sabbath,  
 The soapsuds and the starch,  
 The troops of solemn people  
 Who to Salvation march.

I take my book, I take my stick  
 On the Sabbath day,  
 In woody nooks and valleys  
 I hide myself away.

To ponder there in quiet  
 God's Universal Plan,  
 Resolved that church and Sab-  
       bath  
 Were never made for man.

ROBERT GRAVES \*

## 388. SOUL AND BODY

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:—  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And death once dead there's no more dying then.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

## 389. POSITIVISM

First of all he learned to apply the historical perspective to everything, and especially to human behavior. Life no longer appeared as a flat surface, but stretched backwards into the mists of unrecorded history. It was a tree on which simultaneously appeared buds, flowers and fruits, tender sprouts and decaying limbs. The world was a living thing, growing and evolving from

\* From *Country Sentiment*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

day to day. The fact that a creed or institution had corresponded to the world's need at a certain stage of development was no reason for clinging to it superstitiously after it was outlived. The fact that it had become outlived was no reason for denouncing it as an evil in itself, devised by self-interested schemers for the deception or exploitation of mankind. From the treatment of all religions as mythological attempts at interpreting life, he was led to grasp the futility of all imaginary escapes from the reality surrounding us. Existence at any moment was based on facts that could neither be denied nor dreamed away. Because man's mind was entering on its final stage of development, which might be called scientific or positive, all forms of belief based on emotion alone were doomed. In this final stage, man would concern himself only with what could be known. Positivism did not deny the existence of a God or a life after this. It asserted merely that all such supernatural matters lie definitely beyond man's knowledge, and so it would be a waste of time and energy to worry about them when life was full of problems that could and should be solved by the rational application of man's mind.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN \*

### 390. AWAKENING

WITH brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod,  
 With eye so practised in each form around,—  
 And all forms mean,—to glance above the ground  
 Irks it, each day of many days we plod,  
 Tongue-tied and deaf, along life's common road;  
 But suddenly, we know not how, a sound  
 Of living streams, an odour, a flower crowned  
 With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,  
 And we awake. O joy of deep amaze!  
 Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,  
 We hear the voices of the morning seas,  
 And earnest prophesyings in the land,  
 While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze  
 The encompassing great cloud of witnesses.

EDWARD DOWDEN

### 391. ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Now the golden Morn aloft<br>Waves her dew-bespangled<br>wing,<br>With vermeil cheek and whisper<br>soft | She woos the tardy Spring:<br>Till April starts, and calls<br>around<br>The sleeping fragrance from the<br>ground, |
|--|--|

\* From *Gates of Life*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



And lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his freshest, tenderest  
green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
Frisking ply their feeble feet;  
Forgetful of their wintry trance  
The birds his presence greet:  
But chief, the sky-lark warbles  
high

His trembling thrilling ecstasy;  
And lessening from the dazzled  
sight,  
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year  
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;  
Mute was the music of the air,  
The herd stood drooping by:  
Their raptures now that wildly  
flow

No yesterday nor morrow know;  
'T is Man alone that joy des-  
cries  
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's  
brow  
Soft reflection's hand can  
trace,  
And o'er the cheek of sorrow  
throw  
A melancholy grace;

While hope prolongs our happier  
hour,  
Or deepest shades, that dimly  
lour

And blacken round our weary  
way,  
Gilds with a gleam of distant  
day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,  
See a kindred grief pursue;  
Behind the steps that misery  
treads

Approaching comfort view:  
The hues of bliss more brightly  
glow

Chastised by sabler tints of woe,  
And blended form, with artful  
strife,  
The strength and harmony of  
life.

See the wretch that long has  
tost

On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigour lost  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the  
gale,

The common sun, the air, the  
skies,

To him are opening Paradise.

THOMAS GRAY

### 392. THE UNGUARDED GATES

On the moral qualities of the English-speaking race, therefore, rest our history, our victories, and all our future. There is only one way in which you can lower those qualities or weaken those characteristics, and that is by breeding them out. If a lower race mixes with a higher in sufficient numbers, history teaches us that the lower race will prevail. The lower race will absorb the higher, not the higher the lower, when the two strains approach equality in numbers. In other words, there is a limit to the capacity of any race for assimilating and elevating an inferior

race, and when you begin to pour in in unlimited numbers people of alien or lower races of less social efficiency and less moral force, you are running the most frightful risk that a people can run. More precious, therefore, even than forms of government are the mental and moral qualities which make what we call our race. While those stand unimpaired all is safe. When those decline all is imperiled. They are exposed to but a single danger, and that is by changing the quality of our race and citizenship through the wholesale infusion of races whose traditions and inheritances, whose thoughts and whose beliefs are wholly alien to ours and with whom we have never assimilated or even been associated in the past.

The danger has begun. It is small as yet, comparatively speaking, but it is large enough to warn us to act while there is yet time, and while it can be done easily and efficiently. There lies the peril at the portals of our land; there is pressing the tide of unrestricted immigration. The time has certainly come, if not to stop, at least to check, to sift, and to restrict those immigrants.

In careless strength, with generous hand, we have kept our gates wide open to all the world. If we do not close them, we should at least place sentinels beside them to challenge those who would pass through. The gates which admit men to the United States and to citizenship in the great Republic should no longer be left unguarded.

HENRY CABOT LODGE—*Speeches and Addresses* \*

### 393. EDUCATION IS LEARNING THE RULES OF THE GAME

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for

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untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the Universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill in check-mated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY—*Essays*

### 394. HOTSPUR AND A POPINJAY

My liege, I did deny no prisoners:  
 But I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:  
 He was perfumed like a milliner,  
 And 'twixt his fingers and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose and took 't away again;  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff: and still he smil'd and talk'd;  
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse

Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,  
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—God save the mark!—  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
And I beseech you, let not his report  
Come current for an accusation  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—*Henry IV, Part I*

### 395. THE SPHYNX

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous, and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea, from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone

idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx.

A. W. KINGLAKE—*Eothen*

### 396. BROTHER DEATH

WHEN thou would'st have me go with thee, O Death,  
 Over the utmost verge, to the dim place,  
 Practise upon me with no amorous grace  
 Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath,  
 And curious music thy lute uttereth;  
 Nor think for me there must be sought-out ways  
 Of cloud and terror; have we many days  
 Sojourned together, and is this thy faith?  
 Nay, be there plainness 'twixt us; come to me  
 Even as thou art, O brother of my soul;  
 Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there;  
 I trust thy mouth's inscrutable irony,  
 And dare to lay my forehead where the whole  
 Shadow lies deep of thy purpureal hair.

EDWARD DOWDEN

### 397. THE NONSENSE TALKED ABOUT DEATH

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart



warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Aes Triplex* \*

### 398. THE PURSUIT OF CULTURE

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organisations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—nourished, and not bound by them.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Sweetness and Light*

### 399. I THOUGHT ONCE HOW THEOCRITUS HAD SUNG

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,  
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . .  
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death,' I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang, . . 'Not Death, but Love.'

E. B. BROWNING—*Sonnets from the Portuguese*

### 400. / THE UNIQUE PHENOMENON

Man loves the dog, but how much more ought he to love it if he considered, in the inflexible harmony of the laws of nature, the sole exception, which is that love of a being that succeeds in piercing, in order to draw closer to us, the partitions, every elsewhere impermeable, that separate the species! We are alone, absolutely alone on this chance planet; and, amid all the forms of life that

surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us. A few creatures fear us, most are unaware of us, and not one loves us. In the world of plants, we have dumb and motionless slaves; but they serve us in spite of themselves. . . . Among the animals, we number a few servants who have submitted only through indifference, cowardice, or stupidity. I do not speak of the cat, to whom we are nothing more than a too large and uneatable prey: the ferocious cat, whose sidelong contempt tolerates us only as encumbering parasites in our own homes. She at least curses us in her mysterious heart; but all the others live beside us as they might live beside a rock or tree. . . . This animal, our good familiar dog, simple and unsurprising as may to-day appear to us what he has done, in thus perceptibly drawing nearer to a world in which he was not born and for which he was not destined, has nevertheless performed one of the most unusual and improbable acts that we can find in the general history of life. . . . He is there in our house, as ancient, as rightly placed, as perfectly adapted to our habits as though he had appeared on this earth such as he now is, at the same time with ourselves. We have not to gain his confidence or his friendship; he is born our friend. . . . But the word "friend" does not exactly depict his affectionate worship. He is our intimate and impassioned slave, whom nothing discourages, whom nothing repels, whose ardent trust and love nothing can impair. He has solved, in an admirable and touching manner, the terrifying problem which wisdom would have to solve if a divine race came to occupy our globe.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK—*Our Friend The Dog* \*

#### 401. NATURE AND MATURITY

For nature then

To me was all in all—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned

\* From *The Double Garden*, published by Dodd, Mead and Company. By permission of the author.

To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—*Tintern Abbey*

#### 402. THE PROBLEM OF PROPERTY

When the communists ceased to be mere opponents of capitalists and were charged with management, they soon discovered the unreality of their rhetoric. They likewise discovered the futility of the hope that a system of equality in pay would draw forth vast productive energies. Therefore, they were compelled to negotiate with craft unions and to reward skill and talent with extra remuneration. Of course, they said that this was all temporary and merely an introduction to the postponed millennium. That may be, but viewing politics from the standpoint of an experimental science, we cannot take into serious account dreams unrealized. The upshot of all this seems to be that in a modern industrial society, the problem of property, so vital in politics, is not as simple as it was in old agricultural societies. It was one thing for peasants to destroy their landlords and go on tilling the soil as they had long been wont to do. It is another thing for workingmen to destroy capitalists as a class and assume all the complex and staggering burdens of management and exchange. It is also clear that, as efficient production depends to a great extent upon skill, skill itself is a form of property even if property in capital is abolished. In short a great society, whether capitalist or communist, must possess different kinds and grades of skill and talent and carry on widely diversified industries. They may be temporarily welded together in a conflict with their capitalist employers, but they will be divided over the distribution of wealth among themselves after the capitalists have been disposed of. Conceivably a highly militarist government might destroy their

organizations and level them down, but the result would be the ruin of production and of the state itself. Even a communist could hardly defend his system on the theory that all must choose between military despotism and utter ruin.

CHARLES A. BEARD \*

#### 403. KING RICHARD'S DESPONDENCY

Of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth;  
 Let's choose executors and talk of wills:  
 And yet not so—for what can we bequeath  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our own but death,  
 And that small model of the barren earth  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings;  
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;  
 All murder'd: for within the hollow crown  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,  
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit  
 As if this flesh which walls about our life  
 Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence: throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while:  
 I live with bread like you, feel want,  
 Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me I am a king?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Richard II*

\* From *The Economic Basis of Politics*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



## 404. IMMORTALITY

FOIL'D by our fellow men, depress'd, outworn,  
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,  
 And, *Patience! in another life*, we say,  
*The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne!*  
 And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn  
 The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,  
 Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,  
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?  
 No, no! the energy of life may be  
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun!  
 And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,  
 From strength to strength advancing—only he,  
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,  
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## 405. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
 Sails the unshadowed main—  
 The venturous bark that flings  
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,  
 And coral reefs lie bare,  
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.  
  
 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl—  
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
 And every chambered cell,  
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
 Before thee lies revealed—  
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!  
  
 Year after year beheld the silent toil  
 That spread his lustrous coil;  
 Still, as the spiral grew,  
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
 Built up its idle door,  
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:  
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES \*

#### 406. EITHER TOOL OR MAN

Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line and to cut one; to strike a curved line and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool.

And observe you are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cog-wheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. . . . On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dullness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause upon pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also.

JOHN RUSKIN—*The Stones of Venice*

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## 407. 'THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION'

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)  
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;  
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;  
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!  
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
To whom we should assign the Sphinx's fame?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either Pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—  
Then say, what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

H. SMITH

## 408. THE PERSUASIONS OF DEATH

If further reason be required of the continuance of this boundless ambition in mortal men than a desire of fame, we may say that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, not the ends, of those great ones, they being transported with the glory of the one, and never minding the misery of the other, till it seized upon them. They neglect the

advice of God while they hope to live, but when death cometh they believe what it tells them. Death without speaking a word persuades what God with his promises and threats cannot, though the one hateth and destroyeth man, whereas the other made and loveth him. 'I have considered' (says Solomon) 'all works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity, and vexation of spirit.' Who believes this till death beat it into us? . . . Death alone can make man know himself, show the proud and insolent that he is but abject, and can make him hate his forepassed happiness; the rich man he proves a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but the gravel that fills his mouth: and when he holds his glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, they see and acknowledge their own deformity and rottenness O eloquent, just and mighty death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath presumed, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the extravagant greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered all over with two narrow words: *Hic jacet.*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH—*The History of the World*

#### 409. LIBERTATIS SACRA FAMES

ALBEIT nurtured in democracy,  
 And liking best that state republican  
 Where every man is kinglike and no man  
 Is crowned above his fellows, yet I see,  
 Spite of this modern fret for Liberty,  
 Better the rule of One, whom all obey,  
 Than to let clamorous demagogues betray  
 Our freedom with the kiss of anarchy.  
 Wherefore I love them not whose hands profane  
 Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street  
 For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign  
 Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honour, all things fade,  
 Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,  
 And Murder with his silent bloody feet.

OSCAR WILDE

#### 410. FOURSORE AND SEVEN YEARS AGO

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who

here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*Dedicatory Address at Gettysburg* (1863)

#### 411. THE PRESENT INSECURITY OF FIRST PRINCIPLES

It is characteristic of human nature to be as impatient of ignorance regarding what is not known as lazy in acquiring such knowledge as is at hand; and even those who have not been lazy sometimes take it into their heads to disparage their science and to outdo the professional philosophers in psychological scepticism, in order to plunge with them into the most vapid speculation. Nor is this insecurity about first principles limited to abstract subjects. It reigns in politics as well. Liberalism had been supposed to advocate liberty; but what the advanced parties that still call themselves liberal now advocate is control, control over property, trade, wages, hours of work, meat and drink, amusements, and in a truly advanced country like France control over education and religion; and it is only on the subject of marriage (if we ignore eugenics) that liberalism is growing more and more liberal. Those who speak most of progress measure it by quantity and not by quality; how many people read and write, or how many people there are, or what is the annual value of their trade; whereas true progress would rather lie in reading or writing fewer and better things, and being fewer and better men, and enjoying life more. But the philanthropists are now preparing an absolute subjection of the individual in soul and body, to the instincts of the majority—the most cruel and unprogressive of masters; and I am not sure that the liberal maxim, “the greatest good to the greatest number,” has not lost whatever was just or generous in its intent and come to mean the greatest idleness of the largest possible population.

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Winds of Doctrine* \*

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## 412. PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

THE rain set early in to-night,  
The sullen wind was soon awake,  
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,  
And did its worst to vex the lake,  
I listened with heart fit to break.  
When glided in Porphyria; straight  
She shut the cold out and the storm,  
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate  
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;  
Which done, she rose and from her form  
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,  
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied  
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,  
And, last, she sat down by my side  
And called me. When no voice replied  
She put an arm about my waist,  
And made her smooth, white shoulder bare,  
And all her yellow hair displaced,  
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,  
And spread o'er all her yellow hair,  
Murmuring how she loved me—she  
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,  
To set its struggling passion free  
From pride and vainer ties dissever,  
And give herself to me for ever.  
But passion sometimes would prevail,  
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain  
A sudden thought of one so pale  
For love of her, and all in vain;  
So, she was come through wind and rain.  
Be sure I looked up at her eyes  
Happy and proud; at last I knew  
Porphyria worshipped me; surprise  
Made my heart swell, and still it grew  
While I debated what to do.  
That moment she was mine, mine, fair,  
Perfectly pure and good: I found  
A thing to do; and all her hair  
In one long yellow string I wound  
Three times her little throat around,  
And strangled her. No pain felt she;  
I am quite sure she felt no pain.  
As a shut bud that holds a bee,

I warily oped her lids; again  
 Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.  
 And I untightened next the tress  
 About her neck; her cheek once more  
 Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss:  
 I propped her head up as before,  
 Only, this time *my* shoulder bore  
 Her head, which droops upon it still:  
 The smiling rosy little head,  
 So glad it has its utmost will,  
 That all it scorned at once is fled,  
 And I, its love, am gained instead!  
 Porphyria's love: she guessed not how  
 Her darling one wish would be heard.  
 And thus we sit together now,  
 And all night long we have not  
 stirred,  
 And yet God has not said a word!

ROBERT BROWNING

#### 413. MRS. BATTLE ON CARDS

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things, —Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it? . . .

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. . . .

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must

be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game of cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.

CHARLES LAMB—*Essays of Elia*

#### 414. KING HENRY UPON THE CARES OF KINGSHIP

UPON the king! let us our lives, our souls,  
Our debts, our careful wives,  
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!  
We must bear all. O hard condition!  
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath  
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease  
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy!  
And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?  
O ceremony! show me but thy worth:  
What is thy soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
Than they in fearing.  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king that find thee; and I know  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave.  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE—*Henry V*

#### 415. FAULTS IN CONVERSATION

Nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation, is that of those who affect to talk of themselves; some, without ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise; they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance

of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

JONATHAN SWIFT—*Essays*

#### 416. YOUTH AND NATURE

Is this the sky, and this the very earth  
I had such pleasure in when I was young?  
And can this be the identical sea-song,  
Heard once within the storm-cloud's awful girth,  
When a great cloud from silence burst to birth,  
And winds to whom it seemed I did belong  
Made the keen blood in me run swift and strong  
With irresistible, tempestuous mirth?  
Are these the forests loved of old so well,  
Where on May nights enchanted music was?  
Are these the fields of soft, delicious grass,  
These the old hills with secret things to tell?  
O my dead youth, was this inevitable,  
That with thy passing, Nature, too, should pass?

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

#### 417. SPECIALIZATION AND INDUSTRIAL DISCONTENT

It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. The foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. Never had the upper classes so much sympathy with the lower or charity for them as they have at this day, and yet never were they so much hated by them: for, of old, the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law; now it is a veritable difference in level of standing. . . . We have studied much and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that is divided; but the men:—divided into mere segments of men—broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that



is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished,—sand of human soul—we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,—that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages.

JOHN RUSKIN—*The Stones of Venice*

#### 418. TO BEAR, TO NURSE, TO REAR

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To watch, and then to lose:  
To see my bright ones disappear,  
Drawn up like morning  
dews—

To bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To watch, and then to lose:  
This have I done when God drew  
near  
Among His own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
And with thy lord depart  
In tears that he, as soon as  
shed,  
Will let no longer smart.—

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
This while thou didst, I  
smiled,  
For now it was not God who  
said,  
'Mother, give Me thy child.'

O fond, O fool, and blind,  
To God I gave with tears;  
But when a man like grace would  
find,

My soul put by her fears—  
O fond, O fool, and blind,  
God guards in happier  
spheres;  
That man will guard where he  
did bind  
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose,  
Thy mother's tenderest words  
are said,

Thy face no more she views.  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in naught accuse;  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love—and then to lose.

JEAN INGELow—*Songs of Seven*

#### 419. THE RESTRICTION OF POWER

But, as no one of us men can dispense with public or private faith, or with any other tie of moral obligation, so neither can any number of us. The number engaged in crimes, instead of turning them into laudable acts, only augments the quantity and intensity of the guilt. I am well aware that men love to hear of their power,

but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty. This is of course because every duty is a limitation of some power. Indeed, arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves have of partaking in the exercise of the arbitrary sway, in the one mode or the other.

It is not necessary to teach men to thirst after power. But it is very expedient that by moral instruction they should be taught, and by their civil constitutions they should be compelled, to put many restrictions upon the immoderate exercise of it, and the inordinate desire. The best method of obtaining these two great points forms the important, but at the same time the difficult, problem to the true statesman. He thinks of the place in which political power is to be lodged, with no other attention, than as it may render the more or less practicable its salutary restraint, and its prudent direction. For this reason no legislator, at any period of the world, has willingly placed the seat of active power in the hands of the multitude; because there it admits of no control, no regulation, no steady direction whatsoever. The people are the natural control on authority; but to exercise and to control together is contradictory and impossible.

EDMUND BURKE—*An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*

#### 420. INHERITORS OF HEAVEN'S GRACES

THEY that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmovéd, cold, and to temptation slow,—  
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others, but stewards of their excellence.  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

## 421. CONFLICTING STANDARDS

One single fundamental principle must govern society, and this principle must be either individualism, that is, egotism, or the cohesive fellowship of mankind, that is, altruism. At the present day neither fellowship nor egotism are ruling alone but a combination of both, which is as unreasonable as it is inconsistent. The man of property will not allow the man without property to call that principle to his aid to which the former owes his wealth. The rich man enjoys his disproportionate share of life's blessings of which he has made himself master by unblushing egotism; but when the poor man helps himself to them with some of the rich man's egotism and selfishness, he is arrested. The same principle applied in the former case is a merit, in the other a crime. Human reason revolts at such ideas. If egotism is to be preached let it be consistent and assert its right, in all cases. This is logical. It is true that such logic would soon bring society to destruction and our civilisation to the dogs, and men would become like beasts of prey wandering alone through the land and tearing each other to pieces. But anyone who is not pleased with this abstract aim of our social development, egotism, has no other alternative before him but to accept the other sole principle, fellowship. Society will then assume the responsibility of supporting and educating the youth of the country until they can earn their own livelihood, of supporting those too old and feeble to support themselves, of coming to the aid of infirmity, without allowing hunger and distress to exist except as the punishment of voluntary idleness.

MAX NORDAU—*Conventional Lies of Civilization*

## 422. THE EVER CONTINUING DREAM

The motive for slaying a man-god is a fear lest with the enfeeblement of his body in sickness or old age his sacred spirit should suffer a corresponding decay, which might imperil the general course of nature and with it the existence of his worshippers, who believe the cosmic energies to be mysteriously knit up with those of their human divinity. Hence the practice of putting divine men and particularly divine kings to death, which seems to have been common at a particular stage in the evolution of society and religion, was a crude but pathetic attempt to disengage an immortal spirit from its mortal envelope, to arrest the forces of decomposition in nature by retrenching with ruthless hand the first ominous symptoms of decay. We may smile if we please at the vanity of these and like efforts to stay the inevitable decline, to bring the relentless revolution of the great wheel to a stand, to keep youth's fleeting roses for ever fresh and fair; but perhaps in spite of every disillusion-

sionment, when we contemplate the seemingly endless vistas of knowledge which have been opened up even within our own generation, many of us may cherish in our hearts a fancy, if not a hope, that some loophole of escape may after all be discovered from the iron walls of the prison-house which threaten to close on us and crush us; that, groping about in the darkness, mankind may yet chance to lay hands on "That golden key that opes the palace of eternity" and so to pass from this world of shadows and sorrow to a world of untroubled light and joy. If this is a dream, it is surely a happy and innocent one.

J. G. FRAZER \*

#### 423. MEN AS WOMEN SEE THEM

A man's women folk, whatever their outward show of respect for his merit and authority, always regard him secretly as an ass, and with something akin to pity. His most gaudy sayings and doings seldom deceive them; they see the actual man within, and know him for a shallow and pathetic fellow. In this fact, perhaps, lies one of the best proofs of feminine intelligence, or, as the common phrase makes it, feminine intuition. The mark of that so-called intuition is simply a sharp and accurate perception of reality, an habitual immunity to emotional enchantment, a relentless capacity for distinguishing clearly between the appearance and the substance. The appearance, in the normal family circle, is a hero, a magnifico, a demigod. The substance is a poor mountebank. A man's wife labours under no such naïve folly. She may envy her husband, true enough, certain of his more soothing prerogatives and sentimentalities. She may envy him his masculine liberty of movement and occupation, his impenetrable complacency, his peasant-like delight in petty vices, his capacity for hiding the harsh face of reality behind the cloak of romanticism, his general innocence and childishness. But she never envies him his puerile ego; she never envies him his shoddy and preposterous soul.

H. L. MENCKEN †

#### 424. HOW INDUSTRY CAME TO THE MIDDLE WEST

In the days before the coming of industry, before the time of the mad awakening, the towns of the Middle West were sleepy places devoted to the practice of the old trades, to agriculture and to merchandising. In the morning the men of the towns went forth to work in the fields or to the practice of the trades of carpentry, horse-shoeing, wagon-making, harness repairing, and the making of shoes and clothing. They read books and believed in a God born in

\* From *The Golden Bough*, published by the Macmillan Company.

† From *In Defense of Women*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

the brains of men who came out of a civilization much like their own. On the farms and in the houses in the towns the men and women worked together towards the same ends in life. They lived in small frame houses set on the plains like boxes, but very substantially built. The carpenter who built a farmer's house differentiated it from the barn by putting what he called scroll work up under the eaves and by building at the front a porch with carved posts. After one of the poor little houses had been lived in for a long time, after children had been born and men had died, after men and women had suffered and had moments of joy together in the tiny rooms under the low roofs, a subtle change took place. The houses became almost beautiful in their old humanness. Each of the houses began vaguely to shadow forth the personality of the people who lived within its walls. . . . A sense of quiet growth awoke in sleeping minds. It was the time for art and beauty to awake in the land.

Instead, the giant, Industry, awoke. Boys, who in the schools had read of Lincoln, walking for miles through the forest to borrow his first book, and of Garfield, the towpath lad who became president, began to read in the newspapers and magazines of men who by developing their faculty for getting and keeping money had become suddenly and overwhelmingly rich. Hired writers called these men great, and there was no maturity of mind in the people to combat the force of the statement, often repeated. Like children the people believed what they were told.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON—*Poor White* \*

#### 425. ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,  
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom.  
And Freedom's fame finds, wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place  
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!  
For thy appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON

\* By permission of B. W. Huebsch.



## 426. THE QUEER PEOPLE OF LAPUTA

It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they can neither speak nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is about to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice and bouncing his head against every post. . . . These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehension arises from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, and that the next will probably destroy us. . . . That the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated. . . . They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

JONATHAN SWIFT—*Gulliver's Travels*

## 427. THE PLASTIC WORLD

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in

the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has any thing in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—*The American Scholar*\*

#### 428. THE FLOWER OF SACRIFICE

In this world there are thousands of weak, noble creatures who fancy that sacrifice always must be the last word of duty; thousands of beautiful souls that know not what should be done, and seek only to yield up their life, holding that to be virtue supreme. . . . There are some occasions in life, inevitable and of general bearing, that demand resignation, which is necessary then, and good; but there are many occasions when we still are able to fight; and at such times resignation is no more than veiled helplessness, idleness, ignorance. So is it with sacrifice too, which indeed is most often the withered arm resignation still shakes in the void. There is beauty in simple self-sacrifice when its hour has come unsought; but it cannot be wise, or of use to mankind, to make sacrifice the aim of one's life, or to regard its achievement as the magnificent triumph of the spirit over the body. . . . Sacrifice may be a flower that virtue will pluck on its road, but it was not to gather this flower that virtue set forth on its travels. . . . There are some, it is true, that awake from their sleep at the call of sacrifice only; but these lack the strength and the courage to seek other forms of moral existence. It is, as a rule, far easier to sacrifice self—to give up, that is, our moral existence to the first one who chooses to take it—than to fulfil our spiritual destiny, to accomplish, right to the end, the task for which we were

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created. It is easier far, as a rule, to die morally, nay, even physically, for others, than to learn best how we should live for them.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK—*Wisdom and Destiny* \*

#### 429. SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT IMPERFECT

Aside from all such question as to the indispensability of some such check on headlong innovation, the leisure class, in the nature of things, consistently acts to retard that adjustment to the environment which is called social advance or development. The characteristic attitude of the class may be summed up in the maxim: "Whatever is, is right"; whereas the law of natural selection, as applied to human institutions, gives the axiom: "Whatever is, is wrong." Not that the institutions of to-day are wholly wrong for the purposes of the life of to-day, but they are, always and in the nature of things, wrong to some extent. They are the result of a more or less inadequate adjustment of the methods of living to a situation which prevailed at some point in the past development; and they are therefore wrong by something more than the interval which separates the present situation from that of the past. The institution of a leisure class, by force of class interest and instinct and by precept and prescriptive example, makes for the perpetuation of the existing maladjustment, and even favours a reversion to a somewhat more archaic scheme of life.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN—*The Theory of the Leisure Class* †

#### 430. AULD ROBIN GRAY

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
And a' the world to rest are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:  
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;  
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was  
stown awa;  
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray came a'courtin' me.

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My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win:  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e  
 Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me!

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
     wrack;  
 His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?  
 Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
     break:  
 They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;  
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he  
 Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
 We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away;  
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
 And why was I born to say, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin;  
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

LADY A. LINDSAY

#### 431. LOVERS AND A REFLECTION

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter  
     (And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;  
 Meaning, however, is no great matter)  
 Where woods are a-tremble with words a-tween;  
 Thro' God's own heather we wonned together,  
     I and my Willie (O love my love);  
 I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
     And flitter-bats wavered alow, above:

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,  
     (Boats in that climate are so polite,)

And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,  
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!  
Thro' the rare red heather we danced together  
(O love my Willie,) and smelt for flowers:  
I must mention again it was glorious weather,  
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours:

By rises that flushed with their purple favors,  
Thro' becks that brattled o'er grasses sheen,  
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,  
Thanking our stars we were both so green.  
We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,  
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,  
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly  
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes:

Song-birds darted about, some inky  
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;  
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—  
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds!  
But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes,  
Or hank in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem,  
They need no parasols, no goloshes;  
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrif God's cowslips (as erst his heather),  
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;  
And snapt—(it was perfectly charming weather)—  
Our fingers at Fate, and her goddess-glooms:  
And Willie 'gan sing—(Oh, his notes were fluty;  
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—  
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,  
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry":

Bowers of flowers encountered showers  
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)  
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe tomorrow  
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly.  
A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"  
I think occurred next in his nimble strain;  
And clay that was "kneaden" of course in Eden—  
A rhyme most novel I do maintain.

O if billows and willows and hours and flowers,  
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,



Could be furled together, this genial weather,  
 And carted or carried on wafts away,  
 Nor ever again trotted out—ah me!  
 How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be.

C. S. CALVERLY

#### 432. YOUTH AND AGE

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away  
 When the glow of early thought declines in feelings dull decay;  
 'T is not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so  
 fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:  
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;  
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;  
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,  
 Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of  
 rest;

'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe,  
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—  
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,  
 So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me!

LORD BYRON

#### 433. SHAKSPERE

OTHERS abide our question—Thou art free.

We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
 Out-topping knowledge! For the loftiest hill  
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
 To the foil'd searching of Mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
Didst walk on earth unguessed at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

#### 434. INDISPENSABILITY

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in Sir Thomas Lucy's preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. Atlas was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelities to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centre-point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they

give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*An Apology for Idlers* \*

#### 435. THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(*Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting*)

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face,  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
 To have dominion over sea and land;  
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
 To feel the passion of Eternity?  
 Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
 And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?  
 Down all the caverns of Hell to its last gulf  
 There is no shape more terrible than this—  
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—  
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
 More packed with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
 Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb terror shall rise to judge the world,  
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM \*

#### 436. THE BARBARIAN VIRTUES

The Barbarians, to whom we all owe so much and who re-invigorated and renewed our worn-out Europe, had, as is well-known, eminent merits; and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudice against them which prevails among the races of Latin origin. The Barbarians brought with them that staunch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr. Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have, at any rate, a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors; and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood. The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field-sports; and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises; the vigour, good looks, and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means—all these may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of

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the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing,—what is this but the attractive commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly. It consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in look, manners, accomplishments, prowess. The chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones; they were courage, a high spirit, self-confidence. Far within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had no access.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Culture and Anarchy*

437. FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,  
     That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
     We dare be poor for a' that!  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
         Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
     The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
     The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
     Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
     A man's a man for a' that,  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
         Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
     The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor  
     Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
     Wha struts and stares, and a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
     He's but a coof for a' that:  
     For a' that, and a' that,  
         His riband, star, and a' that,  
     The man of independent mind,  
     He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
     A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,



Guid faith he mauna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
As come it will for a' that;  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the warld o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS

#### 438. THE PRIDE OF UNBELIEF

WHEN I complained that I had lost my hope  
Of life eternal with eternal God;  
When I refused to read my horoscope  
In the unchanging stars, or claim abode  
With powers and dominations—but, poor clod,  
Clung to the earth and grovelled in my tears,  
Because I soon must lie beneath the sod  
And close the little number of my years,—  
Then I was told that pride had barred the way  
And raised this foul rebellion in my head.  
Yet, strange rebellion! I, but yesterday,  
Was God's own son in His own likeness bred.  
And thrice strange pride! who thus am cast away  
And go forth lost and disinherited.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

#### 439. SOCIALISM A BACKWARD STEP

To put the matter bluntly, there is under way in the United States at the present time a definite and determined movement to change our representative republic into a socialistic democracy. The attempt, carried on by men of conviction, men of sincerity, men of honest purpose, men of patriotism, as they conceive patriotism, is the most impressive political factor in our public life to-day. It strikes at the very root of the government of the United States and at the principles on which that government rests. It strikes at the very root of the Institutions that we call Anglo-Saxon, and it proclaims a failure that great movement for the establishment of liberty under law, controlled and carried on through the institutions of representative government, a move-

ment which had its origin more than two thousand years ago in the forests of Germany, and which has persisted with constantly growing force throughout the history of the English-speaking peoples down to our own day. We are now told that the people are either incompetent or unable to choose representatives who will really serve their highest interests and will be beyond the reach of the temptation offered by money or by power or by place. The remedy is said to be to appeal over the heads of the people's chosen representatives to the people themselves. . . . It would be just as appropriate to organize a movement, in the name of a progressive democracy, to cut our own clothes and make our own shoes, when tailors and shoemakers are unsatisfactory, as to assume for the people as a whole the political duties which belong to representative bodies of officials, because they do not in every case do just what we should like. To take a backward step from specialization of structure and of function, must not be defended as progressive; it is as reactionary as anything in the whole field of social evolution can possibly be. It is to return from the age of the mammal to the age of the amoeba. Of course it is conceivable that such a movement backward is desirable, but, if so, let us at least call it by its right name.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER—*Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?* \*

#### 440. AN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH

THERE is a river clear and fair,  
 'Tis neither broad nor narrow;  
 It winds a little here and there—  
 It winds about like any hare;  
 And then it takes as straight a  
     course  
 As on the turnpike road a horse,  
 Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the  
     shore,  
 Have grown a hundred years or  
     more;  
 So long there is no knowing;  
 Old Daniel Dobson does not  
     know  
 When first these trees began to  
     grow;

But still they grew, and grew,  
     and grew,  
 As if they'd nothing else to do,  
 But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky  
 Have rear'd their stately heads  
     so high,  
 And clothed their boughs with  
     green;  
 Their leaves the dews of even-  
     ing quaff,—  
 And when the wind blows loud  
     and keen,  
 I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,  
 And shake their sides with  
     merry glee—  
 Wagging their heads in mock-  
     ery.

\* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fix'd are their feet in solid  
earth,

Where winds can never blow;  
But visitings of deeper birth  
Have reach'd their roots be-  
low.

For they have gained the river's  
brink,  
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five years  
child—

He is my youngest boy:  
To look on eyes so fair and wild,  
It is a very joy:—  
He hath conversed with sun and  
shower,  
And dwelt with every idle flower,  
As fresh and gay as them.

He loiters with the briar rose,—  
The blue-bells are his play-fel-  
lows,  
That dance upon their slender  
stem.

As I have said, my little Will,  
Why should not he continue still  
A thing of Nature's rearing?  
A thing beyond the world's con-  
trol—

A living vegetable soul,—  
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see  
That child become a Willow-tree,  
His brother trees among.  
He'd be four times as tall as me,  
And live three times as long.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE

#### 441. HONEST BELIEF

If you address any average modern English company as believ-  
ing in an Eternal life; and then endeavour to draw any conclusions  
from this assumed belief, as to their present business, they will  
forthwith tell you that "what you say is very beautiful, but it is  
not practical." If, on the contrary, you frankly address them as  
*unbelievers* in Eternal life, and try to draw any consequences from  
that unbelief,—they immediately hold you for an accursed person,  
and shake off the dust from their feet at you.

It cannot, however, be assumed, with any semblance of reason,  
that a general audience is now wholly, or even in majority, com-  
posed of these religious persons. A large portion must always  
consist of men who admit no such creed; or who, at least, are in-  
accessible to appeals founded on it. And as, with the so-called  
Christian, I desired to plead for honest declaration and fulfilment  
of his belief in life,—with the so-called Infidel, I desired to plead  
for an honest declaration and fulfilment of his belief in death.  
The dilemma is inevitable. Men must either hereafter live, or here-  
after die; fate may be bravely met, and conduct wisely ordered, on  
either expectation; but never in hesitation between ungrasped hope  
and unfronted fear. We usually believe in immortality, so far as  
to avoid preparation for death; and in mortality, so far as to avoid  
preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at

least hold himself ready for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable; and will have all things ended in order, for his sleep, or left in order, for his awakening.

Nor have we any right to call it an ignoble judgment, if he determine to end them in order, as for sleep. A brave belief in life is indeed an enviable state of mind, but as far as I can discern, an unusual one. I know few Christians so convinced of the splendour of the rooms in their Father's house, as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at Court: nor has the Church's most ardent "desire to depart, and be with Christ," ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure. On the contrary, a brave belief in death has been assuredly held by many not ignoble persons; and it is a sign of the last depravity in the Church itself, when it assumes that such a belief is inconsistent with either purity of character, or energy of hand. The shortness of life is not, to any rational person, a conclusive reason for wasting the space of it which may be granted him; nor does the anticipation of death to-morrow, suggest, to any one but a drunkard, the expediency of drunkenness to-day. To teach that there is no device in the grave, may indeed make the deviceless person more contented in his dullness: but it will make the deviser only more earnest in devising: nor is human conduct likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrong-doing in a moment redeemed.

JOHN RUSKIN—*The Crown of Wild Olive*

#### 442. A SUMMER NIGHT

IN the deserted moon-blanch'd street  
 How lonely rings the echo of my feet!  
 Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,  
 Silent and white, unopening down,  
 Repellent as the world;—but see!  
 A break between the housetops shows  
 The moon, and, lost behind her, fading dim  
 Into the dewy dark obscurity  
 Down at the far horizon's rim,  
 Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose;

And to my mind the thought  
 Is on a sudden brought  
 Of a past night, and a far different scene.  
 Headlands stood out into the moon-lit deep

As clearly as at noon;  
The spring-tide's brimming flow  
Heaved dazzlingly between;

Houses with long white sweep  
Girdled the glistening bay;  
Behind, through the soft air,  
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away.  
That night was far more fair—  
But the same restless pacings to and fro,  
And the same vainly throbbing heart was there,  
And the same bright calm moon.

And the calm moonlight seems to say:  
*Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,  
Which never deadens into rest,  
Nor ever feels the fiery glow  
That whirls the spirit from itself away,  
But fluctuates to and fro,  
Never by passion quite possess'd,  
And never quite benumb'd by the world's sway?*  
And I, I know not if to pray  
Still to be what I am, or yield, and be  
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,  
Where in the sun's hot eye,  
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly  
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,  
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.  
And as, year after year,  
Fresh products of their barren labour fall  
From their tired hands, and rest  
Never yet comes more near,  
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast;  
And while they try to stem  
The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,  
Death in their prison reaches them,  
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

And the rest, a few,  
Escape their prison, and depart  
On the wide ocean of life anew.  
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart  
Listeth, will sail;  
Nor doth he know how there prevail,  
Despotic on that sea,



Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.  
 Awhile he holds some false way, undebarr'd  
     By thwarting signs, and braves  
 The freshening wind and blackening waves.  
 And then the tempest strikes him; and between  
     The lightning-bursts is seen  
     Only a driving wreck,  
 And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck  
     With anguish'd face and flying hair  
     Grasping the rudder hard,  
 Still bent to make some port he knows not where,  
 Still standing for some false impossible shore.  
     And sterner comes the roar  
 Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom  
 Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,  
 And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Is there no life, but these alone?  
 Madman or slave, must man be one?

Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!  
     Clearness divine!  
 Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign  
 Of languor, though so calm, and though so great  
 Are yet untroubled and unpassionate!  
 Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,  
 And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil!  
 I will not say that your mild deeps retain  
 A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain  
 Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain;  
 But I will rather say that you remain  
 A world above man's head, to let him see  
 How boundless might his soul's horizons be,  
 How vast, yet of what clear transparency!  
 How it were good to live there, and breathe free!  
     How fair a lot to fill  
     Is left to each man still!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

#### 443. THE INNER VISION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
 To pace the ground, if path there be or none,  
 While a fair region round the Traveller lies  
 Which he forbears again to look upon;  
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene

The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
—If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:  
With Thought and Love companions of our way—  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dew  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

#### 444. MEN AND SUPER-CATS

We fight best in armies, gregariously, where the risk is reduced; but we disapprove usually of murderers, and of almost all private combat. Lions and leopards fight each other singly, not in bands as do monkeys. As a matter of fact, few of us delight in really serious fighting. We do love to bicker; and we box and knock each other around, to exhibit our strength; but few normal Simians are keen about bloodshed and killing; we do it in war only because of patriotism, revenge, duty, glory. A feline civilization would have cared nothing for duty or glory, but they would have taken a far higher pleasure in gore. If a planet of super-cat-men could look down upon ours, they would not know which to think was the most amazing: the way we tamely live, five million or so in a city, with only a few police to keep us quiet, while we commit only one or two murders a day, and hardly have a respectable number of brawls; or the way great armies of us are trained to fight,—not liking it much, and yet doing more killing in wartime and shedding more blood than even the fiercest lion on his cruellest days. Which would perplex a gentlemanly super-cat spectator the more, our habits of wholesale slaughter in the field or our spiritless making a fetish of "order," at home?

CLARENCE DAY, JR. \*

#### 445. THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts

\* From *This Simian World*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings

Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—  
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

#### 446. THE NATURAL SUPERNATURAL

Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never with the Mind's eye, as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; wellnigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time: compress the threescore years

into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, shaped into a Body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air, and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and gibber (in our discordant screech-owlsh debatings and recriminations); and glide, bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning-air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-Hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

THOMAS CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus*

#### 447. THE SECRET OF GENIUS

In any case, you can see in what a free-and-easy fashion geniuses botch their sublime works. Whatever may be said, patience is the least of their virtues. They take no pains. They make mistakes, but whatever they may do, they are always right; because what they invent is not the result of cold calculation but of a powerful natural instinct. They create just as mothers bring children into the world. All the statues they model have the breath of life, though they know not why. Even though their statues be twisted and deformed, they are alive, they are not still-born; whereas those modelled by other sculptors according to the rules are dead. They are great as beautiful women are beautiful—without effort. That idea, I admit, clashes somewhat with current morality. No salvation without pain! Such is the doctrine. It is one of those eternal verities which our respectable university teaches its offspring as inalterable dogmas. People, too, would like to think that glory is achieved at the cost of some labour. And that, indeed, would be more just. But then, what does nature care for justice! Mediocrities sweat blood only to produce rubbish. Geniuses create wonders without an effort. In short, it is much easier to produce a masterpiece than a rhapsody, for all things are easy



to the predestined mortal. Correctness of style, the labour which makes perfection, imagination, method in the arrangement of their stories—some have these qualities, but many others have not and yet they are geniuses. That proves they are not indispensable to great writers. Great writers have not mean souls—that is all their secret. They profoundly love their fellow-men. They are generous. They do not limit their affections. They pity all suffering, and strive to soothe it. They take compassion on the poor players who perform in the comic tragedy, or the tragi-comedy, of destiny. Pity is the very basis of genius.

ANATOLE FRANCE \*

#### 448. LIFE'S GREAT CUP OF WONDER

BELOVÈD, my Belovèd, when I think  
That thou wast in the world a year ago,  
What time I sat alone here in the snow  
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink  
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,  
Went counting all my chains as if that so  
They never could fall off at any blow  
Struck by thy possible hand,—why, thus I drink  
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,  
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night  
With personal act or speech,—nor ever cull  
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white  
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,  
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING—*Sonnets From The Portuguese*

#### 449. THE INDOMITABLE

It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it, than to die daily in the sickroom. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career,

\* From *The Opinions of Anatole France*, recorded by Paul Gsell. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Aes Treplex* \*

#### 450. O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

O MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:  
To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing as beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child  
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;  
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.  
And all our rarer, better, truer self,  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,  
Laboriously tracing what must be,

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

And what may yet be better—saw within  
A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
And shaped it forth before the multitude  
Divinely human, raising worship so  
To higher reverence more mixed with love—  
That better self shall live till human Time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb  
Unread for ever.

This is life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT

#### 451. THE AULD WIFE

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
A thing she had frequently done before;  
And her spectacles lay on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
Till the cow said "I die" and the goose asked "Why";  
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the square farmyard;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
His last brew of ale was a trifle hard,  
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,  
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
If you try to approach her, away she skips  
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,  
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

She sat with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks  
There is hope, but she didn't even sneeze.

She sat with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks;  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
She gave up mending her father's breeks,  
And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks;  
Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep followed her as their tails did them,  
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
And this song is considered a perfect gem,  
And as to the meaning, it's what you please.

CHARLES S. CALVELLY

#### 452. THE PRESS AGENT

The men he had begun to think of as great and to try to imitate were like the strange and gigantic protuberances that sometimes grow on the side of unhealthy trees, but he did not know it. He did not know that throughout the country, even in that early date, a system was being built up to create the myth of greatness. At the seat of the American Government at Washington, hordes of somewhat clever and altogether unhealthy young men were already being employed for the purpose. In a sweeter age many of these young men might have become artists, but they had not been strong enough to stand against the growing strength of dollars. They had become instead newspaper correspondents and secretaries to politicians. All day and every day they used their minds and their talents as writers in the making of puffs and the creating of myths concerning the men by whom they were employed. They were like the trained sheep that are used at great slaughter-houses to lead other sheep into the killing pens. Having befouled their own minds for hire, they made their living by befouling the

minds of others. Already they had found out that no great cleverness was required for the work they had to do. What was required was constant repetition. It was only necessary to say over and over again that the man by whom they were employed was a great man. No proof had to be brought forward to substantiate the claims they had made; no great deeds had to be done by the men who were thus made great, as brands of crackers or breakfast food are made salable. Stupid and prolonged and insistent repetition was what was necessary.

As the politicians of the industrial age have created a myth about themselves, so also have the owners of dollars, the big bankers, the railroad manipulators, the promoters of industrial enterprise. The impulse to do so is partly sprung from shrewdness but for the most part it is due to a hunger within to be of some real moment in the world. Knowing that the talent that had made them rich is but a secondary talent, and being a little worried about the matter, they employ men to glorify it. Having employed a man for the purpose, they are themselves children enough to believe the myth they have paid money to have created. Every rich man in the country unconsciously hates his press-agent.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON—*Poor White* \*

#### 453. HOPE AND FEAR

BENEATH the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,

With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,

Hope from the front of youth in godlike cheer

Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men grope

Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can ope,

And makes for joy the very darkness dear

That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that fear

At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.

Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,

May truth first purge her eyesight to discern

What once being known leaves time no power to appal;

Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn

The kind wise word that falls from years that fall—

*'Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all.'*

A. C. SWINBURNE

#### 454. THE PARTICULAR GLORY OF ATHENS

"Of the battles which we and our fathers fought, whether in the winning of our power abroad or in bravely withstanding the warfare of barbarian or Greek at home, I do not wish to say more;

\* By permission of B. W. Huebsch.



they are too familiar to you all. I wish rather to set forth the spirit in which we faced them and the constitution and manners with which we rose to greatness, and to pass from them to the dead; for I think it not unfitting that these things should be called to mind at to-day's solemnity, and expedient too that the whole gathering of citizens and strangers should listen to them. . . .

"Our constitution is named a democracy because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many. But our laws secure equal justice for all in their private disputes, and our public opinion welcomes and honors talent in every branch of achievement, not for any sectional reason but on grounds of excellence alone. And as we give free play to all in our public life, so we carry the same spirit into our daily relations with one another. We have no black looks or angry words for our neighbor if he enjoys himself in his own way, and we abstain from the little acts of churlishness which, though they leave no mark, yet cause annoyance to whoso notes them. Open and friendly in our private intercourse, in our public acts we keep strictly within the control of law. We acknowledge the restraint of reverence; we are obedient to whomsoever is set in authority and to the laws, more especially to those which offer protection to the oppressed and those unwritten ordinances whose transgression brings admitted shame.

"Yet ours is no workaday city only. No other provides so many recreations for the spirit—contests and sacrifices all the year round, and beauty in our public buildings to cheer the heart and delight the eye day by day. . . .

"We are lovers of beauty without extravagance and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness. Wealth to us is not mere material for vainglory but an opportunity for achievement; and poverty we think it no disgrace to acknowledge but a real degradation to make no effort to overcome. Our citizens attend both to public and private duties and do not allow absorption in their own various affairs to interfere with their knowledge of the city's. We differ from other states in regarding the man who holds aloof from public life not as 'quiet' but as useless; we decide or debate, carefully and in person, all matters of policy, holding not that words and deeds go ill together but that acts are foredoomed to failure when undertaken undiscussed. For we are noted for being at once most adventurous in action and most reflective beforehand. . . .

"We secure our friends not by accepting favors but by doing them. We are alone among mankind in doing men benefits not on calculations of self-interest but in the fearless confidence of freedom.

"In a word, I claim that our city as a whole is an education to Greece. . . ."

PERICLES—*At the Graves of Athenian Soldiers*

## 455. TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
 The vapors weep their burden to the ground,  
 Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,  
 And after many a summer dies the swan.  
 Me only cruel immortality  
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,  
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
 The ever silent spaces of the East;  
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—  
 So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed  
 To his great heart none other than a God!  
 I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."  
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
 Like wealthy men who care not how they give.  
 But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,  
 And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
 And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd  
 To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
 Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
 And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,  
 Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,  
 Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
 Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears  
 To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift!  
 Why should a man desire in any way  
 To vary from the kindly race of men,  
 Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
 Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,  
 And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,  
 In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?  
 "The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:  
 How can my nature longer mix with thine!  
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold  
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet  
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam

Floats up from those dim fields about the homes  
Of happy men that have the power to die,  
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.  
Release me, and restore me to the ground;  
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:  
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;  
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,  
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

#### 456. ARMISTICE DAY

We are met to commemorate an event which none of us is likely to forget. As this day comes again and again with the revolving years, there naturally will be in the University, students and teachers for whom this day will have lost the vividness of an unforgettable experience. What it will mean to them, therefore, depends very much on the use we make of it, we who commemorate it, not because our ancestors commemorated it, but because our descendents will commemorate it. This is Armistice Day. We should observe it in its own terms; we should stand at arms, and so standing search our minds and hearts.

As we recall the days when this University was like an armed camp, filled with the best youth of the land, whose faces shone with the light of a radiant readiness to die; when we remember that glorious unity of effort which pervaded us all like an inspiration from on high; when we say to ourselves again the great words which we then said; and then look out upon the present world, what we see is very far from what we hoped to see. The world is not at peace, for all our fighting. Men's hearts are not cleansed, for all the blood that was shed. But as we stand at arms, shall we say that what we see means that all the idealism which we knew so intimately and so splendidly was nothing but the painted ornamentation of human selfishness? No doubt men are very selfish, and it is all too certain that when they settle back after a great conflict into the ordinary ways of life, this selfishness flashes out with contrasted emphasis. But it is true, beyond all doubt, that men do not give up their lives for selfish reasons. To die willingly and to die sanely is to die for something more precious than life. So as we stand at arms and reflect, we should use this pause in our activities, not to bewail the follies of men, but to refresh ourselves again with the vision of the things for which men are glad to die.

The best way we can remember our dead is, after all, not to remember them, but to remember what inspired them. Their praise is beyond the reach of words. Their glory can not be increased

by human speech. They are not objects for living men to praise, but they are the judges of what living men do. They put to us insistently the question: "Are you living for the things for which we died?" For what then did they die?

There are doubtless many answers, but the supreme answer is in those great words which men have used in all time to express what is priceless in all communal living—justice and liberty. These words are always linked, and most of our follies arise in attempts to separate them. We try to force men to be just in order that they may be free, or give them freedom in order that they may be just. But the unity of justice and liberty among men is something that must be won. Sometimes it has to be fought for with the clash of arms. Always it has to be fought for with all the instrumentalities of peace. If our dead tell us anything, they tell us that. They tell us that you can not make men just by force, and that you can not make them free by permission. They tell us that this unity must be wrought out in character. They tell us that ultimately the issues of human life are not economic or political; that ultimately and fundamentally they are moral. As we stand at arms, that is what we should see. This is Armistice Day. To remember our dead in the way in which they have a right to be remembered is to deepen within ourselves the conviction that the governments and institutions of men and all their laws and arrangements are powerless to preserve the unity of justice and liberty unless they are vivified and fortified by moral energy. So to remember them is to remember them in their glory.

F. J. E. WOODBRIDGE

#### 457. YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms  
    straying,  
Where Hope clung feeding, like  
    a bee—  
Both were mine! Life went  
    a-maying  
    With Nature, Hope, and Po-  
    esy,  
    When I was young!  
When I was young?—Ah, woful  
    when!  
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now  
    and Then!  
This breathing house not built  
    with hands,

This body that does me griev-  
    ous wrong,  
O'er aery cliffs and glittering  
    sands  
How lightly then it flash'd along:  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown  
    of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers  
    wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or  
    tide!  
Nought cared this body for wind  
    or weather  
When Youth and I lived in 't  
    together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is  
 flower-like;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
 O! the joys, that came down  
 shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
 Ere I was old!  
 Ere I was old?—Ah, woful Ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no  
 longer here!

O Youth! for years so many and  
 sweet  
 'T is known that Thou and I  
 were one,  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!  
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet  
 toll'd:—  
 And thou wert aye a masker  
 bold!  
 What strange disguise hast now  
 put on  
 To make believe that thou art  
 gone?  
 I see these locks in silvery slips,  
 This drooping gait, this alter'd  
 size:

But Springtide blossoms on thy  
 lips,  
 And tears take sunshine from  
 thine eyes!  
 Life is but Thought: so think  
 I will  
 That Youth and I are house-  
 mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morn-  
 ing,  
 But the tears of mournful eve!  
 Where no hope is, life's a warn-  
 ing  
 That only serves to make us  
 grieve  
 When we are old:  
 —That only serves to make us  
 grieve  
 With oft and tedious taking-  
 leave,  
 Like some poor nigh-related  
 guest  
 That may not rudely be dismiss'd,  
 Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome  
 while,  
 And tells the jest without the  
 smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE

#### 458. ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME

If I could live without the thought of death,  
 Forgetful of Time's waste, the soul's decay,  
 I would not ask for other joy than breath  
 With light and sound of birds and the sun's ray.  
 I could sit on untroubled day by day  
 Watching the grass grow, and the wild flowers range  
 From blue to yellow and from red to grey  
 In natural sequence as the seasons change.  
 I could afford to wait, but for the hurt  
 Of this dull tick of time which chides my ear.  
 But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt



And staff unlifted, for death stands too near.  
 I must be up and doing—ay, each minute.  
 The grave gives time for rest when we are in it.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

#### 459. HOW CAN I KNOW YOU ALL?

How can I know you all, you who are passing?  
 You in the crowds, moving so many ways.  
 You hundreds and you tens, even you twos and threes,  
 How can I hope to know you?  
 On your faces I have looked and I have seen each time  
 Tokens of kinship,  
 Patents like mine of joy  
 And signs like mine of proud and piteous need,  
 Of pain, of knowledge and of reparation.  
 I have heard hidden in your voices every synonym of love.  
 But O you many faces known to me far-off  
 And strange to me when you are near,  
 How shall I know whom I need to know,  
 Discovering your splendid lonely souls  
 And mating them with mine?—  
 Out from among you comes a voice in answer:  
 "How can you know  
 Him whom you will not know?  
 We are yourself."

ROBERT GRAVES \*

#### 460. THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet;  
 Here, where all trouble seems  
 Dead winds' and spent waves'  
 riot

In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
 I watch the green field growing  
 For reaping folk and sowing  
 For harvest-time and mowing,  
 A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
 And men that laugh and weep;  
 Of what may come hereafter

For men that sow and reap:  
 I am weary of days and hours,  
 Blown buds of barren flowers,

Desires and dreams and powers  
 And everything but sleep.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
 Crowned with calm leaves, she  
 stands

Who gathers all things mortal  
 With cold immortal hands;  
 Her languid lips are sweeter  
 Than love's who fears to greet  
 her

To men that mix and meet her  
 From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
 She waits for all men born;

\* From *Country Sentiment*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn;  
And spring and seed and swallow

Take wing for her and follow  
Where summer song rings hollow

And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;

And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;  
Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
Blind buds that snows have shaken,

Wild leaves that winds have taken,

Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,

And joy was never sure;

To-day will die to-morrow;

Time stoops to no man's lure;

And love, grown faint and fretful,

With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving

Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives for ever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light:

Nor sounds of waters shaken,

Nor any sound or sight:

Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,

Nor days nor things diurnal;

Only the sleep eternal

In an eternal night.

A. C. SWINBURNE

#### 461. A SYMPTOM OF ANEMIA

The longing to be primitive is a disease of culture; it is archaism in morals. To be so preoccupied with vitality is a symptom of anemia. When life was really vigorous and young, in Homeric times for instance, no one seemed to fear that it might be squeezed out of existence either by the incubus of matter or by the petrifying blight of intelligence. Life was like the light of day, something to use, or to waste, or to enjoy. It was not a thing to worship; and often the chief luxury of living consisted in dealing death about vigorously. Life indeed was loved, and the beauty and pathos of it were felt exquisitely; but its beauty and pathos lay in the divineness of its model and in its own fragility. No one paid it the equivocal compliment of thinking it a substance or a material force. Nobility was not then impossible in sentiment, because there were ideals in life higher and more indestructible than life itself, which life might illustrate and to which it might fitly be sacrificed. Nothing can be meaner than the anxiety to live on anyhow and in any shape; a spirit with any honour is not willing to live except in its own way, and a spirit with any

wisdom is not over-eager to live at all. In those days men recognised immortal gods and resigned themselves to being mortal. Yet those were the truly vital and instinctive days of the human spirit. Only when vitality is low do people find material things oppressive and ideal things unsubstantial. Now there is more motion than life, and more haste than force; we are driven to distraction by the ticking of the tiresome clocks, material and social, by which we are obliged to regulate our existence. We need ministering angels to fly to us from somewhere, even if it be from the depths of protoplasm. We must bathe in the currents of some non-human vital flood, like consumptives in their last extremity who must bask in the sunshine and breathe the mountain air; and our disease is not without its sophistry to convince us that we were never so well before, or so mightily conscious of being alive.

GEORGE SANTAYANA—*Winds of Doctrine* \*

462. ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Matched with an agèd wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed  
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore and when  
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name  
For always roaming with a hungry heart.  
Much have I seen and known; cities of men,  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honoured of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!  
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour saved

\* By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

From that eternal silence, is something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this grey spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and through soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Though much is taken, much abides; and though  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

## 463. THREE VIEWS OF A WOMAN

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my  
sight;

A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight  
fair;

Like Twilight's too, her dusky  
hair;

But all things else about her  
drawn

From May-time and the cheerful  
dawn;

A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
Her household motions light and  
free,

And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did  
meet

Sweet records, promises as  
sweet;

A creature not too bright or  
good

For human nature's daily food,  
For transient sorrows, simple  
wiles,

Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears,  
and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine;

A being breathing thoughtful  
breath,

A traveller between life and  
death:

The reason firm, the temperate  
will,

Endurance, foresight, strength,  
and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd  
To warn, to comfort, and com-  
mand;

And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-  
light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 464. HISTORICAL MEMORY

One day while *listening* to the silence, it occurred to my mind to wonder what the effect would be if I were to shout aloud. This seemed at the time a horrible suggestion of fancy, a "lawless and uncertain thought" which almost made me shudder, and I was anxious to dismiss it quickly from my mind. But during those solitary days it was a rare thing for any thought to cross my mind; animal forms did not cross my vision or bird-voices assail my hearing more rarely. In that novel state of mind I was in, thought had become impossible. Elsewhere I had always been able to think most freely on horseback; and on the pampas, even in the most lonely places, my mind was always most active when I travelled at a swinging gallop. This was doubtless habit; but now, with a horse under me, I had become incapable of reflection:



my mind had suddenly transformed itself from a thinking machine into a machine for some other unknown purpose. To think was like setting in motion a noisy engine in my brain; and there was something there which bade me be still, and I was forced to obey. My state was one of *suspense* and *watchfulness*; yet I had no expectation of meeting with an adventure, and felt as free from apprehension as I feel now when sitting in a room in London. The change in me was just as great and wonderful as if I had changed my identity for that of another man or animal; but at the time I was powerless to wonder at or speculate about it; the state seemed familiar rather than strange, and although accompanied by a strong feeling of elation, I did not know it—did not know that something had come between me and my intellect—until I lost it and returned to my former self—to thinking, and the old insipid existence.

Such changes in us, however brief in duration they may be, and in most cases they are very brief, but which so long as they last seem to affect us down to the very roots of our being, and come as a great surprise—a revelation of an unfamiliar and unsuspected nature hidden under the nature we are conscious of—can only be attributed to an instantaneous reversion to the primitive and wholly savage mental conditions. . . .

It is true that we are eminently adaptive, that we have created, and exist in some sort of harmony with new conditions, widely different from those to which we were originally adapted; but the old harmony was infinitely more perfect than the new, and if there be such a thing as historical memory in us, it is not strange that the sweetest moment in any life, pleasant or dreary, should be when Nature draws near to it, and, taking up her neglected instrument, plays a fragment of some ancient melody, long unheard on the earth.

W. H. HUDSON—*Idle Days in Patagonia* \*

#### 465. HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

\* By permission of E. P. Dutton.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
 I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING—*Sonnets from the Portuguese*

#### 466. SEPARATION

WHEN we two parted  
 In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted,  
 To sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
 Colder thy kiss;  
 Truly that hour foretold  
 Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning  
 Sunk chill on my brow;  
 It felt like the warning  
 Of what I feel now.  
 Thy vows are all broken,  
 And light is thy fame:  
 I hear thy name spoken  
 And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
 A knell to mine ear;  
 A shudder comes o'er me—  
 Why wert thou so dear?  
 They know not I knew thee  
 Who knew thee too well:  
 Long, long shall I rue thee,  
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:  
 In silence I grieve  
 That thy heart could forget,  
 Thy spirit deceive.  
 If I should meet thee  
 After long years,  
 How should I greet thee?—  
 With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON

#### 467. CHANGING STANDARDS

That the ethical like the legal code of a people stands in constant need of revision will hardly be disputed by any attentive and dispassionate observer. The old view that the principles of right and wrong are immutable and eternal is no longer tenable. Contemplate the diversities, the inconsistencies, the contradictions of the ethical ideas and the ethical practice, not merely of different peoples in different countries, but of the same people in the same country in different ages; then say whether the foundations of morality are eternally fixed and unchanging. If they seem so to us, as they have probably seemed to men in all ages who did not extend their view beyond the narrow limits of their time and country, it is in all likelihood because the rate of change is commonly so slow that it is imperceptible at any moment and can only be detected by a comparison of accurate observations extending over long periods of time. Therefore, whether we like it or not, the moral code by which we regulate our conduct is being constantly revised and altered: old rules are being silently expunged and new rules silently inscribed in the palimpsest by

the busy, the unresting hand of an invisible scribe. For unlike the public and formal revision of a legal code, the revision of a moral code is always private, tacit, and informal. We ourselves are the lawgivers and the judges: it is the whole people who make and alter the ethical standard and judge every case by reference to it. We sit in the highest court of appeal, judging offenders daily, and we cannot, if we would, rid ourselves of the responsibility. All that we can do is to take as clear and comprehensive a view as possible of the evidence, lest from too narrow and partial a view we should do injustice, perhaps gross and irreparable injustice, to the prisoners at the bar.

J. G. FRAZER—*The Perils of the Soul*\*

#### 468. SCIENCE A PART OF CULTURE

The notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes, and that the chief business of mankind is to learn that order and govern themselves accordingly. Moreover this scientific "criticism of life" presents itself to us with different credentials from any other. It appeals not to authority, nor to what anybody may have thought or said, but to nature. It admits that all our interpretations of natural fact are more or less imperfect and symbolic, and bids the learner seek for truth not among words but among things. It warns us that the assertion which outstrips evidence is not only a blunder but a crime.

The purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the Humanists in our day, gives us no inkling of this. Scholarly and pious persons, worthy of all respect, favour us with allocutions upon the sadness of the antagonism of science to their medieval way of thinking, which betrays an ignorance of the first principles of scientific investigation, an incapacity for understanding what a man of science means by veracity, and an unconsciousness of the weight of established scientific truths, which is almost comical. If we were disposed to be cruel, we might urge that the Humanists have brought this reproach upon themselves, not because they are too full of the spirit of the ancient Greek, but because they lack it. . . . We cannot know all the best thoughts and sayings of the Greeks unless we know what they thought about natural phenomena. We cannot fully apprehend their criticism of life unless we understand the extent to which that criticism was affected by scientific conceptions. We falsely pretend

\* From *The Golden Bough*, published by the Macmillan Company.

to be the inheritors of their culture, unless we are penetrated, as the best minds among them were, with an unhesitating faith that the free employment of reason, in accordance with scientific method, is the sole method of reaching the truth.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY—*Science and Culture*

#### 469. ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'T is not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth!  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim  
And purple-stainéd mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs;  
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,

And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fated to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,



Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS

470. MY LOVE, NOT MY LINES

If Thou survive my well-contented day  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover;  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought—  
'Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage.  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

471. OF ONE WHO SEEMED TO HAVE FAILED

DEATH's but one more to-morrow. Thou art gray  
With many a death of many a yesterday.  
O yearning heart that lacked the athlete's force  
And, stumbling, fell upon the beaten course,  
And looked, and saw with ever glazing eyes  
Some lower soul that seemed to win the prize!  
Lo, Death, the just, who comes to all alike,  
Life's sorry scales of right anew shall strike.  
Forth, through the night, on unknown shores to win  
The peace of God unstirred by sense of sin!  
There love without desire shall, like a mist  
At evening precious to the opening flower,  
Possess thy soul in ownership, and kissed  
By viewless lips, whose touch shall be a dower  
Of genius and of winged serenity,  
Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy.  
There soul hath touch of soul, and there the great  
Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden gate.  
Freeborn to untold thoughts that age on age  
Caressed sweet singers in their sacred sleep,

Thy soul shall enter on its heritage  
Of God's unuttered wisdom. Thou shalt sweep  
With hand assured the ringing lyre of life,  
Till the fierce anguish of its bitter strife,  
Its pain, death, discord, sorrow, and despair,  
Break into rhythmic music. Thou shalt share  
The prophet-joy that kept forever glad  
God's poet-souls when all a world was sad.

Enter and live! Thou hast not lived before;  
We were but soul-cast shadows. Ah, no more  
The heart shall bear the burdens of the brain;  
Now shall the strong heart think, nor think in vain.  
In the dear company of peace, and those  
Who bore for man life's utmost agony,  
Thy soul shall climb to cliffs of still repose,  
And see before thee lie Time's mystery,  
And that which is God's time, Eternity;  
Whence, sweeping over thee, dim myriad things,  
The awful centuries yet to be, in hosts  
That stir the vast of heaven with formless wings,  
Shall cast for thee their shrouds and, like to ghosts,  
Unriddle all the past, till, awed and still,  
Thy soul the secret hath of good and ill.

S. WEIR MITCHELL \*

#### 472. THE ILIAD

The *Iliad* is from two to three thousand years older than *Macbeth*, and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there no lessons save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy; he never struggles to impress upon us his views about this or that; you can scarcely tell indeed whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan; but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He sang the Tale of Troy, he touched his lyre, he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those on whom he was conferring immortality. And thus, although no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilium; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles; though Ulysses and Diomed and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent. For the mere hard purposes of history, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are the most

\* By permission of the Century Co.

effective books which ever were written. We see the Hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinous, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the marketplace dealing out genial justice. Or again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armour as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord, we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope.

J. A. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects*

473. THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursèd instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW \*

#### 474. THE IDEA OF GOD DEPENDENT ON PUNISHMENT

In the present day it is not easy to find a well-meaning man among our earnest thinkers who will not take upon himself to dispute the whole system of redemption, because he cannot unravel the mystery of the punishment of sin. But can he unravel the mystery of the punishment of No sin? Can he entirely account for all that happens to a cab-horse? Has he ever looked fairly at the fate of one of those beasts as it is dying—measured the work it has done and the reward it has got—put his hand upon the bloody wounds through which its bones are piercing, and so looked up to heaven with an entire understanding of Heaven's ways about the horse? Yet the horse is a fact—no dream—no revelation among the myrtle

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trees by night; and the dust it dies upon, and the dogs that eat it, are facts. And yonder happy person whose horse it was until its knees were broken over the hurdles; who had an immortal soul to begin with, and wealth and peace to help forward his immortality; who had also devoted the powers of his soul and body and wealth and peace to the spoiling of horses, the corruption of the innocent, and the oppression of the poor; and has, at this actual moment of his prosperous life, as many curses waiting round about him in the calm shadow, with their death-eyes fixed upon him, biding their time, as ever the poor cab-horse had launched at him in meaningless blasphemies when his failing feet stumbled at the stones—this happy person shall have no stripes, shall have only the horse's fate of annihilation! Or, if other things are reserved for him, Heaven's kindness or omnipotence is to be doubted therefore!

JOHN RUSKIN—*Modern Painters*

#### 475. THE NECESSITY OF EMOTION

I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure, and even as a school-boy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have lately tried to read Shakespeare and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseates me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that (æsthetic) part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

CHARLES DARWIN—*Autobiographical Notes*

#### 476. ISOLATION INVIOULATE

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
 Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
 Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
 At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong  
 Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
 Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher  
 The angels would press on us and aspire  
 To drop some golden orb of perfect song



Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING—*Sonnets from the Portuguese*

#### 477. IDEAS MUST BE SYMBOLIZED

Logicians may reason about abstractions; but the great mass of men must have images. The strong tendency of the multitude in all ages and nations to idolatry can be explained on no other principle. The first inhabitants of Greece, there is reason to believe, worshipped one invisible Deity. But the necessity of having something more definite to adore produced, in a few centuries, the innumerable crowd of gods and goddesses. In like manner the ancient Persians thought it impious to exhibit the Creator under a human form. Yet even these transferred to the sun the worship which, in speculation, they considered due only to the Supreme Mind. The history of the Jews is the record of a continued struggle between pure Theism, supported by the most terrible sanctions, and the strangely fascinating desire of having some visible and tangible object of adoration. Perhaps none of the secondary causes which Gibbon has assigned for the rapidity with which Christianity spread over the world, while Judaism scarcely ever acquired a proselyte, operated more powerfully than this feeling. God, the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a conception; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity, embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lic-tor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust. Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph, the principle which had assisted it began to corrupt it. It became a new paganism. Patron saints assumed the offices of household gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded to Venus and the Muses. The fascination of sex and loveliness was again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion. Reformers have often made a stand against these feelings; but never with more than apparent and partial success. The men who demolished the images in cathe-

drals have not always been able to demolish those which were enshrined in their minds. It would not be difficult to show that in politics the same rule holds good. Doctrines, we are afraid, must generally be embodied before they can excite a strong public feeling. The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Milton*

478. ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,

And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?  
 What little town by river or sea shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayst,  
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOHN KEATS

#### 479. THE INEVITABLE IDEAL

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: That this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however misconceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago, by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step farther into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in him too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered politics and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life.

The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? Do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness, we call wicked? It may be, and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

As we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror, and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Pulvis Et Umbra* \*

#### 480. HOME AND TRAVEL

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify:  
As easy might I from myself depart  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;  
That is my home of love; if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels, I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

\* From *Across The Plains*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

## 481. TO MILTON

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:  
O! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;  
So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 482. FEARS FOR MY COUNTRY

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?  
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled:  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 483. SURPRISED BY JOY

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind—  
I turn'd to share the transport—Oh! with whom  
But Thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,  
That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—  
But how could I forget thee? Through what power  
Even for the least division of an hour



Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore  
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

484. THY ETERNAL SUMMER

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

485. TO ME, FAIR FRIEND, YOU NEVER CAN BE OLD

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were when first your eye I eyed  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
In process of the season have I seen,  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

## 486. HIGH OR LOW

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,  
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,  
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain  
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.  
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
And you, my Love, as humble and as low  
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.  
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,  
My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.  
Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,  
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

J. SYLVESTER

## 487. THE ALCHEMIST

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before:  
—But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

## 488. SHOW

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, oppress'd  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;  
The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
No grandeur now in Nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore:  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

#### 489. VANITAS VANITATIS

LAME, impotent conclusion to youth's dreams  
Vast as all heaven! See, what glory lies  
Entangled here in these base stratagems,  
What virtue done to death! O glorious sighs,  
Sublime beseechings, high cajoleries,  
Fond wraths, brave raptures, all that sometime was  
Our daily bread of gods beneath the skies,  
How are ye ended, in what utter loss!  
Time was, time is, and time is yet to come,  
Till even time itself shall have an end.  
These were eternal—and behold, a tomb.  
Come let us laugh and eat and drink. God send  
What all the world must need one day as we,  
Speedy oblivion, rest for memory.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

#### 490. RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—  
The love of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
And in the dearest passage of a song.  
Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng  
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet  
bright;  
But it must never, never come in sight;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.  
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,  
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—  
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

ALICE MEYNELL

## 491. THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world, that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay;  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

## 492. SILENCE

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound;  
There is a silence where no sound may be;  
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound,  
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground.  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

THOMAS HOOD

## 493. THE HEART'S SACREDNESS

A WRETCHED thing it were to have our heart  
Like a broad highway or a populous street,  
Where every idle thought has leave to meet  
Pause or pass on as in an open mart;  
Or like some roadside pool, which no nice art  
Has guarded that the cattle may not beat  
And foul it with a multitude of feet,  
Till of the heavens it give back no part.

But keep thou thine a holy solitude,  
For He who would walk there would walk alone  
He who would drink there must be first endued  
With single right to call that stream his own;  
Keep thou thine heart close fastened, unrevealed,  
A fenced garden and a fountain sealed.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

#### 494. CONSOLATION

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone bewEEP my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on Thee—and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heavens's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

#### 495. BEGGARED

AM I failing? for no longer can I cast  
A glory round about this head of gold.  
Glory she wears, but springing from the mould—  
Not like the consecration of the Past!  
Is my soul beggar'd? Something more than earth  
I cry for still: I cannot be at peace  
In having Love upon a mortal lease.  
I cannot take the woman at her worth!  
Where is the ancient wreath wherewith I clothed  
Our human nakedness, and could endow  
With spiritual splendour a white brow  
That else had grinned at me the fact I loath'd?  
A kiss is but a kiss now! and no wave  
Of a great flood that whirls me to the sea.  
But, as you will! we'll sit contentedly,  
And eat our pot of honey on the grave.

GEORGE MEREDITH—*Modern Love*



## 496. THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE World is too much with us; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
 The winds that will be howling at all hours  
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,  
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## 497. WELLINGTON

Not only that thy puissant arm could bind  
 The tyrant of a world; and, conquering Fate,  
 Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;  
 But that in all thy actions I do find  
 Exact propriety: no gusts of mind  
 Fitful and wild, but that continuous state  
 Of ordered impulse mariners await  
 In some benignant and enriching wind,—  
 The breath ordained of Nature. Thy calm mien  
 Recalls old Rome, as much as thy high deed;  
 Duty thine only idol, and serene  
 When all are troubled; in the utmost need  
 Prescient; thy country's servant ever seen,  
 Yet sovereign of thyself, whate'er may speed.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

## 498. THE WRONG KIND OF INDUSTRY

I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great

Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain. It is a revolutionary precept; but, thanks to hunger and the work-house, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. Look at one of your industrious fellows for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in the Circumlocution Office, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*An Apology For Idlers* \*

#### 499. NATURE AND THE POET

*Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm,  
painted by Sir George Beaumont.*

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
When'er I look'd, thy image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! It seem'd no sleep,  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then—if mine had been the painter's hand  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

\* From *Virginibus Puerisque*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house divine  
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—  
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
No motion but the moving tide; a breeze;  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such picture would I at that time have made;  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,—'t is so no more;  
I have submitted to a new control:  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the friend  
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O, 't is a passionate work!—yet wise and well,  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves  
—Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

#### 500. WHAT PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY WOULD MEAN

I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions; to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling) since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

JONATHAN SWIFT—*Abolishing of Christianity in England*

#### 501. MASTERY OF DETAILS IS NOT INTELLIGENCE

What men, in their egoism, constantly mistake for a deficiency of intelligence in woman is merely an incapacity for mastering that mass of small intellectual tricks, that complex of petty knowledges, that collection of cerebral rubber-stamps, which constitutes the chief mental equipment of the average male. A man thinks that he is more intelligent than his wife because he can add up a column of figures more accurately, and because he understands the imbecile jargon of the stock market, and because he is able to distinguish between the ideas of rival politicians, and because he is privy to the minutiae of some sordid and degrading business or

profession, say soap selling or the law. But these empty talents, of course, are not really signs of a profound intelligence; they are, in fact, merely superficial accomplishments, and their acquirement puts little more strain on the mental powers than a chimpanzee suffers in learning how to catch a penny or scratch a match. The whole bag of tricks of the average business man, or even of the average professional man, is inordinately childish. It takes no more actual sagacity to carry on the everyday hawking and haggling of the world, or to ladle out its normal doses of bad medicine and worse law, than it takes to operate a taxicab or fry a pan of fish. No observant person, indeed, can come into close contact with the general run of business and professional men—I confine myself to those who seem to get on in the world, and exclude the admitted failures—without marvelling at their intellectual lethargy, their incurable ingenuousness, their appalling lack of ordinary sense. The late Charles Francis Adams, a grandson of one American President and a great-grandson of another, after a long lifetime in intimate association with some of the chief business “geniuses” of that paradise of traders and usurers, the United States Senate, reported in his old age that he had never heard a single one of them say anything worth hearing. These were vigorous and masculine men, and in a man’s world they were successful men, but intellectually they were all blank cartridges.

H. L. MENCKEN \*

#### 502. THE FUTURE

A WANDERER is man from his  
birth.

He was born in a ship  
On the breast of the river of  
Time;

Brimming with wonder and joy  
He spreads out his arms to the  
light,

Rivets his gaze on the banks of  
the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his  
thoughts been.

Whether he wakes  
Where the snowy mountainous  
pass,

Echoing the screams of the  
eagles,

Hems in its gorges the bed  
Of the new-born clear-flowing  
stream;

Whether he first sees light  
Where the river in gleaming  
rings

Sluggishly winds through the  
plain;

Whether in sound of the swal-  
lowing sea—

As is the world on the banks,  
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each as he glides  
Fable and dream  
Of the lands which the river  
of Time

Had left ere he woke on its  
breast,

\* From *In Defense of Women*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.



Or shall reach when his eyes  
have been closed.  
Only the tract where he sails  
He wots of; only the thoughts  
Raised by the objects he passes,  
are his.

Who can see the green earth  
any more

As she was by the sources of  
Time?

Who imagines her fields as  
they lay

In the sunshine, unworn by  
the plough?

Who thinks as they thought,  
The tribes who then roam'd  
on her breast,

Her vigorous primitive sons?

What girl

Now reads in her bosom as  
clear

As Rebekah read, when she  
sate

At eve by the palm-shaded  
well?

Who guards in her breast  
As deep, as pellucid a spring  
Of feeling, as tranquil, as  
sure?

What bard,

At height of his vision, can  
deem

Of God, of the world, of the  
soul,

With a plainness as near,  
As flashing as Moses felt,  
When he lay in the night by  
his flock

On the starlit Arabian waste?

Can rise and obey  
The beck of the Spirit like  
him?

This tract which the river of  
Time

Now flows through with us, is  
the plain.

Gone is the calm of its earlier  
shore.

Border'd by cities, and hoarse  
With a thousand cries is its  
stream.

And we on its breast, our  
minds

Are confused as the cries  
which we hear.

Changing and shot as the sights  
which we see.

And we say that repose has  
fled

For ever the course of the river  
of Time.

That cities will crowd to its  
edge

In a blacker incessanter line;  
That the din will be more on  
its banks,

Denser the trade on its stream.

Flatter the plain where it  
flows.

Fiercer the sun overhead.  
That never will those on its  
breast

See an ennobling sight,  
Drink of the feeling of quiet  
again.

But what was before us we  
know not,

And we know not what shall  
succeed.

Haply, the river of Time,  
As it grows, as the towns on  
its marge

Fling their wavering lights

On a wider, statelier stream—  
 May acquire, if not the calm  
 Of its early mountainous  
 shore,  
 Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters,  
 the hush  
 Of the grey expanse where he  
 floats,  
 Freshening its current and spot-  
 ted with foam

As it draws to the Ocean, may  
 strike  
 Peace to the soul of the man on  
 its breast;  
 As the pale waste widens  
 around him—  
 As the banks fade dimmer  
 away—  
 As the stars come out, and the  
 night-wind  
 Brings up the stream  
 Murmurs and scents of the in-  
 finite Sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

### 503. PHYSICAL STANDARDS IN FEMALENESS

It is more or less a rule that in communities which are at the stage of economic development at which women are valued by the upper class for their service, the ideal of female beauty is a robust, large-limbed woman. The ground of appreciation is the physique, while the conformation of the face is of secondary weight only. A well-known instance of this ideal of the early predatory culture is that of the maidens of the Homeric poems. This ideal suffers a change in the succeeding development, when, in the conventional scheme, the office of the high-class wife comes to be a vicarious leisure simply. The ideal then includes the characteristics which are supposed to go with a life of leisure consistently enforced. The ideal accepted under these circumstances may be gathered from descriptions of beautiful women by poets and writers of the chivalric times. In the conventional scheme of those days ladies of high degree were conceived to be in perpetual tutelage, and to be scrupulously exempt from all useful work. The resulting chivalric or romantic ideal of beauty takes cognizance chiefly of the face, and dwells on its delicacy, and on the delicacy of the hands and feet, the slender figure, and especially the slender waist. In the pictured representations of the women of that time, and in modern romantic imitators of the chivalric thought and feeling, the waist is attenuated to a degree that implies extreme debility. These features, together with the other related faults of structure that commonly go with them, go to show that the person so affected is incapable of useful effort and must therefore be supported in idleness by her owner. She is useless and expensive, and she is consequently valuable as evidence of pecuniary strength. It results that at this cultural stage women take thought to alter their persons, so as to conform more nearly to the requirements

of the instructed taste of the time; and under the guidance of the canon of pecuniary decency, the men find the resulting artificially induced pathological features attractive. So, for instance, the constricted waist which has had so wide and persistent a vogue in the communities of the Western culture, and so also the deformed foot of the Chinese. Both of these are mutilations of unquestioned repulsiveness to the untrained sense. It requires habituation to become reconciled to them. Yet there is no room to question their attractiveness to men into whose scheme of life they fit as honorific items sanctioned by the requirements of pecuniary reputability. They are items of pecuniary and cultural beauty which have come to do duty as elements of the ideal of womanliness.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN—*The Theory of the Leisure Class* \*

#### 504. PRIVATE VIRTUES IN KINGS

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for a good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king. We can easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an in-

\* By permission of B. W. Huebsch.

dividual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations; and if in that relation we find him to have been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.

T. B. MACAULAY—*Milton*

# 505. RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPUR

AWAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:  
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught  
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky  
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,  
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup  
'Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door!  
'You know how little while we have to stay,  
'And, once departed, may return no more.'

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring  
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown,  
That just divides the desert from the sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,  
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

'How sweet is mortal Sovranty!'—think some:  
Others—'How blest the Paradise to come!'  
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;  
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

Look to the Rose that blows about us—'Lo,  
'Laughing,' she says, 'into the World I blow:  
'At once the silken Tassel of my Purse  
'Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face  
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,  
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai  
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep,  
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—  
*To-morrow!*—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best  
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!



Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,  
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,  
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
'Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!'

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd  
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn  
Are scatter'd and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise  
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;  
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument  
About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:  
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—  
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*  
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!  
Another and another Cup to drown  
The Memory of this Impertinence!

There was a Door to which I found no Key:  
There was a Veil past which I could not see:  
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat  
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:  
Unborn To-MORROW and dead YESTERDAY,  
Why fret about them if To-DAY be sweet!

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,  
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—  
The Stars are setting and the Caravan  
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House  
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

The mighty Máhmúd, the victorious Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me  
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:  
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,  
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

For in and out, above, about, below,  
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,  
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,  
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—  
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what  
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,  
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:  
And when the Angel with his darker Draught  
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days  
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:  
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all—*HE* knows—*HE* knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,  
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for *It*  
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead.  
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

And this I know: whether the one True Light  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,  
One glimpse of *It* within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestination round  
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,  
And in a Winding-sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,  
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare  
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,  
As not a True Believer passing by  
But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?

And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand  
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well,

I often wonder what the Vintners buy  
One-half so precious as the Goods they sell.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!

The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,  
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,  
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:

How oft hereafter rising shall she look  
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,

And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

EDWARD FITZGERALD

#### 506. TO WAKE UP AWAKE

The morning, which is the most memorable season of the day, is the awakening hour. Then there is least somnolence in us; and for an hour, at least, some part of us awakes which slumbers all the rest of the day and night. Little is to be expected of that day, if it can be called a day, to which we are not awakened by our Genius, but by the mechanical nudgings of some servitor, are not awakened by our own newly-acquired force and aspirations from within, accompanied by the undulations of celestial music, instead of factory bells, and a fragrance filling the air—to a higher life than we fell asleep from; and thus the darkness bear its fruit, and prove itself to be good, no less than the light. After a partial cessation of his sensuous life, the soul of man, or its organs rather, are reinvigorated each day, and his Genius tries again what noble

life it can make. All memorable events, I should say, transpire in morning time and in a morning atmosphere. The Vedas say, "All intelligences awake with the morning." Poetry and art, and the fairest and most memorable of the actions of men, date from such an hour. All poets and heroes, like Memnon, are the children of Aurora, and emit their music at sunrise. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred millions to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To effect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU—*Walden* \*

### 507. THE MEN OF OLD

I KNOW not that the men of old  
 Were better than men now,  
 Of heart more kind, of hand  
     more bold,  
 Of more ingenuous brow:  
 I heed not those who pine for  
     force  
 A ghost of Time to raise,  
 As if they thus could check the  
     course

Of these appointed days.  
 Still is it true, and over-true,  
 That I delight to close  
 This book of life self-wise and  
     new,  
 And let my thoughts repose  
 On all that humble happiness  
 The world has since foregone—  
 The daylight of contentedness  
 That on those faces shone!

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With rights, though not too  
closely scanned.

Enjoyed, as far as known—  
With will, by no reverse un-  
manned—

With pulse of even tone—  
They from to-day and from to-  
night

Expected nothing more  
Than yesterday and yesternight  
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his  
part,

A race where all must run;  
A battle whose great scheme and  
scope

They little cared to know,  
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem  
Puts on, and proudly wears—  
Great thoughts, great feelings,  
came to them,

Like instincts, unawares:  
Blending their souls' sublimest  
needs

With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest  
deeds,

As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful  
wound

They did not probe and bare,  
For that their spirits never  
swooned

To watch the misery there—  
For that their love but flowed  
more fast,

Their charities more free,  
Not conscious what mere drops  
they cast

Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest  
him,

Lie close about his feet,  
It is the distant and the dim  
That *we* are sick to greet:

For flowers that grow our hands  
beneath

We struggle and aspire,—  
Our hearts must die, except they  
breathe

The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up Reason's  
hill

Advance with hopeful cheer—  
Oh, loiter not, those heights are  
chill,

As chill as they are clear;  
And still restrain your haughty  
gaze,

The loftier that ye go,  
Remembering distance leaves a  
haze

On all that lies below.

R. M. MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

## 508. LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour  
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
She took the tried clay of the common road—

Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,  
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;  
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.  
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;  
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,  
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.  
Here was a man to hold against the world,  
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
The smack and tang of elemental things;  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;  
The secrecy of streams that make their way  
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;  
The tolerance and equity of light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,  
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts  
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,  
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:  
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois  
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the house,

Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spik't again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

EDWIN MARKHAM \*

#### 509. AMERICAN EAGERNESS TO GET ON

The thing which sets off the American from all other men, and gives a peculiar colour not only to the pattern of his daily life but also to the play of his inner ideas, is what, for want of a more exact term, may be called social aspiration. That is to say, his dominant passion is a passion to lift himself by at least a step or two in the society that he is a part of—a passion to improve his position, to break down some shadowy barrier of caste, to achieve the countenance of what, for all his talk of equality, he recognizes and accepts as his betters. The American is a pusher. His eyes were ever fixed upon some round of the ladder that is just beyond his reach, and all his secret ambitions, all his extraordinary energies, group themselves about the yearning to grasp it. Here we have an explanation of the curious restlessness that educated foreigners, as opposed to mere immigrants, always make a note of in the country; it is half aspiration and half impatience, with overtones of dread and timorousness. The American is violently eager to get on, and thoroughly convinced that his merits entitle him to try and to succeed; but by the same token he is sickeningly fearful of slipping back, and out of the second fact, as we shall see, spring some of his most characteristic traits. He is a man vexed, at one and the same time, by delusions of grandeur and an inferiority complex; he is both egotistical and subservient, assertive and politic, blatant and shy. Most of the errors about him are made by seeing one side of him and being blind to the other.

H. L. MENCKEN †

#### 510. MY LAST DUCHESS

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive; I call

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† From *The American Credo*, by Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps  
Over my Lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-blush that dies along her throat;' such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked  
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say 'Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let  
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse  
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,

The Count your Master's known munificence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

ROBERT BROWNING

### 511. WHO IS THE THIEF?

... But is he there in the dock, the patch-coated brawler or burglar, really harmful to society? Is he more harmful to society than the mild old gentleman in the wig who pronounces sentence upon him? That is the question. Certainly he has infringed upon the law, and the law is in a sense the consolidated public opinion of society: but if no one were to break the law, public opinion would ossify and society would die. As a matter of fact, Society keeps changing its opinion. The Outcast of one age is the Hero of another. Cæsar says of the Suevi that they tilled the ground in common and had no private lands; and there is abundant evidence that all early communities before they entered on the stage of modern civilisation were communistic in character. Some of the Pacific Islanders to-day are in the same condition. In those times private property was theft. Obviously the man who attempted to retain for himself land or goods, or who fenced off a portion of the common ground and—like the modern landlord—would allow no one to till it who did not pay him a tax, was a criminal of the deepest dye. Nevertheless the criminals pushed their way to the front, and have become the respectables of modern society. And it is quite probable that in like manner the criminals of to-day will push to the front and become the respectables of a later age. Law represents from age to age the code of the dominant or ruling class, slowly accumulated no doubt and slowly modified, but always added to and always administered by the ruling class. In general, we call a man a criminal, not because he violates any eternal code of morality—for there exists no such thing—but because he violates the ruling code of his time, and this depends largely on the ideal of his time. To-day the accumulation of private wealth is our great good and the thief is looked upon as the evil. When however we find, as the historians of to-day teach us, that society is now probably passing through a parenthetical stage of private property from a stage of communism in the past to a stage of more highly developed communism in the future, it becomes clear that the thief is that person who is protesting against the too exclusive domination of a passing ideal.

EDWARD CARPENTER—*Defence of Criminals*



## 512. ANDREA DEL SARTO

(CALLED 'THE FAULTLESS PAINTER')

BUT do not let us quarrel any more,  
No, my Lucrezia; bear with me for once:  
Sit down and all shall happen as you wish.  
You turn your face, but does it bring your heart?  
I'll work then for your friend's friend, never fear,  
Treat his own subject after his own way,  
Fix his own time, accept too his own price,  
And shut the money into this small hand  
When next it takes mine. Will it? tenderly?  
Oh, I'll content him,—but to-morrow, Love!  
I often am much wearier than you think,  
This evening more than usual, and it seems  
As if—forgive now—should you let me sit  
Here by the window with your hand in mine  
And look a half hour forth on Fiesole,  
Both of one mind as married people use,  
Quietly, quietly, the evening through,  
I might get up to-morrow to my work  
Cheerful and fresh as ever. Let us try.  
To-morrow how you shall be glad for this!  
Your soft hand is a woman of itself,  
And mine the man's bared breast she curls inside.  
Don't count the time lost, either; you must serve  
For each of the five pictures we require—  
It saves a model. So! keep looking so—  
My serpentine beauty, rounds on rounds!  
—How could you ever prick those perfect ears,  
Even to put the pearl there! oh, so sweet—  
My face, my moon, my everybody's moon,  
Which everybody looks on and calls his,  
And, I suppose, is looked on by in turn,  
While she looks—no one's: very dear, no less!  
You smile? why, there's my picture ready made.  
There's what we painters call our harmony!  
A common greyness silvers everything,—  
All in a twilight, you and I alike  
—You, at the point of your first pride in me  
(That's gone you know),—but I, at every point;  
My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down  
To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.  
There's the bell clinking from the chapel-top;  
That length of convent-wall across the way  
Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;

The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease  
And autumn grows, autumn in everything.  
Eh! the whole seems to fall into a shape  
As if I saw alike my work and self  
And all that I was born to be and do,  
A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.  
How strange now, looks the life He makes us lead!  
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!  
I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!  
This chamber for example—turn your head—  
All that's behind us! you don't understand  
Nor care to understand about my art,  
But you can hear at least when people speak;  
'And that cartoon, the second from the door  
—It is the thing, Love! so such things should be—  
Behold Madonna, I am bold to say.  
I can do with my pencil what I know,  
What I see, what at bottom of my heart  
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—  
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly  
I do not boast, perhaps: yourself are judge  
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,  
And just as much they used to say in France.  
At any rate 'tis easy, all of it,  
No sketches first, no studies, that's long past—  
I do what many dream of all their lives  
—Dream? strive to do, and agonise to do,  
And fail in doing. I could count twenty such  
On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,  
Who strive—you don't know how the others strive  
To paint a little thing like that you smeared  
Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—  
Yet do much less, so much less, Someone says,  
(I know his name, no matter) so much less!  
Well, less is more, Lucrezia! I am judged.  
There burns a truer light of God in them,  
In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,  
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt  
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.  
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,  
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,  
Enter and take their place there sure enough  
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.  
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here.  
The sudden blood of these men! at a word—  
Praise them, it boils, or blame them, it boils too.

I, painting from myself and to myself,  
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame  
Or their praise either. Somebody remarks  
Morello's outline there is wrongly traced,  
His hue mistaken—what of that? or else,  
Rightly traced and well ordered—what of that?  
Speak as they please, what does the mountain care?  
Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a Heaven for? All is silver grey,  
Placid and perfect with my art—the worse!  
I know both what I want and what might gain—  
And yet how profitless to know, to sigh  
Had I been two, another and myself,  
Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.  
Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth  
The Urbinate who died five years ago.  
( 'Tis copied, George Vasari sent it me.)  
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,  
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,  
Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,  
Above and through his art—for it gives way;  
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—  
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,  
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,  
He means right—that, a child may understand.  
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it.  
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—  
Out of me! out of me! And wherefore out?  
Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,  
We might have risen to Rafael, I and you.  
Nay, Love, you did give all I asked, I think—  
More than I merit, yes, by many times.  
But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,  
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,  
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird  
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—  
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!  
Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged  
'God and the glory! never care for gain.  
The Present by the Future, what is that?  
Live for fame, side by side with Angelo—  
Rafael is waiting. Up to God all three!'  
I might have done it for you. So it seems—  
Perhaps not. All is as God over-rules.  
Besides, incentives come from the soul's self;  
The rest avail not. Why do I need you?

What wife had Rafael, or has Angelo?  
In this world, who can do a thing, will not—  
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:  
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power—  
And thus we half-men struggle. At the end,  
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes.  
'Tis safer for me, if the award be strict,  
That I am something underrated here,  
Poor this long while, despised, to speak the truth.  
I dared not, do you know, leave home all day,  
For fear of chancing on the Paris lords.  
The best is when they pass and look aside;  
But they speak sometimes; I must bear it all.  
Well may they speak! That Francis, that first time,  
And that long festal year at Fountainbleau!  
I surely then could sometimes leave the ground,  
Put on the glory, Rafael's daily wear,  
In that humane great monarch's golden look,—  
One finger in his beard or twisted curl  
Over his mouth's good mark that made the smile,  
One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,  
The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,  
I painting proudly with his breath on me,  
All his court round him, seeing with his eyes,  
Such frank French eyes, and such a fire of souls  
Profuse, my hand kept plying by those hearts,—  
And, best of all, this, this, this face beyond,  
This in the background, waiting on my work,  
To crown the issue with a last reward!  
A good time, was it not, my kingly days?  
And had you not grown restless—but I know—  
'Tis done and past; 'twas right, my instinct said;  
Too live the life grew, golden and not grey,  
And I'm the weak-eyed bat no sun should tempt  
Out of the grange whose four walls make his world.  
How could it end in any other way?  
You called me, and I came home to your heart.  
The triumph was, to have ended there; then if  
I reached it ere the triumph, what is lost?  
Let my hands frame your face in your hair's gold,  
You beautiful Lucrezia that are mine!  
'Rafael did this, Andrea painted that—  
The Roman's is the better when you pray,  
But still the other's Virgin was his wife—'  
Men will excuse me. I am glad to judge  
Both pictures in your presence; clearer grows

My better fortune, I resolve to think.  
For, do you know, Lucrezia, as God lives,  
Said one day Angelo, his very self,  
To Rafael. . . . I have known it all these years. . . .  
(When the young man was flaming out his thoughts  
Upon a palace-wall for Rome to see,  
Too lifted up in heart because of it!)

'Friend, there's a certain sorry little scrub  
Goes up and down our Florence, none cares how,  
Who, were he set to plan and execute  
As you are, pricked on by your popes and kings,  
Would bring the sweat into that brow of yours!'  
To Rafael's!—And indeed the arm is wrong.  
I hardly dare—yet, only you to see,  
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should go!  
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!  
Still, all I care for, if he spoke the truth,  
(What he? why, who but Michael Angelo?  
Do you forget already words like those?)  
If really there was such a chance, so lost,—  
Is, whether you're—not grateful—but more pleased.  
Well, let me think so. And you smile indeed!  
This hour has been an hour! Another smile?  
If you would sit thus by me every night  
I should work better, do you comprehend?  
I mean that I should earn more, give you more.  
See it is settled dusk now; there's a star;  
Morello's gone, the watch-lights show the wall,  
The cue-owls speak the name we call them by  
Come from the window, Love,—come in, at last,  
Inside the melancholy little house  
We built to be so gay with. God is just.  
King Francis may forgive me. Oft at nights  
When I look up from painting, eyes tired out,  
The walls become illumined, brick from brick  
Distinct, instead of mortar, fierce bright gold,  
That gold of his I did cement them with!  
Let us but love each other. Must you go?  
That Cousin here again? he waits outside?  
Must see you—you, and not with me? Those loans?  
More gaming debts to pay? you smiled for that?  
Well, let smiles buy me! have you more to spend?  
While hand and eye and something of a heart  
Are left me, work's my ware, and what's it worth?  
I'll pay my fancy. Only let me sit  
The grey remainder of the evening out,



Idle, you call it, and muse perfectly  
How I could paint, were I but back in France,  
One picture, just one more—the Virgin's face,  
Not yours this time! I want you at my side  
To hear them—that is, Michael Angelo—  
Judge all I do and tell you of its worth.  
Will you? To-morrow, satisfy your friend.  
I take the subjects for his corridor,  
Finish the portrait out of hand—there, there,  
And throw him in another thing or two  
If he demurs; the whole should prove enough  
To pay for this same Cousin's freak. Beside,  
What's better and what's all I care about,  
Get you the thirteen scudi for the ruff.  
Love, does that please you? Ah, but what does he,  
The Cousin! what does he to please you more?  
I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.  
I regret little, I would change still less.  
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?  
The very wrong to Francis!—it is true  
I took his coin, was tempted and complied,  
And built this house and sinned, and all is said.  
My father and my mother died of want.  
Well, had I riches of my own? you see  
How one gets rich! Let each one bear his lot.  
They were born poor, lived poor, and poor they died:  
And I have laboured somewhat in my time  
And not been paid profusely. Some good son  
Paint my two hundred pictures—let him try!  
No doubt, there's something strikes a balance. Yes,  
You loved me quite enough, it seems to-night.  
This must suffice me here. What would one have?  
In Heaven, perhaps, new chances, one more chance—  
Four great walls in the New Jerusalem  
Meted on each side by the angel's reed,  
For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo and me  
To cover—the three first without a wife,  
While I have mine! So—still they overcome  
Because there's still Lucrezia,—as I choose.  
Again the Cousin's whistle! Go, my Love.

## 513. MEN AND ANTS

Ants are good citizens: they place group interests first. But they carry it so far, they have few or no political rights. An ant doesn't have the vote, apparently: he has just his duties. This quality

may have something to do with their having group wars. The egotism of their individual spirits is allowed scant expression, so the egotism of the group is extremely ferocious and active. Is this one of the reasons why ants fight so much? They go in for State Socialism, yes, but they are not internationalists. And ants commit atrocities in and after their battles that are—I wish I could truly say—inhuman. But conversely, ants are absolutely unselfish within the community. They are skilful. Ingenious. Their nests and buildings are relatively larger than man's. The scientists speak of their paved streets, vaulted halls, their hundreds of different domesticated animals, their pluck and intelligence, their individual initiative, their chaste and industrious lives. Darwin said "The ant's brain was one of the most marvelous atoms in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of man,"—yes, of present-day man, who for thousands and thousands of years has had so much more chance to develop his brain. When we think of these creatures as little men (which is all wrong of course) we see they have their faults. To our eyes they seem too orderly, for instance. Repressively so. Their ways are more fixed than those of the old Egyptians, and their industry is painful to think of, it's hyper-Chinese. But we must remember this is a Simian comment. The instincts of the species that you and I belong to are of an opposite kind; and that makes it hard for us to judge ants fairly.

CLARENCE DAY, JR. \*

#### 514. LAWYERS

I said, 'there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbor has a mind to my cow, he hires a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill will. The second disadvantage is that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by

\* From *This Simian World*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dextrous lawyers who are grown old or lazy; and having been biased all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

'It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

'In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned; they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow: but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

'It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off!'

JONATHAN SWIFT—*Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms.*

## 515. THE BAD SQUIRE

THE merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,  
Till under their bite and their tread  
The swedes and the wheat and the barley  
Lay cankered and trampled and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing  
On the side of the white chalk bank,  
Where under the gloomy fir-woods  
One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,  
Where rabbit or hare never ran;  
For its black sour haulm covered over  
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God.

'I am long past wailing and whining—  
I have wept too much in my life:  
I've had twenty years of pining  
As an English labourer's wife.

'A labourer in Christian England,  
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,  
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's  
For a few more brace of game.

'There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,  
There's blood on your pointer's feet;  
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,  
And there's blood on the game you eat.

'You have sold the labouring-man, squire,  
Body and soul to shame,  
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,  
And to pay for the feed of your game.

'You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
When you'd give neither work nor meat,  
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden  
At our starving children's feet;

'When, packed in one reeking chamber,  
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;  
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,  
And the walls let in the day.

When we lay in the burning fever  
On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,  
At the dreary workhouse door.

'We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?  
What self-respect could we keep,  
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,  
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?

'Our daughters with base-born babies  
Have wandered away in their shame,  
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,  
Your misses might do the same.

'Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking  
With handfuls of coals and rice,  
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting  
A little below cost price?

'You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments and schools,  
But you've run up a debt that will never  
Be paid us by penny-club rules.

'In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark and dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout, and madness  
Are eating your race away;

'When to kennels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughter's bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead;

'When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,  
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.'



She looked at the tuft of clover  
 And wept till her heart grew light;  
 And at last, when her passion was over,  
 Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping  
 Over the uplands still  
 Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
 On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

### 516. A FORSAKEN GARDEN

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,  
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,  
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed  
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses  
 Now lie dead.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;  
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;  
 From the thicket of thorns where the nightingale calls not,—  
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;  
 Only the sun and the rain come hither  
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.  
 Only the wind here hovers and revels  
 In a round where life seems barren as death.  
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,  
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'  
 Did he whisper? 'look forth from the flowers to the  
 sea;  
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
 And men that love lightly may die—but we?'

And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,  
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,  
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,  
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?  
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?  
What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
They are loveless now as the grass above them,  
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.  
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
In the air now soft with a summer to be.  
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
When as they are free now of weeping and laughter  
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;  
Here change may come not till all change end.  
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.  
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;  
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,  
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,  
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink;  
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,  
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
Death lies dead.

A. C. SWINBURNE

#### 517. GIFTS

He is a good man who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or

grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at a level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, "How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine?" which belief of mine this gift seems to deny. Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons, not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary than with the anger of my lord Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business, this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I so admire in the Buddhist, who never thanks, and who says, 'Do not flatter your benefactors.'

The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that goodwill I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit without some shame and humiliation.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON \*

### 518. ODE TO THE WEST WIND

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou

\* From *Essays*. By permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers.

Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill:  
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and Preserver; Hear, O hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,  
Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear  
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
 As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed  
 Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven  
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
 My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!  
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
 Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;  
 And, by the incantation of this verse,  
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth  
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

P. B. SHELLEY

#### 519. THE SENTIMENTS OF SCEPTICS

"Sceptic! Sceptic! It is true, they will still call me sceptic. And for them that is the worst insult. But for me it is the finest praise. A sceptic! Why, that is what all the masters of French thought have been. Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Renan—sceptics. All the loftiest minds of our race were sceptics, all those whom I tremblingly venerate, and whose most humble pupil I am.

"Scepticism! This word is made synonomous with negation and impotence. Yet, our great sceptics were sometimes the most affirmative, and often the most courageous, of men. They denied only negations. They attacked everything that fetters the mind and the will. They struggled against ignorance that stupefies, against error that oppresses, against intolerance that tyrannizes, against cruelty that tortures, and against hatred that kills. They are accused of having been unbelievers. But first we must know whether belief is a virtue, and whether genuine strength does not lie in doubting what there is no reason to believe. It would not be difficult to prove that those Frenchmen of genius who are called sceptics



professed the most magnificent credo. Each of them formulated some article of it. . . .

"People reproach these giants with having presumed too much upon human reason. For my part, I have no excessive confidence in reason. I know how weak and tottering it is. But I remember Diderot's clever apologue: 'I have,' he said, 'only a flickering light to guide me in the darkness of a thick forest. Up comes a theologian and blows it out.' Let us first of all follow reason, it is the surest guide. It warns us itself of its feebleness and informs us of its own limitations. Moreover, so far from being incompatible with sentiment, it leads to feeling. When we have brooded deeply, the most sceptical thinkers are seized with a profound commiseration for their fellow men, in the face of the useless and eternal flux of the Universe, of the insignificance of wretched mankind, and of the absurd suffering which men inflict upon one another during the brief dream of existence. It is but a step from that compassion to fraternal love, and it is easily taken. Pity becomes active, and he who believed himself to be forever aloof from all things jumps desperately into the struggle to save his unhappy fellow men. That, my friends, is how sceptics feel."

ANATOLE FRANCE \*

## 520. A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

[Time—Shortly after the revival of learning in Europe.]

LET us begin and carry up this  
corpse,

Singing together.

Leave we the common crofts, the  
vulgar thorpes,

Each in its tether

Sleeping safe on the bosom of  
the plain,

Cared for till cock-crow:

Look out if yonder be not day  
again

Rimming the rock-row!

That's the appropriate country;  
there, man's thought,

Rarer, intenser,

Self-gathered for an outbreak,  
as it ought,

Chafes in the censer!

Leave we the unlettered plain  
its herd and crop;

Seek we sepulture

On a tall mountain, citied to the  
top,

Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the  
rest excels;

Clouds overcome it;

No, yonder sparkle is the cita-  
del's

Circling its summit!

Thither our path lies; wind we  
up the heights:

Wait ye the warning?

Our low life was the level's and  
the night's;

He's for the morning!

\* From *The Opinions of Anatole France*, recorded by Paul Gsell. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Step to a tune, square chests,  
 erect the head,  
 'Ware the beholders!  
 This is our master, famous, calm,  
 and dead,  
 Borne on our shoulders.  
  
 Sleep, crop and herd! sleep dark-  
 ling thorpe and croft.  
 Safe from the weather!  
 He, whom we convoy to his  
 grave aloft,  
 Singing together,  
 He was a man born with thy  
 face and throat,  
 Lyric Apollo!  
 Long he lived nameless: how  
 should spring take note  
 Winter would follow?  
 Till lo, the little touch, and  
 youth was gone!  
 Cramped and diminished,  
 Moaned he, 'New measures, other  
 feet anon!  
 My dance is finished?'  
 No, that's the world's way!  
 (keep the mountain-side,  
 Make for the city,)  
 He knew the signal, and stepped  
 on with pride  
 Over men's pity;  
 Left play for work, and grappled  
 with the world  
 Bent on escaping:  
 'What's in the scroll,' quoth he,  
 'thou keepest furled?  
 Show me their shaping,  
 Theirs, who most studied man,  
 the bard and sage,—  
 Give!'—So he gowned him,  
 Straight got by heart that book  
 to its last page:  
 Learned, we found him!  
 Yea, but we found him bald too  
 —eyes like lead,  
 Accents uncertain:

'Time to taste life,' another  
 would have said,  
 'Up with the curtain!'—  
 This man said rather, 'Actual  
 life comes next?  
 Patience a moment!  
 Grant I have mastered learn-  
 ing's crabbed text,  
 Still, there's the comment.  
 Let me know all! Prate not of  
 most or least,  
 Painful or easy:  
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat  
 up the feast,  
 Ay, nor feel queasy!'  
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to  
 live,  
 When he had learned it,  
 When he had gathered all books  
 had to give!  
 Sooner, he spurned it.  
 Image the whole, then execute  
 the parts—  
 Fancy the fabric  
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel  
 strike fire from quartz,  
 Ere mortar dab brick!  
  
 (Here's the town-gate reached:  
 there's the market-place  
 Gaping before us.)  
 Yea, this in him was the peculiar  
 grace (Hearten our chorus)  
 That before living he'd learn  
 how to live—  
 No end to learning:  
 Earn the means first—God surely  
 will contrive  
 Use for our earning.  
 Others mistrust and say—'But  
 time escapes!  
 Live now or never!'  
 He said, 'What's time? leave  
 Now for dogs and apes!  
 Man has Forever.'

Back to his book then: deeper  
drooped his head:

*Calculus* racked him:

Leaden before, his eyes grew  
dross of lead:

*Tussis* attacked him.

'Now, Master, take a little rest!'  
—not he!

(Caution redoubled!

Step two a-breast, the way winds  
narrowly)

Not a whit troubled,

Back to his studies, fresher than  
at first,

Fierce as a dragon

He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred  
thirst)

Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle prema-  
ture,

Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of  
profit, sure,

Bad is our bargain!

Was it not great? did not he  
throw on God,

(He loves the burthen)—

God's task to make the heavenly  
period

Perfect the earthen?

Did not he magnify the mind,  
show clear

Just what it all meant?

He would not discount life, as  
fools do here,

Paid by instalment!

He ventured neck or nothing—  
Heaven's success

Found, or earth's failure:

'Wilt thou trust death or not?',  
He answered 'Yes!

Hence with life's pale lure!

That low man seeks a little  
thing to do,

Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great  
thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding  
one to one,

His hundred's soon hit:

This high man, aiming at a mil-  
lion,

Misses an unit.

That, has the world here—  
should he need the next,

Let the world mind him!

This, throws himself on God, and  
unperplex

Seeking shall find Him.

So, with the throttling hands of  
Death at strife,

Ground he at grammar;

Still, thro' the rattle, parts of  
speech were rife:

While he could stammer

He settled *Hoti's* business—let it  
be!—

Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the en-  
clitic *De*,

Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's  
the proper place.

Hail to your purlieus,

All ye highfliers of the feathered  
race,

Swallows and curlews!

Here's the top-peak! the multi-  
tude below

Live, for they can, there.

This man decided not to Live  
but Know—

Bury this man there?

Here—here's his place, where  
meteors shoot, clouds form,

Lightnings are loosened,

Stars come and go! let joy break  
with the storm,

Peace let the dew send!

Lofty designs must close in like  
effects:  
Loftily lying,

Leave him—still loftier than the  
world suspects,  
Living and dying.

ROBERT BROWNING

### 521. THE SONG OF CALLICLES ON ETNA

THROUGH the black rushing  
smoke-bursts,  
Thick breaks the red flame;  
All Etna heaves fiercely  
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!  
Are haunts meet for thee.  
But where Helicon breaks down  
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silvered inlets  
Send far their light voice  
Up the still vale of Thisbe,  
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top  
Lie strewn the white flocks;  
On the cliff-side the pigeons  
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,  
Soft lull'd by the rills,  
Lie wrapt in their blankets,  
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming  
So white through the gloom?  
What garments out-glistening  
The gold-flower'd broom?

What sweet-breathing presence  
Out-perfumes the thyme?

What voices enrapture  
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading  
His choir, the Nine.  
—The leader is fairest,  
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!  
They stream up again!  
What seeks on this mountain  
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,  
In the spring by their road;  
Then on to Olympus,  
Their endless abode!

—Whose praise do they men-  
tion?

Of what is it told?—  
What will be for ever;  
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father  
Of all things;—and then,  
The rest of immortals,  
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,  
The strife with the palm;  
The night in her silence,  
The stars in their calm.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

### 522. THE ENSIGN OF MAN

If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight, he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we

look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality; by camp-fires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employment, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbors, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her child in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honour and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost, rejecting riches:—everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness:—ah! if I could show you this! If I could show you these men and women all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honour, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—*Pulvis Et Umbra* \*

523. FROM BISHOP BLOUGRAM'S APOLOGY

AND now what are we? unbelievers both,  
Calm and complete, determinately fixed  
To-day, to-morrow, and for ever, pray?  
You'll guarantee me that? Not so, I think!  
In no-wise! all we've gained is, that belief,  
As unbelief before, shakes us by fits,  
Confounds us like its predecessor. Where's  
The gain? how can we guard our unbelief,

\* From *Across The Plains*. By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



Make it bear fruit to us?—the problem here.  
 Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch,  
 A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,  
 A chorus-ending from Euripides,—  
 And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears  
 As old and new at once as Nature's self,  
 To rap and knock and enter in our soul,  
 Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,  
 Round the ancient idol, on his base again,—  
 The grand Perhaps! we look on helplessly,—  
 There the old misgiving, crooked questions are—  
 This good God,—what He could do, if He would,  
 Would, if He could—then must have done long since:  
 If so, when, where, and how? some way must be,—  
 Once feel about, and soon or late you hit  
 Some sense, in which it might be, after all.  
 Why not, "The Way, the Truth, the Life?"

—That way

Over the mountain, which who stands upon  
 Is apt to doubt if it be indeed a road;  
 While if he views it from the waste itself,  
 Up goes the line there, plain from base to brow,  
 Not vague, mistakeable! what's a break or two  
 Seen from the unbroken desert either side?  
 And then (to bring in fresh philosophy)  
 What if the breaks themselves should prove at last  
 The most consummate of contrivances  
 To train a man's eye, teach him what is faith?  
 And so we stumble at truth's very test!  
 All we have gained then by our unbelief  
 Is a life of doubt diversified by faith,  
 For one of faith diversified by doubt:  
 We called the chess-board white,—we call it black.

ROBERT BROWNING

#### 524. MY WIFE AND HER RELATIONS

I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more.

She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the halt, and the maimed amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wings of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield*

## 525. WE MAKE OUR OWN ADVENTURES

Let us always remember that nothing befalls us that is not in the nature of ourselves. There comes no adventure but wears to our soul the shape of our everyday thoughts; and deeds of heroism are but offered to those who, for many long years, have been heroes in obscurity and silence. And whether you climb up the mountain

or go down the hill to the valley, whether you journey to the end of the world or merely walk round your house, none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate. If Judas goes forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend, nor will chance for betrayal be lacking; but let Socrates open his door, he shall find Socrates asleep on the threshold before him, and there will be occasion for wisdom. Our adventures hover around us like bees round the hive when preparing to swarm. They wait till the mother-idea has at last come forth from our soul, and no sooner has she appeared than they all come rushing towards her. Be false, and falsehoods will hasten to you; love, and adventures will flock to you throbbing with love. They seem to be all on the watch for the signal we hoist from within: and if the soul grows wiser towards the evening, the sorrow will grow wiser too that the soul had fashioned for itself in the morning.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK—*Wisdom and Destiny* \*

#### 526. THE OMNIPOTENCE OF DREAM

I know very well that the dreamer is a person of little consequence beside the politician. The politician is the idol of the mob. He is its master and its slave. He drags in his wake the whole tribe of those who seek favours. He holds in his hands the destiny of the people. He makes the laws, and that, more than anything else, seems to denote his power. To make laws, to draw up regulations which the crowd must obey, to set the limits beyond which no citizen has the right to go, is that not almost divine sovereignty?

There is only one reservation to be made, that is, laws never regulate anything. When the authorities formulate a law it has long since passed into common usage. It can merely sanction custom. If it does not, it remains a dead letter. Above the legislator there are accepted customs. Now, by whom are these established? By everybody, but particularly by the dreamers. In his laboratory, from his quiet courtyard, the frail, bespectacled man of science reshapes the world. At this moment the whole world is not much larger than little Europe was a century ago. Then there is the prodigious rise of books, pamphlets and newspapers, which scatter everywhere the most daring ideas. Do they not hasten the coming changes? It is not only by inventions that the dreamers change the conditions of their fellow-men, but by ideas and speculations which seem most useless. Copernicus proves that the earth is not stationary. Consider the deep repercussions of this change. Since man no longer dwells at the immovable center of the world, since he wanders over a little drop of mud lost in the immensity of

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space, he is no longer lord of the universe. He is losing his theological assurance. Doubt, criticism, and all the fruitful restlessness of modern times are getting under his skull. A poor creature, most uncertain and very pitiable, who realizes better every day the sanctity of tolerance and mutual compassion. Darwin teaches the law of evolution. Constantly the mind feels more and more the profound, original sympathy which unites all that lives and suffers. Constantly it understands more clearly that everything is gradually changing, and that it is useless to try to stop the tide of inevitable change, or to hasten it. Thus most of the great discoveries end by acting upon our daily existence. And the other dreamers, the writers and the artists, have they not as much power as the scientists? I do not know whether the men who cut and polish ideas have more merit than other mortals. At least, when they play their part well, they are entitled to some gratitude. In many ways they make life better for everybody. In truth, it is they who guide the people from above and in advance, since they form or clarify the mind of each nation. In this way the character of a State is defined. It must be enlarged that it may receive the whole world. That is the task of the dreamers, great and small. Therefore, my friends, let me mix the mortar, let me mix the mortar, for the City of Dream. That is my destiny; I like it, and I ask no other.

ANATOLE FRANCE \*

### 527. THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill!

Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!

No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,  
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,  
Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head!

But when the fields are still,  
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,  
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen  
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,  
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—

In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves

His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,

And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,

Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—

Here will I sit and wait,

\* From *The Opinions of Anatole France*, recorded by Paul Gsell. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

While to my ear from uplands far away  
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,  
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—  
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd in this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,  
And here till sun-down, shepherd, will I be!  
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,  
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep;  
And air-swept lindens yield  
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers  
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,  
And bower me from the August sun with shade;  
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—  
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!  
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,  
Of shining parts and quick inventive brain,  
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,  
One summer morn forsook  
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy lore,  
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,  
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,  
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,  
Two scholars whom at college erst he knew  
Met him, and of his way of life inquir'd.  
Whereat he answer'd that the gipsy crew,  
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired  
The workings of men's brains;  
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.  
'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,  
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;  
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill!'

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—  
But rumours hung about the country-side  
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,  
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,  
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,  
The same the gipsies wore.



Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;  
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,  
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors  
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, mid their drink and clatter, he would fly;—  
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,  
And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy trace;  
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks  
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;  
Or in my boat I lie  
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,  
Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,  
And watch the warm green-muffled Cumner hills,  
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!  
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,  
Returning home on summer nights, have met  
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,  
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,  
As the punt's rope chops round;  
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,  
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,  
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream!

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!  
Maidens who from the distant hamlets come  
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,  
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,  
Or cross a stile into the public way.  
Oft thou hast given them store  
Of flowers—the frail-leafed, white anemone,  
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,  
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—  
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here  
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,  
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass  
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames  
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,  
Have often pass'd thee near

Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;  
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,  
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—  
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,  
Where at her open door the housewife darns,  
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate  
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.  
Children who early range these slopes and late  
For cresses from the rills,  
Have known thee watching, all an April day,  
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;  
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,  
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley-wood,  
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way  
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see  
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,  
Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly—  
The blackbird picking food  
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all!  
So often has he known thee past him stray  
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,  
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill  
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,  
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge  
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,  
Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry ridge?  
And thou hast climb'd the hill  
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;  
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,  
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—  
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown  
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,  
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe  
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls  
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy tribe.  
And thou from earth art gone

Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid!  
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave  
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—  
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!  
For what wears out the life of mortal men?  
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;  
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,  
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,  
And numb the elastic powers.  
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,  
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,  
To the just-pausing Genius we remit  
Our well-worn life, and are—what we have been!

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so?  
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire!  
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead—  
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!  
The generations of thy peers are fled,  
And we ourselves shall go;  
But thou possessest an immortal lot,  
And we imagine thee exempt from age  
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,  
Because thou hadst—what we, alas have not!

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers  
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,  
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;  
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,  
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.  
O life unlike to ours!  
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,  
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,  
And each half lives a hundred different lives;  
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we,  
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;  
For whom each year we see

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;  
Who hesitate and falter life away,  
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—  
Ah, do not we, wanderer, await it too?

Yes! we await it, but it still delays,  
And then we suffer! and amongst us one,  
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly  
His seat upon the intellectual throne;  
And all his store of sad experience he  
Lays bare of wretched days,  
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,  
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,  
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,  
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,  
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,  
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,  
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair;  
But none has hope like thine!  
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,  
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,  
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,  
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,  
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;  
Before this strange disease of modern life,  
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,  
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—  
Fly hence, our contact fear!  
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!  
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern  
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,  
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
With a free onward impulse brushing through,  
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—  
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,  
On some mild pastoral slope

Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,  
Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,  
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,  
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!  
For strong the infection of our mental strife,  
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;  
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
Like us distracted, and like us unblest!  
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,  
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,  
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;  
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!  
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,  
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow,  
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,  
The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
Among the Aegean isles;  
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine;  
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves;  
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,  
And day and night held on indignantly  
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,  
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,  
To where the Atlantic raves  
Outside the western straits, and unbent sails  
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam  
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;  
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

#### 528. ON NOTHING

There is nothing falser than that old proverb which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Thus translated by Shakespeare, in *Lear*:

Nothing can come of nothing.



Whereas, in fact, from Nothing proceeds everything. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former, and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, &c., have embraced the latter.

As it is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms, I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not Something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest place on this earth, viz, the human brain. But indeed this mistake had been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men; who, having spent their whole lives in contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded—*that there is Nothing in this world.*

Farther, as Nothing is not Something, so everything which is not Something is Nothing; and wherever Something is not Nothing is: a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance, when a bladder is full of wind, it is full of something; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be bedaubed with lace, or with title, yet, if he have not something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

Indeed some have imagined that knowledge, with the adjective *human* placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared he knew Nothing.

But, without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe, confess that, if he understand them right, he understands Nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers, and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book or chapter or paragraph hath seemed to the reader to contain Nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author in the said book, &c., did truly and bona fide mean Nothing. I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority

of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eye over the performance, testified a surprise at the dullness of his company, seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again, but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it. 'Explain it!' said the gentleman, 'why, he means Nothing.'

HENRY FIELDING

### 529. RUGBY CHAPEL

NOVEMBER, 1857

COLDLY, sadly descends  
The autumn evening! The field  
Strewn with its dank yellow  
drifts

Of wither'd leaves, and the elms,  
Fade into dimness apace,  
Silent;—hardly a shout  
From a few boys late at their  
play!

The lights come out in the street,  
In the school-room windows; but  
cold,

Solemn, unlighted, austere,  
Through the gathering darkness,  
arise

The chapel-walls, in whose bound  
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom  
Of the autumn evening. But  
ah!

That word, *gloom*, to my mind  
Brings thee back in the light  
Of thy radiant vigour again!  
In the gloom of November we  
pass'd

Days not of gloom at thy side;  
Seasons impair'd not the ray  
Of thine even cheerfulness clear.  
Such thou wast! and I stand

In the autumn evening, and  
think

Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round  
Since thou arosest to tread,  
In the summer morning, the  
road

Of death, at a call unforeseen,  
Sudden! For fifteen years,  
We who till then in thy shade  
Rest'd as under the boughs  
Of a mighty oak, have endured  
Sunshine and rain as we might,  
Bare, unshaded, alone,  
Lacking the shelter of thee!

O strong soul, by what shore  
Tarriest thou now? For that  
force,

Surely, has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labour-house  
vast

Of being, is practised that  
strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,  
Conscious or not of the past,

Still thou performest the word  
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost  
live—

Prompt, unwearied, as here!  
Still thou upraimest with zeal  
The humble good from the  
ground,

Sternly represseth the bad!  
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse  
Those who with half-open eyes  
Tread the border-land dim  
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,  
Succourest!—this was thy work,  
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life  
Of mortal men on the earth?—  
Most men eddy about  
Here and there—eat and drink,  
Chatter and love and hate,  
Gather and squander, are raised  
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,  
Striving blindly, achieving  
Nothing; and then they die—  
Perish! and no one asks  
Who or what they have been,  
More than he asks what waves,  
In the moonlit solitudes mild  
Of the midmost Ocean, have  
swell'd,  
Foam'd for a moment, and gone.

And there are some, whom a  
thirst

Ardent, unquenchable, fires,  
Not with the crowd to be spent—  
Not without aim to go round  
In an eddy of purposeless dust,  
Effort unmeaning and vain.  
Ah yes, some of us strive  
Not without action to die  
Fruitless, but something to  
snatch

From dull oblivion, nor all  
Glut the devouring grave!  
We, we have chosen our path—

Path to a clear-purposed goal,  
Path of advance!—but it leads  
A long, steep journey, through  
sunk

Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!  
Cheerful, with friends, we set  
forth—

Ah, keep, keep them combined!  
Else, of the myriads who fill  
That army, not one shall arrive!  
Sole they shall stray; in the  
rocks

Labour for ever in vain,  
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need  
Of your fainting, dispirited race,  
Ye, like angels, appear,  
Radiant with ardour divine.  
Beacons of hope, ye appear!  
Languor is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word  
Weariness not on your brow.  
Then, on the height, comes the  
storm!

Thunder crashes from rock  
To rock, the cataracts reply;  
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;  
Roaring torrents have breach'd  
The track—the stream-bed de-  
scends

In the place where the wayfarer  
once

Planted his footstep—the spray  
Boils o'er its borders! aloft,  
The unseen snow-beds dislodge  
Their hanging ruin;—alas,  
Havoc is made in our train!  
Friends who set forth at our  
side

Falter, are lost in the storm!  
We, we only, are left!  
With frowning foreheads, with  
lips

Sternly compress'd, we strain on,  
On—and at nightfall, at last,

Come to the end of our way,  
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;  
Where the gaunt and taciturn  
host

Stands on the threshold, the  
wind

Shaking his thin white hairs—  
Holds his lantern to scan  
Our storm-beat figures, and asks:  
Whom in our party we bring?  
Whom we have left in the snow?

Sadly we answer: We bring  
Only ourselves! we lost  
Sight of the rest in the storm!  
Hardly ourselves we fought  
through,

Stripp'd, without friends, as we  
are!

Friends, companions, and train  
The avalanche swept from our  
side.

But thou would'st not *alone*  
Be saved, my father! *alone*  
Conquer and come to thy goal,  
Leaving the rest in the wild.  
We were weary, and we  
Fearful, and we, in our march,  
Fain to drop down and to die.  
Still thou turnedst, and still  
Beckonest the trembler, and still  
Gavest the weary thy hand!  
If, in the paths of the world,  
Stones might have wounded thy  
feet,

Toil or dejection have tried  
Thy spirit, of that we saw  
Nothing! to us thou wert still  
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.  
Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself;  
And, at the end of thy day,  
O faithful shepherd! to come,  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe  
In the noble and great who are  
gone;

Pure souls honour'd and blest  
By former ages, who else—  
Such, so soulless, so poor,  
Is the race of men whom I see—  
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,  
Seem'd but a cry of desire.  
Yes! I believe that there lived  
Others like thee in the past,  
Not like the men of the crowd  
Who all round me to-day  
Bluster or cringe, and make life  
Hideous, and arid, and vile;  
But souls temper'd with fire,  
Fervent, heroic, and good,  
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons  
Shall I not call you? because  
Not as servants ye knew  
Your Father's innermost mind,  
His, who unwillingly sees  
One of his little ones lost—  
Yours is the praise, if mankind  
Hath not as yet in its march  
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! in the rocks of the world  
Marches the host of mankind,  
A feeble, wavering line!  
Where are they tending?—A God  
Marshall'd them, gave them their  
goal.—

Ah, but the way is so long!  
Years they have been in the  
wild!

Sore thirst plagues them; the  
rocks,

Rising all round, overawe.  
Factions divide them—their host  
Threatens to break, to dissolve.—  
Ye alight in our van! at your  
voice,

Panic, despair, flee away.

Ye move through the ranks, re-  
call  
The stragglers, refresh the out-  
worn,  
Praise, re-inspire the brave!  
Order, courage, return.

Eyes rekindling, and prayers,  
Follow your steps as ye go.  
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On, to the bound of the waste,  
On, to the City of God!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

### 530. THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessed Damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes knew more of rest and  
shade

Than waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were  
seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to  
hem,

No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
And her hair lying down her  
back

Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been  
a day

One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite  
gone

From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
... Yet now, and in this  
place,

Surely she leaned o'er me—her  
hair

Fell all about my face ...

Nothing: the Autumn fall of  
leaves.

The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's  
house

That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer  
depth

The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward  
thence

She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the  
flood

Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and  
night

With flame and blackness ridge  
The void, as low as where this  
earth

Spins like a fretful midge.

She scarcely heard her sweet  
new friends:

Playing at holy games,  
Softly they spake among them-  
selves

Their virginal chaste names;  
And the souls, mounting up to  
God,

Went by her like thin flames.



And still she bowed above the  
vast

Waste sea of worlds that  
swarm;

Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven  
she saw

Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her  
gaze still strove

Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke, as  
when

The stars sung in their  
spheres.

The sun was gone now. The  
curled moon

Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf.  
And now

She spoke through the still  
weather.

Her voice was like the voice the  
stars

Had when they sung together.

(Ah sweet! Just now, in that  
bird's song,

Strove not her accents there  
Fain to be hearkened? When  
those bells

Possessed the midday air,  
Was she not stepping to my side  
Down all the trembling stair?)

'I wish that he were come to  
me,

For he will come,' she said.

'Have I not prayed in Heaven?  
—on earth,

Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?

Are not two prayers a perfect  
strength?

And shall I feel afraid?

'When round his head the aure-  
ole clings,

And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with  
him

To the deep wells of light,  
And we will step down as to a  
stream

And bathe there in God's sight.

'We two will stand beside that  
shrine,

Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred contin-  
ually

With prayers sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted,  
melt

Each like a little cloud.

'We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living mystic tree,  
Within whose secret growth the  
Dove

Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes  
touch

Saith His Name audibly.

'And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his  
voice

Shall pause in, hushed and  
slow,  
And find some knowledge at  
each pause,

Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas! We two, we two, thou  
say'st!

Yea, one thou wast with me

That once of old. But shall God  
lift

To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with  
thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the  
groves

Where the Lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens,  
whose names

Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret, and Rosalys.

'Circlewise sit they, with bound  
locks

And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like  
flame

Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for  
them

Who are just born, being dead.

'He shall fear, haply, and be  
dumb;

Then I will lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak:  
And the dear Mother will ap-  
prove

My pride, and let me speak.

'Herself shall bring us, hand in  
hand

To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the unnumbered ran-  
somed heads

Bowed with their aureoles:  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

'There will I ask of Christ the  
Lord

Thus much for him and me:—  
Only to live as once on earth  
At peace—only to be  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.'

She gazed, and listened, and then  
said,

Less sad of speech than mild,  
'All this is when he comes.'  
She ceased.

The light thrilled past her,  
filled  
With angels in strong level  
lapse.

Her eyes prayed, and she  
smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon  
their flight

Was vague in distant spheres;  
And then she laid her arms  
along

The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her  
hands,

And wept. (I heard her  
tears.)

D. G. ROSSETTI

### 531. OLD LOVE

"You must be very old, Sir  
Giles,"

I said; he said: "Yea, very  
old!"

Whereat the mournfullest of  
smiles

Creased his dry skin with  
many a fold.

"They hammered out my basnet  
point

Into a round salade," he said,

"The basnet being quite out of joint,  
Nathless the salade rasps my head."

He gazed at the great fire awhile:

"And you are getting old, Sir John;"

(He said this with that cunning smile

That was most sad) "we both wear on;

"Knights come to court and look at me,

With eyebrows up; except my lord,

And my dear lady, none I see  
That know the ways of my old sword."

(My lady! at that word no pang  
Stopped all my blood.) "But tell me, John,

Is it quite true that Pagans hang  
So thick about the east, that on

"The eastern sea no Venice flag  
Can fly unpaid for?" "True," I said,

"And in such way the miscreants drag

Christ's cross upon the ground,  
I dread

"That Constantine must fall this year."

Within my heart: These things are small:

This is not small, that things outwear

I thought were made for ever,  
yea, all.

"All things go soon or late;" I said.

I saw the duke in court next day;

Just as before, his grand great head

Above his gold robes dreaming lay,

Only his face was paler; there I saw his duchess sit by him;  
And she, she was changed more; her hair

Before my eyes that used to swim,

And make me dizzy with great bliss

Cnce, when I used to watch her sit,

Her hair is bright still, yet it is  
As though some dust were thrown on it.

Her eyes are shallower, as though

Some grey glass were behind; her brow

And cheeks the straining bones show through,

Are not so good for kissing now.

Her lips are drier now she is  
A great duke's wife these many years,

They will not shudder with a kiss

As once they did, being moist with tears.

Also her hands have lost that way

Of clinging that they used to have;

They looked quite easy, as they  
lay

Upon the silken cushions brave

With broidery of the apples  
green

My Lord Duke bears upon his  
shield.

Her face, alas! that I have seen  
Look fresher than an April  
field,

This is all gone now; gone also  
Her tender walking; when she  
walks

She is most queenly I well know,  
And she is fair still. As the  
stalks

Of faded summer-lilies are,  
So is she grown now unto me

This spring-time, when the flow-  
ers star

The meadows, birds sing won-  
derfully.

I warrant once she used to cling  
About his neck and kissed him  
so,

And then his coming step would  
ring

Joy-bells for her; some time  
ago.

Ah! sometimes like an idle  
dream

That hinders true life over-  
much,

Sometimes like a lost heaven,  
these seem.

This love is not so hard to  
smutch.

WILLIAM MORRIS

### 532. ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique  
towers

That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful Science still  
adores

Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately  
brow

Of Windsor's heights th' expanse  
below

Of grove, of lawn, of mead sur-  
vey,

Whose turf, whose shade, whose  
flowers among

Wanders the hoary Thames  
along

His silver-winding way:

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing  
shade!

Ah fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless child-  
hood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gates that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome  
wing

My weary soul they seem to  
soothe,

And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou  
hast seen

Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green

The paths of pleasure trace;  
Who foremost now delight to  
cleave

With pliant arm, thy glassy  
wave?

The captive linnet which en-  
thral?

What idle progeny succeed

To chase the rolling circle's  
 speed  
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business  
 bent

Their murmuring labours  
 play

'Gainst graver hours that bring  
 constraint

To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain  
 The limits of their little reign  
 And unknown regions dare des-  
 cry:

Still as they run they look be-  
 hind,

They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possest;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast:  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy  
 hue,

Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer, of vigour born,  
 The thoughtless day, the easy  
 night,

The spirit's pure, the slumbers  
 light

That fly th' approach of  
 morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
 The little victims play;  
 No sense have they of ills to  
 come

Nor care beyond to-day:

Yet see how all around 'em  
 wait

The ministers of human fate  
 And black Misfortune's baleful  
 train!

Ah show them where in ambush  
 stand

To seize their prey, the murder-  
 ous band!

Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions  
 tear,

The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame that skulks be-  
 hind;

Or pining Love shall waste their  
 youth,

Or Jealousy with rankling tooth  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged comfortless Des-  
 pair,

And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to  
 rise,

Then whirl the wretch from  
 high

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice  
 And grinning Infamy.

The stings of Falsehood those  
 shall try

And hard Unkindness' alter'd  
 eye,

That mocks the tear it forced to  
 flow;

And keen Remorse with blood  
 defiled,

And moody Madness laughing  
 wild

Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years be-  
 neath

A griesly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen:  
 This racks the joints, this fires  
 the veins,



That every labouring sinew  
     strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy  
     hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are  
     men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,

Th' unfeeling for his own,  
 Yet, ah! why should they know  
     their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too  
     late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their  
     paradise.  
 No more;—where ignorance is  
     bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY

### 533. THE NAMELESS ONE

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,  
     That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
 God will inspire me while I deliver  
     My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening  
     Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
 That once there was one whose veins ran lightning  
     No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,  
     How shone for him, through his grief and gloom,  
 No star of all heaven sends to light our  
     Path to the tomb,

Roll on, my song, and to after ages  
     Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,  
 He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,  
     The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,  
     And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,  
 He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
     His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,  
     Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,  
 Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—  
     A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove;

Till spent with toil, dreeing death for others,  
And some whose hands should have wrought for him  
(If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal  
Stock of returns;

But yet redeemed it in days and darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,  
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,  
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
Deep in your bosoms: there let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble  
Here, and in hell.

J. C. MANGAN

#### 534. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CIVILISATION PERIOD

With the advent of civilisation, founded on property, the unity of the old tribal society is broken up. The ties of blood relationship which were the foundation of the gentile system and the guarantees of the old fraternity and equality become dissolved in favor of powers and authorities founded on mere possession. The growth of wealth disintegrates the ancient Society; the tempta-

tions of power and of possessions which accompany it, wrench the individual from his moorings; personal greed rules. And then arises, for the first time, the institution of Government. The institution of Government is in fact the evidence in social life that man has lost his inner and central control, and must therefore resort to an outward one. Losing touch with the inward Man—who is his true guide—he declines upon an outward law, which must always be false. Perhaps the sincerest, and often though not always the earliest, form of Government is Monarchy. The sentiment of human unity having been already partly but not quite lost, the people choose—in order to hold society together—a man to rule over them who has this sentiment in a high degree. He represents the true Man and therefore the people. The early kings or leaders of each nation just prior to the civilisation period were generally associated with the highest religious functions, as in the case of the Roman *rex*, the Greek *basileus*, the early Egyptian Kings, Moses among the Israelites, the Druid leaders of the Britons, and so on. Later, and as the central authority gets more and more shadowy in each man and the external attraction of Property greater, so it does in Society. The temporal and spiritual powers part company. The king—who at first represented the Divine Spirit or soul of Society, recedes into the background, and his nobles of high degree begin to take his place. This is the Aristocracy and the Feudal Age. Then comes the Commercial Age. Honor quite gives place to material wealth. Parliaments and Constitutions and general Palaver are the order of the day. In the individual man, gain is the end of existence; industry and scientific cunning are his topmost virtues. Last of all the break-up is complete. This is the era of anarchy—the democracy of Carlyle; the rule of the rabble and mob-law; caucuses and cackle, competition and universal greed—a mere chaos and confusion of society. And if this last stage were really the end of all, and the true Democracy, there were little indeed left to hope for. No words of Carlyle could blast that black enough. The true Democracy is yet to come. Here in this present stage is only the final denial of all outward and class government, in preparation for the restoration of the inner and true authority. Henceforth he turns, both in the individual and in society, and mounts deliberately and consciously back again towards the unity which he has lost.

EDWARD CARPENTER—*Civilisation, Its Cause and Its Cure*

### 535. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallows twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or waked to extasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.



Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say  
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

#### THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;  
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth  
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY

#### 536. THE COCK AND THE BULL

You see this pebble-stone? It's a thing I bought  
 Of a bit of a chit of a boy i' the mid o' the day—  
 I like to dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,  
 As we curtail the already cur-tailed cur  
 (You catch the paronomasia, play 'po' words?)  
 Did, rather, i' the pre-Landseerian days.  
 Well, to my muttons, I purchased the concern,  
 And clapt it i' my poke, having given for the same  
 By way o' chop, swop, barter or exchange—  
 "Chop" was my snickering dandyprat's own term—  
 One shilling and fourpence, current coin o' the realm.  
 O-n-e one and f-o-u-r four  
 Pence, one and fourpence—you are with me, sir?—  
 What hour it skills not: ten or eleven o' the clock,  
 One day (and what a roaring day it was  
 Go shop or sight-see—bar a spit o' rain!)  
 In February, eighteen sixty nine,  
 Alexandria Victoria, Fidei,  
 HM—hm—how runs the jargon? being on the throne.

Such, sir, are all the facts, succinctly put,  
 The basis or substratum—what you will—

Of the impending eighty thousand lines.  
 "Not much in 'em either," quoth perhaps simple Hodge.  
 But there's a superstructure. Wait a bit.

Mark first the rationale of the thing:  
 Hear logic rivel and levigate the deed.  
 That shilling—and for matter o' that, the pence—  
 I had o' course upo' me—wi' me say—  
 (*Mecum's* the Latin, make a note o' that)  
 When I popped pen i' stand, scratched ear, wiped snout,  
 (Let everybody wipe his own himself)  
 Sniff'd—tch!—at snuff-box; tumbled up, he-heed,  
 Haw-haw'd (not he-haw'd, that's another guess thing):

Then fumbled at, and stumbled out of, door,  
 I shoved the timber ope wi' my omoplat;  
 And in *vestibulo*—, i' the lobby to-wit,  
 (Iacobi Facciolati's rendering, sir,)  
 Donned galligaskins, antigropiloes,  
 And so forth; and, complete with hat and gloves,  
 One on and one a-dangle i' my hand,  
 And ombrifuge (Lord love you!) case o' rain,  
 I flopped forth, 'sbuddikins! on my own ten toes,  
 (I do assure you there be ten of them)  
 And went clump-clumping up hill and down dale  
 To find myself o' the sudden i' front o' the boy.  
 Put case I hadn't 'em on me, could I ha' bought  
 This sort-o'-kind-o'-what-you-might-call-toy,  
 This pebble-thing, o' the boy-thing? Q. E. D.  
 That's proven without aid for mumping Pope,  
 Sleek porporate or bloated cardinal.  
 (Isn't it, old Fatchops? You're in Euclid now!)  
 So, having the shilling—having i' fact a lot—  
 And pence and halfpence, ever so many o' them,  
 I purchased, as I think I said before,  
 The pebble (*lapis, lapidis, di, dem, de*—  
 What nouns 'crease short i' the genitive, Fatchops, eh?)  
 O' the boy, a bare-legg'd beggarly son of a gun,  
 For one-and-four pence: Here we are again.  
 Now law steps in, biwigged voluminous-jaw'd;  
 Investigates and re-investigates.  
 Was the transaction illegal? Law shakes head.  
 Perpend, sir, all the bearings of the case.

At first the coin was mine, the chattel his.  
 But now (by virtue of the said exchange

And barter) *vice versa* all the coin,  
*Per juris operationem* vests  
 I' the boy and his assigns till ding o' doom;  
*In saecula saeculo-o-o-orum*;  
 (I think I hear the Abate mouth out that!)  
 To have and hold the same to him and them—  
 (Confer some idiot on Conveyancing)  
 Whereas the pebble and every part thereof,  
 And all that appertaineth thereunto,  
*Quodcunque pertinet ad em rem*,  
 (I fancy, sir, my Latin's rather pat)  
 Or shall, will, may, might, can, could, would, or should,  
*Subaudi caetera*—clap we to the close—  
 For what's the good of law in such a case o' the kind?—  
 Is mine to all intents and purposes.  
 This settled, sir, I resume the thread o' the tale.

.....Pah!

Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.  
 You see the trick on't, though, and can yourself  
 Continue the discourse *ad libitum*,  
 It takes up about eighty thousand lines,  
 A thing imagination boggles at;  
 And might, odds-bobs, sir! in judicious hands  
 Extend from here to Mesopotamy.

C. S. CALVERLEY

### 537. ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it has been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;

The sunshine is a glorious birth:

But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;—

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday;—

Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call

Ye to each other make; I see

The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen

While Earth herself is adorning

This sweet May-morning;

And the children are culling

On every side

In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm

And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

—But there's a tree, of many, one,

A single field which I have look'd upon,

Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat:

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting



And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended;  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.  
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a mother's mind  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!  
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral;  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song:  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this be thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little actor cons another part;  
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'  
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity;  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—  
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
On whom those truths do rest  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;  
Thou, over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by;  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:  
—Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:  
But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man nor boy  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
Hence, in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing, a joyous song!  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!  
We, in thought, will join your throng  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May!  
What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forbode not any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquish'd one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway:  
I love the brooks which down their channels fret

Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
     Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### 538. ABT VOGLER

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING UPON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF HIS INVENTION)

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,  
     Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,  
 Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon  
     willed

Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,  
 Man, brute, reptile, fly—alien of end and of aim,  
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—  
 Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,  
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,  
     This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!  
 Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now  
     combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!  
 And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,  
     Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,  
 Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,  
     Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent minion he  
     was.

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,  
 Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,

Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:  
 For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,  
     When a great illumination surprises a festal night—  
 Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)

Up, the pinnaced glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in  
     sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,

Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;  
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky:  
Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,  
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star;  
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,  
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and glow,  
Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,  
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,  
Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last;  
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth their new:

What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon;  
And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,  
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth,  
All through music and me! For, think, had I painted the whole,  
Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-worth:  
Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds from cause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told;  
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,  
Painter and poet are proud in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,  
Existence behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!  
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.  
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught;  
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:  
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;  
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;  
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;  
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,



That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.  
Never to be again! But many more of the kind  
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?  
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind  
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was  
shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name?  
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!  
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?  
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?  
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing should issue  
thence?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?  
Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;  
But God has a few of us here whom He whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:  
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.  
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,  
Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,  
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,  
Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the deep;  
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting place is found,  
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

ROBERT BROWNING

## 539. THE LADY OF SHALOTT

## PART I

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet  
the sky;

And thro' the field the road runs  
by

To many-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray  
towers,

Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle embowers  
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
Skimming down to Camelot.  
But who hath seen her wave her  
hand?

Or at the casement seen her  
stand?

Or is she known in all the land,  
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper  
weary

Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the  
fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

## PART II

There she weaves by night and  
day

A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse  
may be,

And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the  
year,

Shadows of the world appear,  
There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-  
churls,

And the red cloaks of market  
girls,

Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels  
glad,

An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson  
clad,

Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror  
blue

The knights come riding two  
and two:

She hath no loyal knight and  
true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic  
sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and  
lights

And music, went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately  
wed;

"I am half sick of shadows," said  
The Lady of Shalott.

### PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves  
He rode between the barley  
sheaves,

The sun came dazdling thro' the  
leaves,

And flamed upon the brazen  
greaves

Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight forever  
kneel'd

To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded  
weather

Thick jewel'd shone the saddle-  
leather,

The helmet and the helmet-  
feather

Burn'd like one burning flame  
together,

As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing  
light,

Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight  
glow'd;

On burnish'd hooves his war-  
horse trode;

From underneath his helmet  
flow'd

His coal-black curls as on he  
rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the  
river

He flashed into the crystal mir-  
ror,

"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the  
loom,

She made three paces thro' the  
room,

She saw the water lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the  
plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated  
wide;

The mirror crack'd from side to  
side;

"The curse is come upon me,"  
cried

The Lady of Shalott.

### PART IV

In the stormy east-wind strain-  
ing,

The pale yellow woods were  
waning,

The broad stream in his banks  
complaining,

Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,

And round about the prow she  
wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim ex-  
panse  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down  
she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far  
away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and  
right—  
The leaves upon her falling  
light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot:  
And as the boat-head wound  
along  
The willowy hills and fields  
among,  
They heard her singing her last  
song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly

And her eyes were darken'd  
wholly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.  
For ere she reached upon the  
tide  
The first house by the water side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses  
high,  
Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and  
dame,  
And around the prow they read  
her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they cross'd themselves for  
fear,  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little  
space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in His mercy lend her  
grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

#### 540. LYCIDAS

##### *Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due:

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;  
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
And as he passes, turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night;  
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to the oaten flute;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes, mourn:  
The willows and the hazel copses green  
Shall now no more be seen  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:—  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that then gay wardrobe wear  
When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.



Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
Ay me! I fondly dream—  
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears  
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise'  
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea;  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beakéd promontory:  
They knew not of his story;  
And sage Hippotadés their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panopé with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe:  
'Ah! who hath reft' quoth he 'my dearest pledge!'  
Last came, and last did go  
The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);  
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning make  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:  
—But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alphéus, the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;  
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes  
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears  
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
For, so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides  
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold,  
—Look homeward, Angel now, and melt with ruth:  
—And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high  
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the saints above  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That sing, and singing, in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay:  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON

#### 541. CLEON

'As certain also of your own poets have said'—

CLEON the poet, (from the sprinkled isles,  
 Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,  
 And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps 'Greece')—  
 To Protos in his Tyranny: much health!

They give thy letter to me, even now:  
 I read and seem as if I heard thee speak.  
 The master of thy galley still unlades  
 Gift after gift; they block my court at last  
 And pile themselves along its portico  
 Royal with sunset, like a thought of thee:  
 And one white she-slave from the group dispersed  
 Of black and white slaves, (like the chequer-work  
 Pavement, at once my nation's work and gift,  
 Now covered with this settle-down of doves)  
 One lyric woman, in her crocus vest  
 Woven of sea-wools, with her two white hands  
 Commends to me the strainer and the cup  
 Thy lip hath bettered ere it blesses mine.

Well-counselled, king, in thy munificence!  
 For so shall men remark, in such an act  
 Of love for him whose song gives life its joy,  
 Thy recognition of the use of life;  
 Nor call thy spirit barely adequate  
 To help on life in straight ways, broad enough

For vulgar souls, by ruling and the rest.  
Thou, in the daily building of thy tower,  
Whether in fierce and sudden spasms of toil,  
Or through dim lulls of unapparent growth,  
Or when the general work 'mid good acclaim  
Climbed with the eye to cheer the architect,  
Didst ne'er engage in work for mere work's sake—  
Hadst ever in thy heart the luring hope  
Of some eventual rest a-top of it,  
Whence, all the tumult of the building hushed,  
Thou first of men mightst look out to the East:  
The vulgar saw thy tower, thou sawest the sun.  
For this, I promise on thy festival  
To pour libation, looking o'er the sea,  
Making this slave narrate thy fortunes, speak  
Thy great words, and describe thy royal face—  
Wishing thee wholly where Zeus lives the most  
Within the eventual element of calm.

Thy letter's first requirement meets me here.  
It is as thou hast heard: in one short life  
I, Cleon, have effected all those things  
Thou wonderingly dost enumerate.  
That epos on thy hundred plates of gold  
Is mine,—and also mine the little chant,  
So sure to rise from every fishing-bark  
When, lights at prow, the seamen haul their nets.  
The image of the sun-god on the phare  
Men turn from the sun's self to see, is mine;  
The Poecile, o'er-storied its whole length,  
As thou didst hear, with painting, is mine too.  
I know the true proportions of a man  
And woman also, not observed before;  
And I have written three books on the soul,  
Proving absurd all written hitherto,  
And putting us to ignorance again.  
For music,—why, I have combined the moods,  
Inventing one. In brief, all arts are mine;  
Thus much the people know and recognize,  
Throughout our seventeen islands. Marvel not.  
We of these latter days, with greater mind  
Than our forerunners, since more composite,  
Look not so great, beside their simple way,  
To a judge who only sees one way at once,  
One mind-point, and no other at a time,—



Compares the small part of a man of us  
With some whole man of the heroic age,  
Great in his way—not ours, nor meant for ours;  
And ours is greater, had we skill to know.  
For, what we call this life of men on earth,  
This sequence of the soul's achievements here,  
Being, as I find much reason to conceive,  
Intended to be viewed eventually  
As a great whole, not analysed to parts,  
But each part having reference to all,—  
How shall a certain part, pronounced complete,  
Endure effacement by another part?  
Was the thing done?—Then, what's to do again?  
See, in the chequered pavement opposite,  
Suppose the artist made a perfect rhomb,  
And next a lozenge, then a trapezoid—  
He did not overlay them, superimpose  
The new upon the old and blot it out,  
But laid them on a level in his work,  
Making at last a picture; there it lies.  
So, first the perfect separate forms were made,  
The portions of mankind—and after, so,  
Occurred the combination of the same.  
Or where had been a progress, otherwise?  
Mankind, made up of all the single men,—  
In such a synthesis the labour ends.  
Now, mark me—those divine men of old time  
Have reached, thou sayest well, each at one point  
The outside verge that rounds our faculty;  
And where they reached, who can do more than reach?  
It takes but little water just to touch  
At some one point the inside of a sphere,  
And, as we turn the sphere, touch all the rest  
In due succession: but the finer air  
Which not so palpably nor obviously,  
Though no less universally, can touch  
The whole circumference of that emptied sphere,  
Fills it more fully than the water did;  
Holds thrice the weight of water in itself  
Resolved into a subtler element.  
And yet the vulgar call the sphere first full  
Up to the visible height—and after, void;  
Not knowing air's more hidden properties.  
And thus our soul, misknown, cries out to Zeus  
To vindicate his purpose in our life—

Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?  
Long since, I imaged, wrote the fiction out,  
That he or other God, descended here  
And, once for all, showed simultaneously  
What, in its nature, never can be shown  
Piecemeal or in succession;—showed, I say,  
The worth both absolute and relative  
Of all his children from the birth of time,  
His instruments for all appointed work.  
I now go on to image,—might we hear  
The judgment which should give the due to each,  
Show where the labour lay and where the ease,  
And prove Zeus' self, the latent, everywhere!  
This is a dream. But no dream, let us hope,  
That years and days, the summers and the springs  
Follow each other with unwaning powers;  
The grapes which dye thy wine, are richer far  
Through culture than the wild wealth of the rock;  
The suave plum than the savage-tasted drupe;  
The pastured honey-bee drops choicer sweet;  
The flowers turn double, and the leaves turn flowers;  
That young and tender crescent-moon, thy slave,  
Sleeping upon her robe as if on clouds,  
Refines upon the women of my youth.  
What, and the soul alone deteriorates?  
I have not chanted verse like Homer's, no—  
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor carved  
And painted men like Phidias and his friend:  
I am not great as they are, point by point:  
But I have entered into sympathy  
With these four, running these into one soul,  
Who, separate, ignored each others' arts.  
Say, is it nothing that I know them all?  
The wild flower was the larger—I have dashed  
Rose-blood upon its petals, pricked its cup's  
Honey with wine, and driven its seed to fruit,  
And show a better flower if not so large.  
I stand, myself. Refer this to the gods  
Whose gift alone it is! which, shall I dare  
(All pride apart) upon the absurd pretext  
That such a gift by chance lay in my hand,  
Discourse of lightly or depreciate?  
It might have fallen to another's hand—what then?  
I pass too surely: let at least truth stay!

And next, of what thou followest on to ask.  
This being with me as I declare, O king.  
My works, in all these varicoloured kinds,  
So done by me, accepted so by men—  
Thou askest if (my soul thus in men's hearts)  
I must not be accounted to attain  
The very crown and proper end of life.  
Inquiring thence how, now life closeth up,  
I face death with success in my right hand:  
Whether I fear death less than dost thyself  
The fortunate of men. 'For' (writest thou)  
'Thou leavest much behind, while I leave nought:  
Thy life stays in the poems men shall sing,  
The pictures men shall study; while my life,  
Complete and whole now in its power and joy,  
Dies altogether with my brain and arm,  
Is lost indeed; since, what survives myself?  
The brazen statue that o'erlooks my grave,  
Set on the promontory which I named.  
And that—some supple courtier of my heir  
Shall use its robed and sceptred arm, perhaps,  
To fix the rope to, which best drags it down.  
I go, then: triumph thou, who dost not go!'

Nay, thou art worthy of hearing my whole mind.  
Is this apparent, when thou turn'st to muse  
Upon the scheme of earth and man in chief,  
That admiration grows as knowledge grows?  
That imperfection means perfection hid,  
Reserved in part, to grace the after-time?  
If, in the morning of philosophy,  
Ere aught had been recorded, aught perceived,  
Thou, with the light now in thee, couldst have looked  
On all earth's tenantry, from worm to bird,  
Ere man had yet appeared upon the stage—  
Thou wouldst have seen them perfect and deduced  
The perfectness of others yet unseen.  
Conceding which,—had Zeus then questioned thee  
'Shall I go on a step, improve on this,  
Do more for visible creatures than is done?'  
Thou wouldst have answered, 'Ay, by making each  
Grow conscious in himself—by that alone.  
All's perfect else: the shell sucks fast the rock,  
The fish strikes through the sea, the snake both swims

And slides, the birds take flight, forth range the beasts,  
Till life's mechanics can no further go—  
And all this joy in natural life, is put,  
Like fire from off Thy finger into each,  
So exquisitely perfect is the same.  
But 'tis pure fire—and they mere matter are;  
It has them, not they it: and so I choose  
For man, Thy last premeditated work  
(If I might add a glory to the scheme)  
That a third thing should stand apart from both,  
A quality arise within the soul,  
Which, intro-active, made to supervise  
And feel the force it has may view itself,  
And so be happy.' Man might live at first  
The animal life: but is there nothing more?  
In due time, let him critically learn  
How he lives; and, the more he gets to know  
Of his own life's adaptabilities,  
The more joy-giving will his life become.  
The man who hath this quality, is best.'

But thou, king, hadst more reasonably said:  
'Let progress end at once,—man make no step  
Beyond the natural man, the better beast,  
Using his senses, not the sense of sense.'  
In man there's failure, only since he left  
The lower and unconscious forms of life.  
We called it an advance, the rendering plain  
A spirit might grow conscious of that life,  
And, by new lore so added to the old,  
Take each step higher over the brute's head.  
This grew the only life, the pleasure-house,  
Watch-tower and treasure-fortress of the soul,  
Which whole surrounding flats of natural life  
Seemed only fit to yield subsistence to;  
A tower that crowns a country. But alas!  
The soul now climbs it just to perish there,  
For thence we have discovered ('tis no dream—  
We know this, which we had not else perceived)  
That there's a world of capability  
For joy, spread round about us, meant for us,  
Inviting us; and still the soul craves all,  
And still the flesh replies, 'Take no jot more  
Than ere thou climbedst the tower to look abroad!  
Nay, ~~so~~ much less, as that fatigue has brought

Deduction to it.' We struggle—fain to enlarge  
Our bounded physical recipiency,  
Increase our power, supply fresh oil to life,  
Repair the waste of age and sickness. No,  
It skills not: life's inadequate to joy,  
As the soul sees joy, tempting life to take.  
They praise a fountain in my garden here  
Wherein a Naiad sends the water-bow  
Thin from her tube; she smiles to see it rise.  
What if I told her, it is just a thread  
From that great river which the hills shut up,  
And mock her with my leave to take the same?  
The artificer has given her one small tube  
Past power to widen or exchange—what boots  
To know she might spout oceans if she could?  
She cannot lift beyond her first thin thread,  
And so a man can use but a man's joy  
While he sees God's. Is it for Zeus to boast  
'See, man, how happy I live, and despair—  
That I may be still happier—for thy use!'  
If this were so, we could not thank our Lord,  
As hearts beat on to doing: 'tis not so—  
Malice it is not. Is it carelessness?  
Still, no. If care—where is the sign, I ask—  
And get no answer: and agree in sum,  
O king, with thy profound discouragement,  
Who seest the wider but to sigh the more.  
Most progress is most failure! thou sayest well.

The last point now:—thou dost except a case—  
Holding joy not impossible to one  
With artist-gifts—to such a man as I—  
Who leave behind me living works indeed;  
For, such a poem, such a painting lives.  
What? dost thou verily trip upon a word,  
Confound the accurate view of what joy is  
(Caught somewhat clearer by my eyes than thine)  
With feeling joy? confound the knowing how  
And showing how to live (my faculty)  
With actually living?—Otherwise  
Where is the artist's vantage o'er the king?  
Because in my great epos I display  
How divers men young, strong, fair, wise, can act—  
Is this as though I acted? if I paint,  
Carve the young Phoebus, am I therefore young?



Methinks I'm older that I bowed myself  
 The many years of pain that taught me art!  
 Indeed, to know is something, and to prove  
 How all this beauty might be enjoyed, is more:  
 But, knowing nought, to enjoy is something too.  
 Yon rower with the moulded muscles there  
 Lowering the sail, is nearer it than I.  
 I can write love-odes—thy fair slave's an ode.  
 I get to sing of love, when grown too grey  
 For being beloved: she turns to that young man,  
 The muscles all a-ripple on his back.  
 I know the joy of kingship: well—thou art king!

'But,' sayest thou—(and I marvel, I repeat,  
 To find thee tripping on a mere word) 'what  
 Thou writest, paintest, stays: that does not die:  
 Sappho survives, because we sing her songs,  
 And Aeschylus, because we read his plays!'  
 Why, if they live still, let them come and take  
 Thy slave in my despite, drink from thy cup,  
 Speak in my place. Thou diest while I survive?  
 Say rather that my fate is deadlier still,  
 In this, that every day my sense of joy  
 Grows more acute, my soul (intensified  
 By power and insight) more enlarged, more keen;  
 While every day my hairs fall more and more,  
 My hand shakes, and the heavy years increase—  
 The horror quickening still from year to year,  
 The consummation coming past escape,  
 When I shall know most, and yet least enjoy—  
 When all my works wherein I prove my worth,  
 Being present still to mock me in men's mouths,  
 Alive still, in the phrase of such as thou,  
 I, I, the feeling, thinking, acting man,  
 The man who loved his life so overmuch,  
 Shall sleep in my urn. It is so horrible,  
 I dare at times imagine to my need  
 Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,  
 Unlimited in capability  
 For joy, as this is in desire for joy,  
 —To seek which, the joy-hunger forces us:  
 That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait  
 On purpose to make sweet the life at large—  
 Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death  
 We burst there as the worm into the fly,  
 Who, while a worm still, wants his wings. But, no!

Zeus has not yet revealed it; and, alas,  
He must have done so, were it possible!

Live long and happy, and in that thought die,  
Glad for what was. Farewell. And for the rest,  
I cannot tell thy messenger aright  
Where to deliver what he bears of thine  
To one called Paulus—we have heard his fame  
Indeed, if Christus be not one with him—  
I know not, nor am troubled much to know.  
Thou canst not think a mere barbarian Jew,  
As Paulus proves to be, one circumcised,  
Hath access to a secret shut from us?  
Thou wrongest our philosophy, O king,  
In stooping to inquire of such an one,  
As if his answer could impose at all.  
He writeth, doth he? well, and he may write.  
Oh, the Jew findeth scholars! certain slaves  
Who touched on this same isle, preached him and Christ;  
And (as I gathered from a bystander)  
Their doctrines could be held by no sane man.

ROBERT BROWNING



## LESSON I

### ASSERTION AND IMPLICATION

Though in reading to ourselves we are dealing with words just as we are in listening to speech, the former requires a mental effort which the latter does not. We hear at once in the speaker's voice two tones which show us, clearly and without the need for mental discrimination on our part, whenever he is saying something new and when, on the contrary, he is saying something that refers to what has already been said or what might be expected. In listening to speech we should become hopelessly confused as to the speaker's intention if it were possible for him to employ the same tone for both kinds of words. It is not possible when the mind is acting normally and speaking speech which it thoroughly understands. That is one of the reasons why people misunderstand us when we are speaking, however correctly as far as the words go, a foreign language in which we are not yet at ease. We constantly employ there the tone of assertion, and the hearer gets bewildered although he recognizes the words. We do not get to use the tone of implication until we are more familiar with our medium.

When we are writing instead of talking, it requires no more conscious mental effort on our part to discriminate between assertion and implication than when we speak. But when we read what other people have written, we must by a special action of the mind distinguish between the old matter and the new. The voice does not go with the written word to show us automatically which is which. You may sometimes have been very much surprised to find that a letter of yours has been misunderstood. One of the reasons may have been that the hasty reader thought you were asserting on words in which you had no such intention. Thus, to discriminate between the old matter and the new—between that which would call for the tone of implication and that which would call for the

tone of assertion if the writer were speaking—is the first task of the reader. Not to do so is to misunderstand the writer's intention in his words and to get his meaning wrong.

Old matter is of two kinds, that which has previously been said and that which generally exists in the thing or situation spoken of. In the first sentence there is of course no old matter of the first kind; and though there may be old matter of the second kind, it is generally not enough to cause trouble. But in all the rest of the sentences there is generally far less new matter than old. If this old matter is perceived or read aloud by you as assertion instead of implication—or if, on the contrary, you perceive or read aloud as something old what the writer says as something new—he is as much misunderstood, both by you and your hearers, as if in speaking his words he had mixed up the tones in his voice.

*Illustration.* Here are some stanzas from "The Burial of Sir John Moore" by Wolfe. The new matter, or that which is asserted, is italicized.

*Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,*  
As his corpse to the *rampart* we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell *shot*  
O'er the grave where our *hero* we buried.

We buried him *darkly at dead of night,*  
The sods with our *bayonets* turning;  
By the *struggling moonbeam's* misty light  
And the *lantern dimly* burning.

*No useless coffin* enclosed his breast,  
Not in *sheet* nor in *shroud* we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his *rest,*  
With his *martial cloak* around him.

*Few and short* were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke *not a word* of sorrow;  
But we *steadfastly* gazed on the face that was dead  
And we *bitterly* thought of the *morrow.*



We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the *foe* and the *stranger* would tread o'er his head  
And we *far away* on the *billow*.

*Explanation.* First stanza. There is no assertion in "note," "corpse," "soldier," "farewell," "grave," "buried" since they are all involved in words said earlier: "note" in "drum" and "was heard"; "soldier" in "drum" and "rampart"; "corpse," "farewell," "grave" and "buried" in "funeral." On the other hand, there is a strong assertion in "rampart" and "hurried" because they are contrary to expectation—a funeral generally proceeding slowly and to a cemetery. There is also a strong assertion in "hero" because it is his burial that is being described.

Second stanza. We do not assert on "sods" and "turning," because sods are always turned when digging a grave; and we assert strongly on "bayonets" because a grave is generally dug with spades. "Misty" has already been asserted in "struggling"—the light was misty because the moon was struggling with the mists. "Light" has already been said in "moonbeams." The other light was a dim lantern, and it would not have been mentioned had it not been "burning."

Third stanza. Coffins always enclose and enclose the whole body. Sheets and shrouds, when used at all, are wound about the body. To assert on "warrior" would mean that he was not a warrior but only looked like one on this occasion. The writer means that the dead warrior looked as if he were only sleeping, since he lay not in coffin, sheet, or shroud, but in his martial cloak.

Fourth stanza. The writer is not telling you that they had prayers, for these are to be expected; but that the prayers at this funeral were few and short. Also, he says that instead of the usual words of sorrow there were none at all.

Fifth stanza. In the first two lines there is nothing new, since graves are always hollowed and always filled in. To assert on "narrow" and "lonely" would suggest that the hero was unusually thin and that people are generally buried in groups. The writer does not mean to say that the foe and the stranger will insult the

grave by treading on it but only that his friends will not *be* on the rampart tomorrow.

This analysis may seem to some to treat of simple and obvious things, but the main source of inaccuracy in reading comes from not distinguishing implication from assertion.

## LESSON II

### EMPHASIS

Emphasis is a vocal device for prominence. We automatically call attention in our voices to those ideas which, in the group of ideas composing a sentence, we consider the most important. The normal voice never speaks without, in some manner, indicating the emphasis; nor, when our ideas are coming out of our own mind, do we ever emphasize wrongly. This is simply because we know what it is we wish to say. If, then, we do not see in a written sentence the emphasis which the writer intended, we fail to get his thought. His ideas have not entered our mind with the scale of importance he intended, and we mistake what it is he wishes to say.

The usual inaccurate silent reader reads without any perception of emphasis whatever. Other inaccurate readers, silent and oral, imagine that they can emphasize as they please. They think emphasis is not important, or that it depends upon their own personality. But, on the contrary, emphasis is vital to the meaning and it is dictated by the writer and not by the reader. In any given set of words you change the meaning of the entire sentence every time you change the emphasis on any single word of it. Try it with a sentence of your own and see. Unless, then, the reader perceives the ideas which the writer intended to emphasize, the meaning he gives the sentence will be different from the one the writer gave it. The emphasis in each sentence is rigidly prescribed by what has gone before. An additional trouble with an inaccurate reader is that he habitually forgets what has gone before. As he read it without perceiving the emphasis, it meant only so many words to him and

not so many ideas, and consequently it fell quickly out of his mind, as there was nothing to hold the words together. If you do not emphasize at all, you do not remember.

Emphasis, then, is not merely vocal. If you do not emphasize a word in reading aloud, you have not seen that it demanded emphasis when reading it to yourself. If you did not emphasize it when you read it to yourself, you either got the wrong meaning or no meaning at all. If you got no meaning at all, you immediately forgot that set of words—to you it was just as if they had not been written.

Since the writer's voice does not go with his words, he is supposed to indicate his emphasis by placing it on the grammatically important words or on words put in the important places, which are the beginning and end of the sentence. But writers are not all good, and even good writers often entrust their chief emphasis to unimportant words in unimportant places. This, frequent enough in prose, is general in poetry. Hence the necessity for distinguishing very carefully in each sentence between the old and the new matter. The emphasis, or the chief idea, lies always in the new matter except when the writer deliberately, for reasons of his own, repeats. In which case, these reasons must be perceived and the emphasis given accordingly.

Not all of the new matter, however, is important. The emphasis depends entirely upon the writer's intention in using the words he does; and to emphasize all of them is often to mistake his intention and thus to falsify his meaning. In *The Burial of Sir John Moore* in lesson one occur the following expressions, all of which give new matter. "Not a drum was heard," "darkly at dead of night," "no useless coffin," "far away on the billow." In the first expression only "drum" is emphasized; "was heard" is unimportant, for the writer's only motive in mentioning a drum concerned the sound of it. In the second expression, "darkly" and "dead of night" both mean nighttime but the latter means midnight, and the writer meant to tell you the hour. In the third expression, to emphasize "useless" would give just the opposite meaning to the one the writer intended. He does not mean to say the hero was buried in a useful coffin, but on the contrary to say that he was not buried in any kind of one,

and while saying so he takes occasion to tell you at the same time that all coffins seem to him useless. "On the billow" is like "dead of night" in that it tells you something more than the preceding word has done, but here it is unimportant since it is their being away that matters, although he takes occasion to mention that they are going to sea. The ideas conveyed in "darkly" and "on the billow" could, therefore, be omitted entirely.

The *law of emphasis* can, thus, be simply stated. No word in the new matter which can be omitted and still leave the meaning intact is important; and only those words in the new matter which contain the essential meaning are the emphatic ones. As emphasis is a device for prominence, any unnecessary word emphasized takes away emphasis already given or about to be given to the necessary ones. It lessens the prominence of the really important words. The reader, silent or oral, should make the fewest emphases possible.

If the noun or verb contains the new matter it should be emphasized, the adjective or adverb generally being unimportant. But if the idea conveyed by a grammatically prominent word is old, then the adjective or adverb may become important if this is the intention of the writer. Sometimes, both a word and its modifier are important in the author's intention, in which case they must both be emphasized—as, for example, the expression "rosy wreath" means a wreath of roses, and neither word is sufficient to carry the meaning.

*Illustration.* Only the fewest emphases possible to convey the meaning are indicated by the italics.

"No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where *many* hands were needed, but has been well-nigh *appalled* at times by the *imbecility* of the *average* man—the *inability* or *unwillingness* to *concentrate* on a thing and *do* it. *Slipshod* assistance, foolish *inattention*, dowdy *indifference*, and *half-hearted* work seem to be the *rule*; and no man succeeds unless he *forces* or *bribes* other men to assist; or mayhap *God* in His goodness performs a *miracle* and sends him an *Angel of Light* for an assistant."

Please go through the unitalicized words carefully and explain to yourself why they should not be emphasized. You will find in each

case that they are not the important ideas in the new matter, or that they have either been said before or are involved in the situation spoken of.

So far we have been making clear this matter of emphasis in the written word by comparing it with that in the normal speaking voice trying to deliver its meaning. But in one respect it is very different from the spoken emphasis of some people. You all know sentimental persons who stress every main word they say; and know, too, how difficult it is to find out just what it is they want to say. This is because the emphasis dictated by their emotion confuses the emphasis dictated by their meaning. The emphasis a reader, silent or oral, should give to the writer's thought is always dictated by the meaning alone. A reader's emphasis which is primarily emotional with him always hurts the meaning of the writer, just as in the spoken voice it confuses the meaning of your sentimental friend. A rational emphasis may of course be highly emotional at the same time; but a merely emotional emphasis, that is, one not dictated by the sense, always muddles or even destroys the meaning. This we have seen in *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, where an emphasis on "narrow" and "lonely" convey quite absurd ideas about the size of the hero and the custom of burying people singly.

This matter of making emotional emphasis is important. A writer's words must be taken at the value he sets upon them. The emotional association intended by him may be quite different from the reader's own. For the reader to give an emotional emphasis, not prescribed by the writer, is to shove the writer out of the way and do the talking himself. If you want to do this, why read?

### LESSON III

#### THE THREE KINDS OF EMPHASIS

Emphasis is of three kinds: Assertive, Intensive, Antithetic. It is not sufficient to see when emphasis is required. The reader, silent or oral, must see what kind of emphasis is required.

*Assertive Emphasis.* This is simply a strong assertion on the



important new matter. It has already been discussed in lesson two. Here it is necessary only to call attention to the fact that transitions and comparisons must always be emphasized. A fruitful source of misunderstanding the writer is the failure to perceive when he goes from one aspect of the subject to another. This seems a simple and obvious thing to perceive, as indeed it is, but inaccurate reading is always caused by what the reader imagines must theoretically be obvious. When the author likens one thing to another, the comparison always calls for a very strong assertive emphasis. It is not only something new but something particularly selected by the author because he felt the need of making his thought more clear or vivid.

*Intensive Emphasis.* Whenever in speaking we select a word for the purpose of intensifying our thought, its motive always appears in our voice. It appears not as ordinary emphasis but one with a peculiar color. When Hamlet is speaking of the seeming indifference of his mother in marrying again so soon, he says: "A beast, that wants discourse of reason, would have mourned longer." It is just as if he said: "A beast would have done so, let alone a human being." When a writer says: "They could not have been happier in Eden," he means to say that the fairest place ever conceived could not have increased their happiness. An intensive emphasis, then, means a slight condensation of the writer's thought. He has not written out the word "even," or some expression which would heighten or lower the idea, as the case may be. But he means you to see it in the word he uses. To give, either in silent or oral reading, a word demanding intensive emphasis merely the emphasis of assertion is to fail to get or to communicate the writer's meaning.

*Antithetic Emphasis.* This indicates an idea which is set against an opposing, *unspoken* idea. It performs the double duty of asserting something new and also something contrary to what might have been supposed. If the reader perceives that the word is emphatic and yet fails to distinguish when it calls for the third kind of emphasis rather than the first, he fails to perceive the writer's exact meaning almost as much as when he gives no emphasis to the word whatever.

In The Burial of Sir John Moore, the emphasis on "rampart" and "hurried" are of this description. They do not call simply for a strong assertion on "rampart" in the sense of going to a particular place or on "hurried" in the sense of going in a particular manner. But rather on "rampart" *instead of* the usual place and "hurried" *instead of* the usual manner. After Hamlet has warned the players not to overact, he says "Be not too tame neither." Here he is not giving them merely a second rule, to avoid underacting. His emphasis on the word "tame" is not only that of a new assertion but of an antithetic assertion also. It is as if he said: "Do not imagine because I told you not to be boisterous, I meant for you to be tame."

In the spoken word, we habitually express this kind of emphasis by a tiny quaver of moving up and down in the voice on the word. This quaver is called the circumflex, and the movement of the voice in making it is well indicated by the sign of the circumflex, which is made thus " $\wedge$ ," to express one movement going against another. Just as we hear the antithesis which is in the speaker's mind by the circumflex in his voice, so we need to discern an antithetic emphasis in the written word if we are to understand what is in the writer's mind. Not to see the antithesis which is in his mind is to miss his precise point. The perception of when this antithetic kind of emphasis is intended, is all the more important because the more artistic the writer the more he instructs his meaning to this sort of suggested or hidden way of saying a thing. Why he does so can easily be seen by a reference to the speaking voice. A voice which employs many circumflexes is livelier and richer than a voice which employs only a few of them. Or we can see it by reference to what is sometimes called typical American humor. A joke is more amusing when it is suggested than when it is stated.

*Illustration.*

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head  
Or shady cypress tree:  
Be the green grass above me  
With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt remember  
And if thou wilt forget.

You will entirely fail to get the meaning of the fifth and sixth lines unless you perceive that the emphasis there is antithetic. She does not at all mean that she hopes the grass will not suffer from drought, but that she does not want her beloved to weep over it. If the thought were written out, the sentence would read: "be wet only with showers and dewdrops, and not with your tears."

When an emphasis, of any kind, is given to a word where it was not intended, the meaning is either confused or distorted, often distorted into some comical suggestion which conveys an antithesis the writer was far from thinking of. If "*Thy* face I only care to see" is read "*Thy face* I only care to see" or "*Thy face* I only care to *see*," the writer seems to suggest that the lady's figure or her voice is unpleasing, a thought very far from the mind of one who is explaining to his sweetheart that no other woman has any attraction for him.

## LESSON IV

### EXPRESSED ANTITHESIS OR CONTRAST

A writer, like a talker, constantly tries to put his thought effectively. One of the chief means of doing so is by the use of antitheses or contrasts. No one, in talking or writing, ever opposes words or ideas by accident. He deliberately sets one thing against another to enforce his meaning.

In talking we always show in our voices our appreciation of this opposition. Not to discern when a writer thus opposes his ideas is to take the new thing he says merely as a new assertion rather than as something set against an old assertion. To fail to see when words are opposed seems so fundamental an error that no one but a simpleton would make it. The failure to see an unexpressed antithesis is perhaps not to have an alert mind, one might say, but to miss seeing a written-out antithesis is to have no mind at all. Yet,

make of it what you will, readers both silent and oral, constantly fail to appreciate an expressed contrast. The very means the writer has taken to make his thought unescapable escapes them. Not only may words thus be opposed to each other, but phrases, clauses, sentences, paragraphs, stanzas. The greater the extent of the opposition, the greater the loss of the writer's effectiveness if the reader does not discern the writer's intention.

Generally, it is only the second member of the contrast which calls for emphasis. This is because the first member is probably what the writer has already been talking about. He is not setting the first member against the second but only the second against the first. It is also because of the need for the fewest emphases possible, lest by making too many words important you make nothing stand out. There are contrasts, however, where the writer is not merely setting the second member against the first but also, and equally, the first against the second. When this happens to be his intention both members must be emphasized, in your thought and in your voice, if you are to get and communicate his meaning. In the sentence "To err is human, to forgive divine," the infinitives are merely set with each other but the adjectives are exact opposites.

*Illustration number one.* Only contrasts italicized.

What I *speak*, my fair Chloe, and what I *write*, shows

The difference there is between *Nature* and *Art*;

I *court others* in *verse*—but I *love thee* in *prose*,

And they have my *whimsies*—but thou hast my *heart*.

In the six contrasts of this passage each member is to be emphasized. The writer is not only setting the second member against the first but equally the first against the second.

*Illustration number one.* Only contrasts italicized.

"But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The *brave men, living and dead, who struggled* here have consecrated it far above *our* poor power to add or *detract*. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can *never forget* what *they did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to *be* dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from

these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last *full* measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people shall not perish from the earth.”

The words italicized are all the second members of the contrasts in which they occur, except in the case of the prepositions of the last clause. These prepositions must all be emphasized, as each one is set against the others. But in the preceding contrasts, the first members (which please find carefully for yourself) are not thus set against the second, and to emphasize them would very much interfere with other emphases necessary to the thought. Indeed, for the sake of these other emphases, the first italicized expression could well be cut down to the one word “struggled,” which is sufficient in itself to carry the contrast intended.

## LESSON V

### ATTITUDE

We have seen that getting the thought depends upon (1) distinguishing between the old matter and the new, (2) finding the emphasis, (3) distinguishing whether that emphasis is assertive, intensive, or antithetic, (4) perceiving the expressed antithesis. All these things the voice of the writer would indicate if he were speaking. There is also a fifth thing that it would indicate. This is his attitude toward his words. His meaning depends not merely upon his words and their groupings but upon the manner in which he says them.

Getting a person's words without his manner is perhaps the principal cause of trouble in the social world. You perhaps may remember a letter of yours which a friend misinterpreted through reading one manner into words when you had intended to put in another. Certainly you have seen cases where a person's words have



been exactly repeated yet gave an entirely different impression from the original one. This, the most frequent cause of social misunderstanding, is also a cause of literary misunderstanding.

The attitude of a writer may no more be involved in the precise words he is then employing than was your attitude in the letter that your friend misread. Your friend, you thought, should have remembered your personality, and he would not have misinterpreted your words. Just so the reader must take the words of the writer according to what he has already revealed in his general treatment of the subject. Or if not enough has already been said to indicate the writer's intention, the reader must suspend his judgment as to the precise mood of these words until he finds out later. One of the drawbacks about catchy sayings like proverbs is that they are so short we have no indication of the attitude beyond the few words themselves. Thus, many proverbs have fallen a victim to their own brevity and are habitually misunderstood. "Feed a cold and starve a fever" does not present you two opposite remedies but with the same one in each case. It means that if you feed a cold you'll soon have a fever to starve out. The voice of the original proverb-maker would have indicated this definitely even in these purposely few and catchy words, but, the tone of his voice not existing in the words themselves, the misunderstood proverb has doubtless enriched many doctors.

It is not only natural but necessary that a speaker's voice should show you just how to take his words. There are of course many words which would express his attitude, but many more cannot without the voice to help along. This is because words may be used in all manner of connections, and their meaning in one connection is different from their meaning in another. This vocal indication of the speaker's precise intention in making use of a word, may be called color. It is, for instance, only by the color of the voice that we perceive what a speaker means by "a warm day." He has a different attitude toward a warm day in January and a warm day in August. Again, we do not know whether the word "ten" means a large number, an ordinary number, or a small number in any given connection, except by the color of the speaker's voice. With the same words we may praise or blame, approve or disapprove,

like or dislike. The speaker himself puts his own value upon them.

Getting the attitude of the writer toward the words he uses is, thus, far from being necessarily involved in understanding the words themselves. Do not make the mistake of thinking the matter is so simple as to be obvious. The reader mistakes the mood of the writer quite as often as his emphasis. Just as you change the meaning in a set of words when you change the emphasis, so you get another meaning when you mistake the attitude.

*Illustration*

You promise heavens free from strife,  
 Pure truth, and perfect change of will;  
 But sweet, sweet is this human life,  
 So sweet I fain would breathe it still:  
 Your chilly stars I can forgo,  
 This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,  
 One great reality above;  
 Back from that void I shrink in fear  
 And child-like hide myself in love:  
 Show me what angels feel. Till then  
 I cling a mere weak man to men

. . . . .  
 Forsooth the present we must give  
 To that which cannot pass away;  
 All beauteous things for which we live  
 By laws of time and space decay.  
 But oh, the very reason why  
 I clasp them is because they die.

You will get the wrong meaning of the first four lines of the last stanza unless you perceive that their attitude is indicated by his general treatment in the previous stanzas. The meaning in the words themselves is precisely the opposite of the attitude of the rest. But he is only doing here what he has done before—quoting

the opinion of the person he is talking to and then saying that he himself feels quite different. It is as if the first line ran "Forsooth, you say, the present we must give." If you misunderstood these words on first reading them, you see how great may be the danger of your not perceiving the attitude under ordinary circumstances. For here the writer is repeating what he has said twice before and employing the same method, only the pattern is not entirely written out as in the other cases.

## LESSON VI

### SATIRE

The necessity of discerning a writer's attitude in order to give his words their proper valuation, is seen very plainly when you come to one of the chief literary devices, called irony or satire. The word "satirical" is conversationally used to include any kind of cutting remark, and as such is synonymous with the word "sarcastic." But literary satire is generally—though not necessarily—ironical also. Irony is a sort of humor which expects you to get just the opposite from the literal sense of the words. The idea is that it says more forcibly what it means by saying what it does not mean.

The very cream of literature consists of these oblique remarks which cluster about the word irony. Nor need an author stay in the ironic mood long, he may dip in and out of it with little warning. Consequently, if you cannot discern it you will fail to get an author at his best. When one is ironic about a person or a mood, his writing is generally termed a satire. When one makes fun of a style or a piece of writing by overdoing the same sort of thing, it is called a parody or a burlesque. In either case the irony must be sufficiently overdone or the reader would think it a sincere expression, and not perceive the writer meant him to get the opposite from the literal sense of the words.

The reason it must be overdone is because the voice of the writer

does not go with the written word. Spoken satire always shows itself by the color of the voice, except when the speaker is confident that the literal sense of the words is so obviously contrary to truth that the hearer cannot be mistaken in their intention. But the author has no way to indicate his "color" except by the words and ideas he employs. Consequently, no piece of writing is satirical unless the fact is somewhere indicated by an exaggerated employment of words or ideas. In nothing does the average inability to discern the author's attitude appear so glaringly, and at such entire loss of meaning, as in satire. The most obvious feebleness or absurdity of statement can be read without apparently giving the slightest hint that the author was thus showing his intention to make fun of something.

On the other hand, many readers will conclude that a piece of writing is satirical because it seems to them to entertain a foolish opinion. If the writer meant that he also thinks the opinion foolish, he will, if his writing is clear, say so by some sort of exaggeration. Lacking this, it is not safe to conclude that the piece is satirical unless it contradicts the general experience of everybody. In this case the writer does not feel it necessary to suggest the "color" of the voice, for even a speaker in such case is content that his opposite meaning is understood.

*Illustration number one.*

"It is odd, and not uninteresting to students of the so-called human race, that a steamfitter or a manufacturer of suspenders who may not know the difference between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—who may not, indeed, know anything at all—is nevertheless a bubbly-fountain of political wisdom; whereas a writer for a newspaper is capable of emitting only drivel. This may be due to the greater opportunity for meditation enjoyed by suspender-makers and steamfitters."

This gives an opinion which is thought foolish by some people who read it. But there is no indication that it is not sincere. The author has cared to put his opinion in a humorous way, as can be seen from the selection of his particular examples. But this fact by no means proves him satirical, since many people prefer to put their most serious statements amusingly.

*Illustration number two.*

"If Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left?"

The indications of satire here consist entirely in making statements that contradict everybody's experience. It is well-known, of course, that there are other subjects beside Christianity upon which one can be witty; that no one who has wit turns it upon religion only; that religion could never be the sole topic left for wit to make free with. These items not only indicate the satirical intention but imply that except for the subject itself these people would never be thought witty at all.

An author in being satirical must first establish what he is talking about, and then must show that he is making fun of it. That is, he must do just what any other author does—show you the subject of his thought and then unfold the nature of his thought. In doing the first, the satirist will seem to be perfectly sincere though perhaps a bit extreme; otherwise the reader could not see precisely the kind of thing he is going to satirize. The reader silent or oral should regard this, then, as a sincere utterance and read it as a person who believed it would read it. Then when this attitude is made fun of later, he should strongly emphasize the word that shows it is being derided. "It is the curse of existence that we are compelled to keep silence. The heart's blood pulses yet we must *hide* it from the crowd." The italicized word is the only indication of satirical intention—all the rest might be sincerely said by the soulful person that the author is making fun of.

Nor can you enjoy the fun fully unless you see very distinctly what is being made fun of. If you saw a caricature (as parody in



drawing and painting is called) without knowing the original whose salient features it exaggerated, you would only know that it was funny, you would fail to perceive just how funny it was. Thomas Gray in "An Ode on a Favorite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes" is making fun of two things at once. A lofty style of writing, and of writers and people who are always moralizing. In both cases, he establishes the fact that he is deriding them by applying his lofty style and his lofty moralizing to trivial affairs. Unless the reader silent or oral perceives both of these subjects, he cannot get or communicate the nature of the fun in this, one of the most brilliant bits in our literature.

## LESSON VII

### OBSCURITY

If you have an impression that a passage is obscure and cannot put your finger on the reason for its obscurity, your impression is under suspicion. One of the best mental and literary exercises that can be devised is to try to discover the origin of that impression. Had you been a careful reader you would have discovered it the moment you came across it. In the attempt to find it now, you will almost always conclude that instead of the passage being obscure, it is you who were dense. You overlooked some connecting link in the thought which was quite as plain as the writer need to make it.

It is true that a writer occasionally buries his connecting link in some inconspicuous part of the sentence. It is true also that a writer occasionally leads you astray by getting the wrong word for his thought. But unless you can find the precise point of obscurity, the darkness is not in him but in you.

There are not a few obscure passages in this book, and it is your business to find out what makes them obscure. For the rest, your ready accusation of obscurity will be only an accusation of your own inaccuracy in reading.

*Illustration number one.* Byron's "There Be None of Beauty's

Daughters" is a general favorite, but few readers understand anything more than its general emotional attitude. It has something rational to say, but the connecting links of the thought are carelessly submerged. They are contained in the words "as if," "sound," and "so." If these connecting links are properly appreciated, the thought becomes almost too mathematical in its precision, and falls into the formula "as that, so this." The blame for your failure to get it lies partly on Byron's shoulders and partly on yours. Both are equally careless.

*Illustration number two.* What is the reason that Browning's "Among The Rocks" is obscure? Inexcusably obscure it doubtless is, and few people get more than the emotional content he intended in the second stanza. In the first stanza the emotional content they get is precisely the opposite of what Browning intended. This is entirely his fault. But the obscurity of the second stanza is partly your fault and partly his. There seems to be a complete lack of connection between the picture and the doctrine Browning says it embodies. He has no right to ask you to explore the first stanza in the light of what he says about it in the second, but since he has made it necessary, it is your fault that you were content with your first impression of it. You should have gone back and found out just what doctrine it might contain which agrees with what he says later. Trying to interpret it by the light of the second stanza, then you would have seen that he apparently wishes to say that the earth smiles and makes the best of a rather barren Autumn landscape without complaining that it is no better—although the way that he has combined the details in the picture unfortunately makes them pleasing rather than poor. Had you seen his picture precisely, you would also have seen that there is another inexcusable lack of connectedness in the second stanza; and this time too it is entirely Browning's fault. He has used the wrong word (probably because he wanted an "o" rhyme) and the word is precisely the opposite of the right one. Old Earth makes the landscape better not by his "throes" but by his "smiles." These, then, are the reasons why this poem is obscure in meaning—and yet on account of its sentiment it is a general favorite.

## LESSON VIII

## INFLECTION

Inflection is a vocal device to indicate relationship. It shows the relation of one word to another within the sentence, and it shows the relation of a sentence to the sentence which has preceded.

It is an automatic device like the others and it takes care of itself. Just as no one ever uses the wrong emphasis and the wrong color in a sentence coming out of his own head, so no one ever uses the wrong inflection. Occasionally, however, we hear a voice which does not indicate any relationship at all between words or between sentences, and this always means a more or less abnormal condition of mind. If you have had the experience of trying to follow this kind of voice, you know how difficult it was to puzzle out its meaning and how often you got its meaning wrong.

A reader, however careless, seldom has difficulty in discerning the relationship of words in a sentence; for grammar takes care of that. But the inaccurate reader always fails to perceive the relationship of sentences. Just as it is essential to understand the function of each word a writer uses, at the moment of reading it, if you are to understand the sentence—so it is essential to understand the function of each sentence the writer uses, at the moment of reading it, if you are to understand his entire thought.

No sentence except the first one exists in a detached state. Each succeeding one grows out of what has been said. It does something with reference to its predecessor. It may repeat the preceding sentence in a way intended to be clearer or livelier; it may explain the sense of a word in the preceding sentence or the ideas that word is at present representing in the writer's mind; it may offer proof of the preceding sentence or tell you how the writer came to make it; it may change to another aspect of the subject. The aim of the writer is to make you think along with him, and you cannot do this unless you realize the function of each successive sentence and the precise work it was meant to do in building up his thought.

Lacking the automatic device of inflection in the written voice, a good writer always tries to make plain his sentence-relationships. This is done, as soon as possible at the beginning of the sentence, by the use of various kinds of connectives—either by conjunctions or by various condensations of what has gone before, which might be called throw-backs in the thought. But all writers are not good and even excellent ones are occasionally careless in this respect. Especially is this the case in poetry—not because poets are necessarily more careless as a class but because the exactions of meter and rhyme make it difficult to indicate the relationship as clearly as in prose. But both in poetry and in prose the relationship, even if insufficiently indicated, is always there; and you would have heard it at once in the voice of the writer had he been speaking to you. To see the inflection of the written voice is as essential to its meaning as to get its tone of assertion and implication, its emphasis, and its color.

Generally, however, it is not the writer but the reader who is careless when the relationship of sentences goes unperceived. If you are a careless reader, it is well to establish the habit of noting relationships by systematic formal analysis; and you will be in no danger of failing to perceive them at the moment of reading. Also, as you will see later, the habit of noting sentence-relationship is as vital to sizing up the entire thought as it is to accurate reading.

*Illustration number one.* The brackets show the function of the following sentence.

“I have no objection whatever to being a bore. [Why not?] My experience of the world has shown me that, upon the whole, a bore gets along much better in it, and is much more respected than what is called a clever man. [Whence the contrary opinion then?] A few restless people, with an un-English appetite for perpetual variety, have combined to set up the bore as a species of bugbear to frighten themselves, and have rashly imagined that the large majority of their fellow-creatures could see clearly enough to look at the formidable creature with their eyes. [Why “imagined”?] Never did any small minority make a greater mistake as to the real extent of its influence. [Why “mistake”?] English society has a placid enjoyment in being bored. [Proof.] If any man tell me

this is a paradox, I, in return, defy him to account on any other theory for three-fourths of the so-called recreations which are accepted as at once useful and amusing by the British nation."

*Illustration number two.* The second stanza of "Unafraid" by W. E. Henley explains the word "unconquerable" as regards the past; the third and fourth stanzas explain it as regards the present and future.

*Illustration number three.* In Charles Kingsley's "Seeing Is Believing" the second sentence tries to prove the first. The third and fourth explain "nobody" in terms of "wise men" and "we." The fifth sentence illustrates "things." The sixth gives you two specific illustrations of the people who think that only seeing is believing. The seventh gives you a general illustration of such people, developed as a comparison.

## LESSON IX

### MATERIALS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THOUGHT

The materials for the development of thought are as follows. (1) Restatement in other and livelier words. (2) Illustrations drawn from out the field in which the thought lies, that is, from the matter the writer is talking about. (3) Illustrations drawn from similar fields. These kinds of illustrations are called either comparisons or analogies; and both may be put forward as contrasts, which are things placed together to bring out not their likeness but their difference.

Illustrations of all sorts, whether drawn from the same or similar fields, may be put forward not specifically as such—that is, in the set form of events or qualities which occur—but as reasons; and at the bottom of every reason lies an illustration. An illustration, thus, is what may be called a dramatized reason; a reason is what may be called a generalization from an illustration, a proof existing in statement rather than in actual happenings.

All ways of developing a thought fall under these three heads. The thought having been thus developed gives rise to another



as an inference; and this, if developed, must be developed in the same manner.

It is unnecessary to treat further of (1) restatement and (2) illustrations or reasons drawn from the field the writer is talking about. They are entirely comprehended in the mere mention of them. But number three demands further treatment. No one is at liberty to make any comparisons or analogies he pleases. The law of comparison is that the things compared shall agree in all essential respects. No two things can agree in all respects, for then they would be not separate things but identical things. If they agree in all respects which concern the point for which they were brought together, they can be fairly compared. The difference between the technical terms "comparison" and "analogy" is merely one of degree. If the two things are not thought of as similar except in the one aspect for which they are brought together, this bringing them together is called by precise users of words an analogy and not a comparison. The law of analogy is, therefore, that the two things brought together shall possess at least the one aspect in common.

All development of thought is, to a less or greater extent, an argument. That is, it is a statement plus proof or support of the person's right to make that statement. The kind of writing which lays formal and principal stress on proof is called "argument," merely in appreciation of its concentration on that kind of material and on the chief purpose of changing the mind of an opponent. But, whatever the specialized purpose of writing, no main statement ever exists without some contribution of proof to support it.

There may, however, be other statements made for which no such support is advanced. If a writer shows his reason for making his main claim, that is all a reader may legitimately demand of a passage. Proofs for the remaining statements may be developed elsewhere, and both clearness and interest demand that but one thing be done at a time. If these minor claims are relevant to his thought and his main purpose, the writer is justified in making them to clarify his general attitude and to contribute to the interest. If any minor claim is not relevant to his thought and his purpose,

to make it is a digression. Digressions are not necessarily unfortunate if they are clearly marked, that is, if you can see plainly when the writer gets back to his principal claim. But they always undergo the danger, especially when interesting, of sending the reader's mind in another direction. You all know people who are so interesting, either to themselves or to you, that they can never get on to the story they started out to tell. Thus, when a digression is irrelevant or too interesting, the reader has a right to object to it as confusing.

An illogical writer, like an illogical talker, will often attempt to support a statement by material incapable of supporting it. Thus: "He jumped a five-barred gate; if you don't believe it, I'll show you the gate." The proof offered here has no bearing upon the claim at all. Other illogical talkers and writers make too wide a generalization from too narrow instances. And all of us are in danger of generalizing too much from our own experience, which except in special cases is bound to be limited.

But it is to be remembered that there are illogical readers and listeners as well as illogical writers and talkers. The former never take pains to see precisely what the other man is talking about. Great care should be taken in reading to discern the author's purpose. If not, you will censure him for not doing what he had no intention of doing or for doing what he very clearly had the intention of not doing. If the author has given you an individual experience of life, for instance, you have no right to think it a generalization upon life in the large. There are many statements of a single experience in this book which students invariably suppose are intended to be general remarks about life. This illogicality, one would suppose, comes from the disposition early inculcated by over-anxious parents and teachers, Sunday- and day-school, to find sermons in everything—a temperament which Gray so neatly satirizes. From the same sentimental-moralizing source springs an illogicality akin to it. This is the disposition to take everything in poetry as an image when as often as not it is a literal statement. A poet frequently mentions Autumn and evening without meaning old age.

## LESSON X

## THE SUMMARY

The ability to perceive details correctly one by one, by no means predicates the ability to size up the passage as a whole. The latter is not an act of apprehension like the former, but an act of comprehension.

The reason for this inability is that in a piece of writing we receive impressions not all at once as in a picture but one after the other. No one who looks at a picture is in any danger of mixing up the background with the foreground. The painter, by the employment of an artificial device called perspective, makes plain which is which. But a writer cannot make this plain; or rather it would be more accurate to say that if he makes his writing "fool-proof," it would only be by affronting the intelligence of other people. He has but a poor substitute for the pictorial device of perspective, which he employs as best he may. But, except by the use of such coarse expedients as constant reiteration and italics, he cannot employ it well enough to keep a careless mind from mixing up his background with his foreground—which, even in a poorly-painted picture, the most careless eye cannot do. A good writer will do his best to show a reader what is subordinate and what is prominent in his thought (and this is one of the things that make a writer good). But he cannot prevent the reader's having different associations with words, ideas, images from his own; and consequently the reader often seizes upon relatively unimportant items as the principal thought, as the foreground of the picture.

An untrained thinker, especially if emotional, will constantly bear away from a passage a minor thought as the chief one—merely because it appealed to him most or it happened to strike him first. Untrained readers are like the blind men who went to see the elephant. Each caught hold of the nearest part of the beast and "sized him up" accordingly, as being like a rope or like a tree. The part of a passage which strikes an untrained reader most is

the part with which he has the liveliest association. This is generally an illustration. But, manifestly, an illustration is of no consequence except for what it illustrates. If the passage is all illustration—that is, if the illustration merely exists to have you derive from it an underlying statement—an untrained thinker may remain in entire ignorance that it exists for any reason beyond itself.

This is what generally happens with an anecdote. An anecdote is a tiny story, often only a dialogue, told for the sake of an underlying point. This point, when not merely a play on words or ideas, is always a generalization about the minds or the behavior of people. Instead of making it in statement form and then adding the illustration, the teller trusts you to get it from the story itself in a more lively fashion. But of half a dozen people some will remain ignorant that there is anything there except the story itself, and the rest will size it up in different ways according to which item in the story had the most associations for them. The former could not see the wood for the trees, the latter caught hold of this and that end of the elephant. Tennyson's "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead" tries to make a statement about life in the livelier form of a little story. If you think this statement has anything to do with the child, you have overlooked more important elements in the story.

The writer, I have said, cannot protect himself from the reader's own associations running away with him, but the reader can protect himself. There is one infallible way to keep from subjecting the writer to your personal vagaries of experience and temperament. It is, like everything else necessary for accurate reading, simple and obvious. You cannot possibly overlook the main thing a writer is trying to say if you will learn to recognize the function of each sentence as he uses it in his thought. When you have learned to do so, you will think it rather silly ever to have supposed anything so minor though so interesting as an illustration to be a major matter.

If finding the emphasis and distinguishing the attitude comprise the whole secret of apprehension, recognizing the relationship of each sentence to the previous one comprises the whole secret of comprehension. If you have difficulty in making an adequate

summary, you know now what is wrong and how to mend it. You must make a formal exercise of finding the function of each sentence until the habit becomes automatic—as all mental habits do—and works of itself at the moment of reading each sentence.

As to the summary itself, it is emphatically not an enumeration of everything in the passage. A list of the figures you are going to add up is not the addition. Nor (speaking of arithmetic) would you ever dream of claiming, in case of a wrong answer, that one of its figures was right. Yet that is what students constantly say of a bad summary; they think it is near enough if any one of its terms is correct. A summary—in general—is, like a sum total, either right or wrong; though, unlike a sum total, you may put it in many different ways.

A summary is a statement of the principal value in the passage, and in order to make it you must first have discarded all matters of minor value, such as introductions and things tacked on at the end and digressions and any illustration which is not in itself the main proof. Nor is a summary merely the main claim of the author. If you think so, then you have left out the bulk of the passage, which explains how he came to make that claim. A summary of a passage is its chief assertion and the reason for it. Your statement, thus, will naturally fall into halves joined by “since” or “because” or some such connective. But there is no need for its remaining in this somewhat unattractive shape, and you can condense this statement into a livelier form. Sometimes it will happen that a writer desires to say two things of equal importance in a passage. In this case, your summary, if adequate, must be double-barrelled.

For the purpose of this book the summary of a satire states what the author is making fun of. A summary of a parody states what characteristics in the original are derided, nor to discern this do you need to know the original. A summary of an allegory or fable or anecdote is the underlying statement it makes about life. A summary of a passage of prose or poetry which has an enveloping image—as in number 48—is a statement of what the writer says under the form of what image.



## INTRODUCTION TO LESSONS ON CRITICAL READING

Nothing is more difficult than to extract from the average reader a genuinely critical comment. Yet it is absurd to go on reading all our lives without a definite appreciation of what makes writing good or bad.

It is a condition one can match in no other kind of expression or activity. When a student, or the average untrained mind young and old, says he likes or dislikes a piece of writing, it is generally only the material that he likes or dislikes. Beyond disposing of the thing as "clear" or "hard to get," he has nothing whatever to say of the workmanship; and thinks it is queer that you desire anything. No one in the habit of listening to music or playing games or seeing pictures or using commodities would be content at remaining ignorant of what makes them good or poor. Even with regard to plays and acting, where likewise most untrained minds mix up material with technique, a person would be ashamed to betray that he had no inkling as to why he was blaming or praising. It is the natural business of everyone who deals habitually with certain products to discern their good and bad qualities; and with every other product than writing, we feel that there is something decidedly lacking in a person when he does not know them.

On the other hand, no one denies that it is a desirable thing to have a discriminating, critical mind; to be a connoisseur in the matter you habitually deal with. Nothing can give you more pleasure, even if it is often a negative rather than a positive one by reason of being generally confronted with inferiority. A connoisseur of writing is in the most fortunate of positions. He can always gratify his taste, where a connoisseur in any other field might not have much opportunity. There is so much good writing accessible to everybody that a person need never read poor writing unless he does so merely for the sake of the material.

Here are two reasons, then, why everyone who reads at all should learn to appreciate writing not just for the information it contains but as an art-form, an art-form moreover which most people come in contact with oftener than they do with any other.

## LESSON XI

## WHAT CRITICISM IS NOT

In making any comment upon writing at all, however unimportant or unjustified it may be, you have become a literary critic provided your comment is upon the expression and not upon the material. We are all, then, to some extent literary critics. The very first principle of literary criticism is not to mix up the thought itself with the way it is expressed.

You must grant a writer his subject. If the subject does not interest you, that is a misfortune which you both share equally—he is just as unfortunate to run across you as you are to run across him. But you will be very unwise to imagine that your present interests include all the subjects it is worth your while to be interested in, or to forget that the chief reason for reading is to widen the range of our interests.

Also, you must grant a writer his opinion. He is writing to express his opinion not yours. It is peculiarly unfortunate, too, for any one to encounter always his own opinions in the world—it means mental stagnation. Furthermore, an opinion which seems to you absurd may be expressed excellently, just as the one you agree with may be expressed poorly. It is well for you to decide whether you agree or disagree with his opinion, but that is a matter of social and not literary criticism, for literary criticism has to do only with the way an opinion is put. What, for instance, would you think of an art critic who refused to look at marine pictures because he had once been sea-sick?

You must also grant a writer the material with which he backs up or explains his opinion. It is well for you to decide whether he is logical or illogical in his attempt to support it; but such perception legitimately enters into literary criticism only to a very limited extent. An illogical thinker may express himself clearly, interestingly, and beautifully. These, then, are important literary values which may not be discounted because he is a poor thinker. Conversely, a logical thinker may express himself, though seldom with-

out clearness, neither with interest nor beauty. These are important literary deficiencies which may not be glossed over because he is a good thinker. Keats and Ruskin are often illogical but they are among the exquisite users of our language. Nothing, looked at from one rational point of view alone, could be more absurd than Wordsworth's contention in *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* that an infant is born a highly moral and spiritual creature, yet the poem which says so is one of the most beautiful and significant we have.

You as a thinker are concerned with the logic and validity of the thought but you as a literary critic are concerned only with the verbal handling of the thought. A cotton dress may be beautifully made and a silk dress may be poorly made—the dressmaker should be judged not by the material but by what she has done with it. Perhaps it is unfortunate that so much work and skill should have been expended on cotton goods. If you say so the remark is interesting and important but it is not, strictly speaking, literary criticism, only social criticism—people's time, you think, should be better employed. If, on the other hand, there is an incongruity between the cotton material and a workmanship more suitable for silk, the remark is not only interesting and important but it is a criticism of the workmanship itself—the two do not fit. *Lycidas* is perhaps the most notable example in our literature of silk treatment of cotton material. It is a formal and lengthy lament over the death of a very inconspicuous young person couched in terms that would perhaps be a bit lofty for one of the commanding figures of all history. The classicism of its style is misapplied to so unimportant a youngster and especially to the fact that the boat he was in sprung a leak. It is the business of the literary critic to note this as well as the extraordinary beauties of the poem, but to note also that its extraordinary beauties far outweigh the unsuitability of the subject to its treatment.

Only rarely, then, can the literary critic legitimately concern himself with material. If this is badly arranged, however, if it skips back and forth and fails to keep together what should go together—this is a matter not of the material itself but its handling, and is the business of the critic. Aside from these two exceptions, his

attention goes to words, their connections and groupings, and the conformity or lack of conformity of these with the technique of good writing.

There is but one more comment to make on the general nature of literary criticism. Though it repeats, it is, for our purposes, an important one. Most students wish to content themselves with saying that the thought is clear and logical. It is clearly illogical to call this literary criticism. Clearness concerns the expression, it is true, but we as much expect writing to be clear as to be spelt correctly and to use good grammar. One would not plume himself that he had made a critical comment on a ball game in saying that it was played according to rules. If it broke the rules, that is critical comment, not if it kept them. To say that a passage is obscure is literary criticism; to mention its clearness, unless it happens to be unusually clear for the rather difficult subject it treats, is not. "Logical," too, is a word particularly captivating to students. We expect writing to be logical, and whether it is or isn't does not concern the literary part of criticism. To consider with complacency that you have done critical work when you dispose of a piece of writing as "clear and logical" is like priding yourself on your description of a particular city street when you note that it is paved and has sidewalks.

## LESSON XII

### THE PURPOSES OF WRITING AND HOW THEY ARE ACHIEVED

All writing seeks to convey information clearly. Otherwise, what is the use of it? All pieces of writing fall into three classes—(1) those which seek to do this and nothing more; (2) those which seek to convey information not only clearly but interestingly; (3) those which seek to convey information not only clearly and interestingly but beautifully.

All these kinds of writing are necessary and desirable. There are some subjects where, in giving information, any attempt at an

interest other than that existing in the information itself, is hurtful to clearness. With such subjects, no reader has a right to demand more than clearness and conformity to the laws of good English usage. Outside the domain of mathematical and technical exposition, however, there are not many such subjects, and the reader has the right to demand that the information be put in an interesting way. If a writer in attempting to make his information interesting has sacrificed clearness, the reader has the right to object. If writing is clear and interesting and conforms to the laws of good English usage, no reader has the right to demand further beauty of form. There is no more reason for a reader to demand the higher artistic qualities in every writer than for a writer to demand the higher artistic appreciation in every reader. But when the writer has indicated his desire to write beautifully as well as informingly and interestingly, he is, like the other two kinds of writers, to be judged by his purpose. If in attempting to make his statement of information beautiful, he has sacrificed clearness or interest, the reader has the right to object.

The primary purpose of speech, spoken or written, is to convey information. However interesting or beautiful speech may be, it never justifies itself unless it has something to say and says it clearly. The danger of the writers who lay their chief stress on clearness is that they will be uninteresting in statement, however interesting the information is as information. The danger of the writers who lay their chief stress on interest is that, however interesting they may be, their information is not clear. The danger of writers who lay the chief stress on beauty is that their information will not be clear; nor indeed will they be interesting except to those who are concerned like themselves chiefly with beauty of form. You will probably have no difficulty in assigning your friends to these categories in their spoken speech. *A* is clear but tedious; *B* is colorful but confused; *C* uses fine language without any precise meaning and neither informs nor interests. Nobody can afford to make interest or beauty of primary importance in his use of language. Clearness, although in itself it is rarely sufficient, comes before all.

There are two classes of words; and the purpose of clearness is



achieved by the use of one class, and the purposes of interest and beauty are achieved by the use of the other. These two classes are called (1) words that denote, and (2) words that connote. Words that denote are words that name, explicitly and precisely, the idea with which we are dealing, the exact quality or thing which we mean. Words that connote are words which, while also doing this though with some negligible degree of inexactness, carry along with them some side association or picture. Thus, words that denote might be called words that identify and words that connote might be called words that compare. Denotative words are consequently merely rational; connotative words are rational plus emotional. The former are employed only for their clearness, the latter to add interest or beauty.

When a passage employs exclusively words that denote, the author is attempting only to unfold his thought with precision and firmness. When a passage largely employs words that connote, the author's main intention is interest or beauty; and he runs the risk of getting it at the expense of clearness. When a passage equally employs words of both kinds, first stating its thought in denotative and afterwards in connotative words, the author desires to make the ideal combination of precision and interest or beauty, the one equal to the other.

If he clearly and firmly unfolds his thought, he does all that you can ask if he had a right to confine himself to giving mere information of his facts or mental processes. Most of such passages, however, could have been interesting in statement as well. An example is Mill's *Enervation of Society upon the Individual*. At the other extreme is Blake's *Building of Jerusalem*. Here the author's intense emotion so exclusively expresses itself in connotative words that it is difficult to puzzle out his meaning. In general, authors who seek to explain fall into the fault of excessive use of denotation and authors who seek to express their emotions fall into the fault of excessive use of connotation. The danger of the former is dullness; the danger of the latter is that their connotation, without first having clearness established, may have different associations with the reader than with themselves.

Every passage worthy of the name of "literature" has both

rational and emotional content. Writing which seeks merely to unfold its thought clearly has the greatest of utility, but we do not call it "literature" any more than we call a factory "architecture." Nor is it justified in being merely precise unless the existence of the element of interest would interfere with its clearness. Our voices when we speak are never absolutely devoid of emotion except when we are devitalized or dulled by some shock, or—for one must indeed make another exception—when we are reciting in a class-room or in a church in that peculiar dehumanized voice characteristic of recitations and litanies, a voice which happily exists nowhere else in the normal world.

The rational and emotional content of a piece of writing should go together and each should be a part of the other. This is generally the case. But just as it often happens with your sentimental friend, so it occasionally happens with writers. Their emotional content swamps their rational, and sometimes contradicts what little there is of it. This does not mean to imply that the emotional minus the rational is without value. But the value in no case is as great as if the two constituents were balanced. The proverb "Every cloud has a silver lining" has emotional value in spite of the fact that it will not bear mental analysis. In that it suggests that the sun is behind the cloud and will eventually break through, it has some rational force; but the statement is about a lining, and we are not concerned with the other side of a cloud but only with the one turned toward us. In the failure to give emotion a rational basis, the most habitual sinners are—as you might expect—poets.

*Illustration* :

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made."

Waller is here wishing to praise old age as suffering from experience but spiritually very much improved by it. The image he has selected has emotional value but is laughably lacking in rational value. No one thinks a dark cottage is made more desirable by holes, for other things leak in besides light.

## LESSON XIII

## WORDS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND PATTERNS

The best way to begin the habit of literary criticism is to distinguish between words for clearness and words for interest and beauty. With the former the writer, if he would state his thought precisely, has little room for choice. But with the latter he may choose from a very wide field. It is his fortunate choice in this respect that marks his appreciation of writing as an art-form. His clearness-words are the thought itself, with which you as critic have nothing to do beyond noting when he has not chosen the exact, right ones. His words for interest or beauty, however, are his contributions to the thought, contributions consciously made to serve the artistic purposes of interest or beauty.

A great beauty in the use of connotative words is their mutual support. An artistic writer prepares for a connotative word by a previous one which turns the mind in that direction and gets it ready for the connotation when it arrives. Or, similarly, he prolongs the emotional picture of one into another which comes later. By this mutual support of his connotative words a good writer is distinguished. A notable example to study in this respect is the latter half of Shakspeare's Queen Mab speech. Notice how the words and ideas link and help each other.

The second step of a beginner in literary criticism is to note the way an author handles his illustrations. There are two dangers in the use of them. The first, strictly speaking, is logical—namely, that they will not cover the ground, be drawn from a sufficiently wide field to support or illuminate the statement. The second danger is more definitely literary. Illustrations may be so numerous as to cause the reader to forget the thing illustrated; or they may become tiresome, partly because they are so numerous or partly because they are so alike. This is often a noticeable fault with Shakspeare. His fertile mind never knows where to stop with illustrations; and you want him to get on, particularly in so sharply limited a form as a sonnet, since you have long since got the idea

as emphatically as anyone could wish. Half as many, more judiciously selected, would fill the bill better. A modern author conspicuous for an equally rich and more satisfactory handling of illustrations is Stevenson. Their variety is extraordinary. He draws them from familiar life, from unusual life, from history and from well-known books. In drawing illustrations from the last two sources, there arises a third danger. Lest the reader should fail to place them, there must always be enough said about them to enable him to get the point. This is a danger intellectual people are always running. They have no right to assume that their readers will be as well acquainted with out of the way books as they are themselves. Of sinners in this respect the worst are students of the Latin and Greek classics. An out of the way illustration of this sort always seems a bit pedantic but if used it must explain itself. A fourth danger is rarely incurred by a good writer. If many are used, the author must always return to his statement, or indicate his return by the use of some connective, before he passes on to his next statement. Otherwise the reader is bewildered.

The third step of a beginning critic is to perceive what may conveniently be called the patterns of the author. These are little forms or moulds into which his words or ideas are run. The main literary pattern has often been spoken of already. It is antithesis, putting one word or set of words against another. An author may also put one against the other the literary devices to be spoken of in the next lesson. That is, he may place figures, images, pictures, and all the rest, the one against the other.

A second main literary pattern is just the opposite of this. Instead of setting dissimilars *against* each other, he sets similars *with* each other. This is called parallelism. Bracketing words, ideas, grammatical constructions, or forms of sentences (like interrogations or exclamations), or images, or pictures, in all of which like tallies with like,—these are parallelisms. Out of parallelism grows an extension of this pattern into another called series. This means a procession of like particulars. And again out of this grows another pattern called climax. In this the particulars are so arranged as to rise in strength to the last. The literary

critic must note when the progress is not steadily up. But you must remember that the author's purpose may have been to give a descending climax, or one which steadily increases in weakness.

As well as consisting in words, a pattern may consist in ideas. An author, having thrown his main statement into a set form, proceeds to work out the particulars of that form. The purposes of clearness or interest or beauty may equally be furthered by so doing. Such a form is the entire Queen Mab speech.

There are several questions a critic should ask himself when an author uses a pattern either of words or ideas. First, is the pattern a good one for his purpose? Second, does he say anything feeble or unnatural or illogical, merely from the necessity of filling it? Third, is the pattern kept up so long as to grow tiresome? Most extended idea-patterns interest the author long after they have ceased to interest the reader. The earlier part of the Queen Mab speech is quite commonplace. Given the pattern of the chariot, anybody could supply all its physical details as well. Some of them are quite out of scale, and the idea conveyed about the size of the waggoner is in unpleasing incongruity with the rest; and the pattern has by this time become mechanical and tiresome. Far different is it with the rest of the pattern. This does not become tiresome, for the details are not in everybody's knowledge like the parts of a chariot. When he ceases telling what the chariot looks like and begins to tell you what it does, the writing becomes very brilliant indeed.

All poetry is a pattern of words arranged according to meter and rhyme. You will note, in connection with the second question, that you have already seen how prone poets are to skimp or pad out their thought in order to fill the pattern. It is the same with all extended patterns of ideas—writers are likely to thin out or piece out in order to fill them.

## LESSON XIV

### LITERARY DEVICES

The next step a beginning critic should take is to note an author's



literary devices. These he uses to make his thought effective, which is another way of saying to add to it interest or beauty. There are many literary devices; and some of them, of course, serve the purpose of clearness as well. Mainly they show, however, the conscious attempt to employ writing as an art-form.

A figure of speech is a fanciful analogy, with or without the term expressive of similarity. An analogy, as you remember, is a comparison of one thing to another not thought to be like it in any other aspect than the one called up. Do not confuse images, things not supposed to be real, with illustrations, which are supposed to be real. An image may serve as an illustration, of course; but the difference between the two is that illustrations are actual and are drawn either from the field the author is talking about or, developed as comparisons, from a similar field. An image, on the other hand, is based upon resemblance to something quite different in most respects. A man, for instance, is called a lion for no other similarity than that of courage.

When the term indicating similarity is used, generally "like" or "as," the figure is called a simile; when not, a metaphor. Then there are figures which, though they do not demand this slight effort of the imagination on the part of the reader, demand a similarly slight mental effort, by only suggesting rather than stating. Such figures are putting the part for the whole or the whole for the part, an association or a result for the thing itself, and such slight shifts in the exact idea.

With all figures of speech, the questions the critic should ask himself are whether anything is gained by them and whether the gain is at the expense of anything more important. The things more important are clearness, naturalness, and consistency. Figures of speech should always be carried out as far as is necessary and no farther. Mixed figures of speech, and figures and connotative words used figuratively in too near neighborhood with words whose literal meaning approximates them, are blunders on the part of the author. Thus: "Who can drink in the majesty of Niagara at one draught; it must be seen often to be appreciated." This sort of juxtaposition of figurative and literal, like all unintentional blunders in speech, can be made a successful form of intentional humor.

Personification attributes emotion and mind to inanimate things and to abstract ideas and qualities. When such personified things are imagined as directly addressed, the technical term for this figure is apostrophe. Apostrophe also includes addressing an absent person as present. Attributing human emotions to inanimate things is nowadays considered poor artistic taste unless it is justified by the presence of unusual feeling. The critic has the right to consider whether the author has shown the requisite amount of feeling. If you think so, the questions then become the ones that pertain to all figures, those of consistency and of the proximity of a literal association. To speak of a buoy-bell which gives a message of cheer to mariners as having "a trembling mouth filled with bitter spray" is both good and bad. It is good in that it is consistent with the fact that the author has just likened the buoy-bell to a leper whose "sad cry enforces its own solitude"; it is bad in that the mouth of the bell literally trembles with the dashing waves.

All good authors like to put their statements obliquely. That is, they like to suggest what they mean by giving the statement in another way. The danger always is that the pleasure of suggestion will be purchased at the price of clearness. If the point is clear, an oblique statement always greatly gains in force, as well as in interest and beauty.

The most striking gain in force is when the statement makes a seeming contradiction of itself in such a way as to bring out its point. This is called paradox. "The child is father of the man" and "My head is hands and feet" are paradoxes the point of which is clear. After satisfying himself that it is clear, the critic should ask himself about a paradox, or indeed any other deliberately striking statement, if the writer has gone out of his way just to be striking. An almost equally effective obliquity is when a statement says just the opposite of what it means. This has already been discussed under satire together with what must be done by the author to make the satire clear.

A merely rational statement is often made entirely emotional by putting it in the form of a short story, thereby much increasing its force. Allegories, fables, parables are all stories from which you

are expected to get an underlying statement about life. With these, the critic should ask himself (1) Is the point clear? (2) Is the point made so obvious that the story is deprived of the interest which should naturally attach to the form? (3) Are all the details consistently carried out? A good story of any of these kinds will admit no detail which does not bear on the point, for to admit one confuses the reader as to the exact nature of the point. But you should remember that the longer the story the less your right to insist that every detail bear on the point. This of course would be manifestly impossible and would defeat other purposes in the case of *Gulliver's Travels*, in the underlying statement of which the author finds fault with the condition of politics and people in England. As well as allegories and fables and parables, stories which deal with actual life may be told by authors not merely for their own sake but to say something else.

One of the leading devices of lyrics is to convey their thought by means of an enveloping image under which are grouped all the details. This is about the same as a pattern of ideas. Life, for instance, may be spoken of in terms of a journey by land or a voyage by sea—or making the image still more concrete—a road or a ship. The critic has first to consider whether the image is an illuminating one; and second whether the writer, having turned the reader's mind in a certain direction, has departed or detracted from the image he himself has asked you to hold in mind. Poets, always tempted to stray from the rational path both by temperament and because of the exactions of their word-pattern, occasionally do this; and in this book there are several instances occurring in poems of high order. The fault is inexcusably careless. What is the use, for example, of my asking you to look at life as a base-ball game if before I finish I am going to use terms which belong to golf?

Humor is a device in itself. People when they are humorous, though they are not always conscious of the fact, are placing before you an incongruity, a misfit. You are to compare, in your own mind, the thing as it was with the thing as it should be. The humor of that valuable form called "understatement," as "Mary was quite put out when her father chopped her leg off," consists in the fact that you expected something very different from what you got.

In most humor, the thing you compare the given illustration with—the discrepancy between which and the stated item makes the fun—is unstated. In a pun the other item is more directly suggested by the sound or the double meaning of the word. Humor, except when the author is making another person do the speaking, should always be intentional. When a talker or writer is humorous unintentionally, the humor comes from *your* perception of the incongruity and not his. People, talkers and authors, have the right to dip into and out of humor as they please, or indeed to put very serious remarks in the form of humor. You, on your part, have the right to decide if they have been injudicious in doing so, whether the occasional humor they employed did not interfere with their main purpose or their seriousness was not prejudiced by the fact that they were so humorous about it. Puns are a notable case of such interference. A good pun is a delightful thing (in spite of the pose of some people to the contrary). But in Shakspeare's day all writers were in the habit of making exceedingly poor puns whenever one occurred to them, and sometimes they quite trivialized the serious things they were talking about in so doing. A funeral would scarcely seem the place for a pun, and yet Shakspeare uses one in *The Wages of Death*. The questions you should ask yourself about them apply to moments of humor in general: (1) Is the pun good in itself? (2) Is it prejudicial to the main mood of the writer?

Akin to puns in the respect that they play with the medium of expression or make little games with the idea expressed, are what are called "conceits." These, like puns, were more popular with writers in Shakspeare's day than our own. No one ever uses any more the elaborate word-and-idea juggling which Elizabethans were so fond of. The name they go by indicates the danger they run. They suggest a conceited person showing off his ability to handle words dexterously under a handicap. Another danger no one who would venture upon a "conceit" nowadays would incur, although Shakspeare and his time did so constantly. The character of a conceit is essentially one of gayety and it should not be employed when this is not the main mood of the writer.

One of the finest devices of literature is the tragic humor which comes in placing, for serious purposes, two incongruous things to-

gether, the discrepancy between which is intended to awaken a sort of mocking laughter at the futility of life. This is called irony also; but it must not be confused with the irony of saying just the opposite of what one means. Such an incongruity for the purpose of tragic humor is seen in Keats' *Ozymandias*: on the one hand you have the mighty boasts of the king and, on the other, what now remains of his greatness which was to last forever. There is an extraordinarily artistic use of such irony in Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*. Can you find it?



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